

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

JANUARY, 1927

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GNATS AND CAMELS

THE NEWSPAPER'S DILEMMA

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I

WHEN Lord Leverhulme died the newspapers decided that his obituary was worthy of considerable space, and quite rightly, too. Lord Leverhulme was a picturesque personality with many activities and interests outside his business. He had a knack of securing that kind of free publicity which newspapers accord those who do the unusual and unexpected thing. He built the model village of Port Sunlight for his workmen to live in. He presented Stafford House to the nation as a sort of British Carnavalet Museum. He cut the head out of the portrait Augustus Johns painted of him. He was always good newspaper copy. But in a long account, which in some cases ran to a column, no mention was made of one fact about him that would have identified him instantly to the greater number of Americans, — especially housewives, — and that was the fact that he was the manufacturer of Sunlight, Lux, Lifebuoy, Rinso, and other humble products used in millions of American and British homes. To do so would be contrary to newspaper

ethics. One can imagine with what virtuous satisfaction the copy reader drew his blue pencil through the forbidden words.

A little later the legal gentlemen in charge of Lord Leverhulme's estate decided to send his collections of books, pictures, and furniture to this country to be broken up, because auction prices were higher here than in London. The collections were brought over, placed on exhibition at the Anderson Galleries, and the newspapers devoted considerable space to descriptions of the hobbies and interests upon which Lord Leverhulme had spent his money. As a result of the publicity given to these sales the Galleries were thronged for weeks before the auctions, and high prices were realized.

This brings up the legitimate query, why must some articles of sale be confined to paid advertisements, and others be given free publicity? Why should Lord Leverhulme's soaps, sold for profit in this country, be omitted from a news story where the context demanded them, while his pictures,

books, and furniture, sold for profit in this country, are given columns of free advertising space? Is it that articles which are advertised in paid space are utterly different in the newspaper mind from those not so advertised? Is it that soaps and sealing waxes come under the head of business, while collections of beds, tables, stools, and candlesticks are classified as art? Or is it merely that it is easy for a copy reader to cross out a name and substitute a harmless generality, but difficult for an editor to determine where legitimate news ends and free advertising begins? As the customs inspector said: 'Frogs is toads, and toads is insects, which pays duty, but cats is poultry, which comes in free.'

Last year the Widows Dodge decided to dispose of their interests in their late husbands' business. Here was a story that lent itself to newspaper exploitation — a business built up in a short time from a small beginning to colossal proportions around so popular a commodity as a low-priced motor car. The newspapers followed the negotiations with liberal space. Few things interest the newspaper-reading public more than vast sums of money. No sooner had the bankers who bought the stock received it than they put it on the market. Not being in their councils, I do not know whether this was part of a predetermined programme, or whether they were wise enough to perceive that the moment was psychological. The stock was absorbed by the investing public so promptly and completely as to draw forth editorial exclamations of surprise. Apparently it occurred to none of the newspapers which commented so naïvely on the popularity of motor securities that it was the advertising they gave so generously to this particular issue which created such a ready and receptive market.

A pathetic incident in advertising history appeared on the front pages of New York newspapers some two years ago. As an indication of its news value, it was boxed. It related how a skywriter, practising his hazardous profession in a Southern city, crashed into a tree while making a landing and was instantly killed. His name was given in full, all the attendant circumstances — every detail but one: —

'He was engaged,' said the account, 'in advertising a cigarette.'

The pathos did not lie in the tragic death of the aviator — though that was lamentable enough. But an advertiser hoped to buy a large measure of fame by having the name of his product written in letters of smoke across the blue sky of heaven, and Fate assisted and gave the enterprise the most dramatic ending conceivable, and the dispatches omitted the name of the product the aviator lost his life to advertise. The advertiser got only what he paid for, and not a groat over, and all his enterprise in employing so daring a method did not avail to get his cigarette named in the news story of the skywriter's death.

This was poor reporting, measured by the newspaper's own standards. The name of the cigarette was an essential part of the story. The first question in every reader's mind was, 'What cigarette?' Its omission was eloquent. It testified, 'See how faithfully we live up to our rule not to permit the names of advertised articles in our news stories.' The rule is admirable, but the moral effect is weakened when on other pages of the same newspapers several thousand dollars' worth of advertising is given free to other business enterprises not of that class which is in the habit of paying cash for its space.

The fourth example might be headed

'The Plaza Jewel Robbery.' A pearl necklace and other valuable trinkets were stolen from the suite of the daughter of a five-and-ten-cent entrepreneur while she and her husband were having dinner at a fashionable restaurant. No doubt is left in the reader's mind as to the name of the hotel where the robbery occurred, but the restaurant where they presumably enjoyed such entertainment as to render them for the time oblivious of jewels lying exposed on a dresser is described with the clumsy circumlocution, 'a well-known restaurant not far from Forty-Eighth Street on Park Avenue.' If, however, they had been poisoned at Pierre's, and resuscitated at the Plaza, very likely the reports would have named the restaurant and vaguely described the hotel as one in the Central Park region.

These instances and many others — they occur constantly — compel one to wonder if newspaper men are really unaware of the tremendous force they create. Certainly they are not so ignorant downstairs in the business office, where high-powered solicitors are employed to sell advertising space for money. There they rightly believe that the newspaper is the greatest single advertising medium in the world. But they never cite as examples of its power the individuals and enterprises it has enriched for nothing. They respect the editorial reticence, the difficulty of carrying water on both shoulders, of distinguishing between Tweedledum and Tweedledee, the largess of free publicity on one hand, the squeamishness over using the name of an advertised article on the other. There is no doubt a distinction, but what is it?

These are things that puzzle the advertising man who must pay real money for the space in which his clients are advertised. They do not

puzzle the publicity agent, who knows, newspapers being what they are, he need never pay for the advertising he secures for his clients.

When the late Job Hedges was appointed police magistrate his friend, ex-Governor Whitman, then District Attorney, attended court the first day to see him perform. Two cases of 'drunk and disorderly,' apparently much the same, were brought before him; one offender was sentenced to ten dollars and costs, and the other discharged.

'What,' asked Whitman, 'was the difference between those two cases?'

'That,' replied the new-fledged magistrate, 'is the working of the judicial mind, which you would not understand if I explained it to you.'

II

A newspaper is a business conducted for profit. It may have ideals, but so may brickmaking. It has only one product that sells at a profit, and that is space. Actually it sells two products — newspapers to readers, and space to advertisers. Originally the real source of profit for a newspaper was its readers. Advertising was a by-product. But as advertising increased in volume and the demands upon the newspapers became greater, the time passed long ago when a newspaper could support itself on subscriptions. To-day a copy of a newspaper, whether sold for two, three, or five cents, costs more to produce than the sum the reader pays for it. The deficit is made up by advertising, and the profits all come from advertising. This has led to securing circulation primarily for the purpose of selling it to the advertiser, which, of course, has a profound influence on circulation methods, and has induced most newspapers to step outside of their legitimate field

of presenting the world's news according to its relative importance, and to add feature after feature solely for the purpose of securing additional circulation — circulation, mind you, which is sold at a loss. Particularly has it led to playing up those aspects of the news in which the public is supposed, rightly or wrongly, to be profoundly interested.

Sex, crime, and sport are featured with pictures, headlines, special articles, interviews, and other devices, until they overshadow the real news, but sell more papers to Mr. Mencken's two largest groups, Boobs and Yokels. When the legitimate news value ends and the event is spotlighted beyond its importance and desert, it becomes exploitation. And exploitation of either enterprise or individual in a position to cash in on publicity furnishes extraordinary instances of the newspaper's generosity with free advertising.

At the moment I write, the columns of the newspapers are still reverberating with echoes of the great prize fight at Philadelphia, a stupendous spectacle from any angle, but especially illuminating as an example of what can be done by liberal advertising. As far as I know, the promoter and chief beneficiary of the fight did not spend one cent for publicity. He was advertised by his loving friends, the newspapers. Nearly 150,000 people paid \$2,000,000 for admission, besides additional sums for railroad fares. Some traveled thousands of miles and endured great discomforts to witness from remote seats a spectacle which lasted about half an hour. What made them do it? Interest in the fight accounts for a certain number of them; the rest were sent there by the irresistible influence of the newspaper drives that went on day after day, from the time the arrangements had been concluded until the moment of the

fight, and most of these newspapers have already started on their campaign to make the next meet, a few months or even a few years hence, an even bigger spectacle, and still more profitable to Mr. Rickard and his principals. Every metropolitan newspaper kept on duty at the training quarters of the two combatants a corps of reporters, feature writers, and camera men, which turned in something like a page a day of stuff, some of it forced to the limit in the endeavor to keep alive the interest. This constant and stimulating advertising transformed into fans thousands who would never have gone on the simple announcement that such a fight was to be held. They were sold the fight, as millions of customers have been sold other commodities, by newspaper advertising.

The winner and the loser received \$900,000 between them, and Rickard's share was \$500,000. The rest went for expenses, but the expenses did not include advertising. They did include a small slice of profit for the Sesqui-centennial, whose promoters must have realized wistfully that even a portion of the free advertising poured forth for Tex Rickard would have made their fair a success. In a rather complacent interview with Mr. Rickard after the show, he announced that he had realized the ambition of a lifetime in assembling a greater paid crowd in one spot than had ever been assembled before, and gave some outline of his plans for the next one, but he uttered no expression of gratitude to the newspapers, nor even an acknowledgment that without them he could not have achieved his ambition.

Let us try to arrive at some conception of what such publicity means in terms of money as advertising men estimate space. There are 2008 daily morning and evening newspapers published in this country, and 548 of

them issue Sunday editions. Say the average space given by each to advertising the Tunney-Dempsey fight was only three pages. (And that is conservative to a degree. The *New York Times*, which does not often overstep the bounds, ran eleven pages.) Three pages in daily and Sunday newspapers alone would cost at regular rates \$1,075,200. This figure takes no account of the weekly newspapers, or of the magazines, all of which did their bit. Two million dollars would not have bought that much and that kind of advertising. Promoting prize fights is Tex Rickard's business. There is no question of public interest involved. It is a private commercial enterprise. It is profitable largely because its most necessary ingredient, advertising, is furnished free. Many manufacturers would like to engage in business on those terms. But no newspaper is aware of its contribution. At least none has said so, though Heywood Broun admits that the fight was over-written, that too much space was given to the preliminary write-ups, and that in this instance the public, for whose benefit it was all done, got too much of it. The newspapers are debarred from admitting, much less claiming credit for, their yeoman service because of that other ethical pose of theirs toward free advertising. They must observe the letter of their ethics, even though the exigencies of circulation compel them to violate the spirit.

The Philadelphia fight is one example of an organized commercial industry receiving an inexplicable boost from the newspapers, but there are also many instances in which profitable publicity created around a personality has been capitalized after the fact. A gallant young German-American swims the English Channel. Here is a good news story if there ever was one,

and so each paper in its desire to turn to itself the public interest adds to that public interest and makes Miss Ederle so valuable a property that she must be surrounded and guarded by an attorney, press agent, or what you will, to protect her interests and see that the valuable asset wished upon her by the newspapers is turned into the most profitable channels. And whatever Miss Ederle does with her asset of publicity, — whether she grants the use of her name to swimming suits, bathing caps, sport clothes, or beverages; whether she goes into vaudeville or the movies, writes signed articles for the newspapers or the story of her life for the confession magazines, — be sure it is not her ability as a long-distance swimmer that these people are buying, but the golden publicity heaped upon her by the newspapers. If poor Floyd Collins, who died in a hole in Kentucky, had been so fortunate as to come out alive, he too would have needed press agent and attorney, even more than a doctor, because he would have found that Kentucky cave a gold mine of nationwide publicity, which could and would be exchanged for large checks in payment for services for which he had no other fitness than that his name was known to millions. Rudolph Valentino was fortunate even in death. His estate benefited by the publicity the newspapers gave his funeral. Every theatre in the country immediately put on a film in which the great sheik was a hero.

The visit to this country of Marie, Queen of Rumania, is the latest topic concerning which the newspapers spare us nothing. Again the newspapers are asking, 'Why all this pothor?' The *New York World* inquires: —

Now that Queen Marie is safely aboard the Leviathan, and now that she is duly reconciled with her son; now that we know

exactly how her hair is cut, how long her skirts are, how many trunks she has, and what she will drink, would it be fair to ask someone, the Queen herself, her official spokesman, or anybody else's official spokesman, what the purpose of this visit is?

But on the front page of the *World*, and most other newspapers, is a detailed account of Marie's first day on shipboard, including the negligee she wore on going to her bath. When she lands, what price Queen Marie as an endorser of lipsticks, or a godmother to boudoir caps? The *World* editorial reveals a curiously detached attitude toward its own news activities, as if the diligent recording of unimportant details were a natural process which it can only wonder at but cannot control.

The other day a remarkable interview appeared on the front page of every newspaper served by the Associated Press. Its significance did not lie in the fact that in distributing it the Associated Press broke one of its own unwritten laws, not to send out interviews as news; nor in the fact that the little corps of Washington correspondents was stirred to its depths and greatly incensed that the President should give such an interview to a rank outsider, and an advertising man at that, instead of to a regular newspaper man with a union card and everything. No, the remarkable thing about it was that Bruce Barton took one of the sacred cows of journalism gently but firmly by the halter and led it out from the consecrated cowshed and turned it loose to graze among other contented cows in the pasture.

No cherished belief of journalism has been more sedulously cultivated than that people like to read about politics. All over our land newspapers have been christened 'The Democrat' or 'The Republican,' in the belief that

their mission was to discuss politics, and they have continued to discuss politics until the cows came home. But Bruce Barton told the President that the people were not nearly so much interested in politics as the folks down at Washington thought, and that he would like to ask some of the questions the average American would ask if he were sitting there on the porch steps with such an opportunity to talk to the President. No newspaper man, and certainly no politician, would have dreamed of asking the President such questions. And it appears that Bruce Barton was right, and the politicians and political reporters were wrong. The public were more deeply moved to learn how the President did his shopping, or that when he was up home in the country he liked to putter around and fix the lock on the woodshed door, exactly as you or I, than to learn his views on Farm Relief or the World Court. In short, they were more interested in the President as a human being than as a politician or a statesman.

III

There is no implication in all this that newspapers should be more complaisant to bona fide commercial advertisers. On the contrary. A newspaper's value as an advertising medium is directly in proportion to the conscientiousness with which it discriminates between news and advertising. Its righteousness at a mere casual mention of an advertised article is contrasted with its liberality toward other classes of business enterprises which are just as commercial as soaps and cigarettes, though going under the name of sports or amusements. The names of many articles created by advertising have become household words. They have passed into the language. They appear familiarly in

conversation. When they appear naturally in the news they are a part of the news. To omit them is a vain gesture. But the overplaying of certain phases of the news to the point of public surfeit, which results in publicity around certain people that can be and is a source of large profit, gives a suggestion of hypocrisy to the meticulous elision of a name which is already familiar to everyone because it has been made so in newspaper space paid for with cash.

But, at the best, that accidental publicity is at least the newspaper's own work. It has not been promoted by the beneficiaries. It is to them a gift of the gods. But there is another far too large volume of free publicity not so untainted. Its presence in newspaper columns snatches the last vestige of sincerity from an otherwise admirable newspaper ethic. This is the releases run at the request of business houses, corporations, public utilities, benevolent societies, theatrical managers, and many publicity-seeking individuals. The motive here is different. There is no circulation-building power in this stuff. It is the result of various forms of pressure brought to bear on the newspapers, ranging from the obvious tricks of the press agent to the more dignified and skillful technique of the public relations counsel.

The growth of this business is enlightening. In the early days of paid advertising it was customary for the advertiser to accompany his order for space with a few reprint stories about his product, which the newspaper was expected to run free as pure reading matter in return for the advertising patronage; and in most cases the newspaper did so. In those days advertising was largely patent medicines; the reprint told of miraculous cures, and some of the smaller newspapers carried columns of this stuff. Its value lay in

the supposition that it was published spontaneously by the newspaper, but even in those days few people were so credulous as not to recognize these paragraphs for what they were. Most newspapers sandwiched them between news paragraphs, and readers soon learned to skip automatically.

A growing sense of fair play to the reader, and also a greater appreciation of the value of that commodity which a newspaper has to sell, — namely, advertising space, — led later to these reading notices being marked with an asterisk or the abbreviation 'adv.' or to their being set in slightly different type. As paid advertising grew in volume, producing greater demands for free reading matter, the better newspapers became less and less compliant, and gradually these crude early efforts disappeared from the columns of any but the smallest and weakest newspapers. Tightening the lines provoked the seeker of free advertising to greater ingenuity. As the newspapers became more rigid in their limitations, a whole race of publicity men sprang up, whose ingenuity has up till now stripped off the editorial camouflage.

Gradually departments were added to the regular news layouts — books, amusements, sports, and later, more specifically, automobiles and radios. These pages are glorified advertisements, promoting the industry as a whole, and specifically boosting individual products inside these lines, discriminating against some classes of business in favor of others no more worthy. The cleavage in the newspaper mind is that the one contains nothing to interest the public and would therefore amount to free advertising, while discussion or promotion of the other makes circulation. If it also yields free advertising, that is unfortunate. These departments became the dumping ground of all the reprint publicity

stuff in their respective categories, until the pressure became too great. Now such departments are conducted by a skilled advertising man disguised as a department editor.

The great industrial corporations and the public utilities, because of their size and their activities, were constantly getting into the news columns, and much that was written about them by reporters working from the outside was untrue, and much that was true was unpalatable. So it became the custom for some officer to give out to the press a carefully prepared statement, which at least presented the corporation's side of the matter. Sometimes these things were used as written; sometimes they were edited; and sometimes they were thrown into the wastebasket. Being prepared by amateurs, as far as any sense of news value was concerned, the only inducement the newspaper had to publish them was that they contained some real news which the rewrite man could handle better, or the obligation of the newspaper to that corporation was so great that it felt compelled to use the material.

Out of this situation — that is, the need of the corporations for an efficient spokesman, and the complacency of the newspapers in regard to matter which was really more or less advertising — has grown a new profession, that of the public relations counsel, generally spoken of as the publicity man. The publicity man is the old press agent with a high hat. The press agent grew out of the old advance agent of the circus or traveling theatrical company. It was his business to get free notices about his play or his star, and the childishly simple devices used in those days, such as the escape of a wild animal or the stealing of an actress's jewels, have become clichés. It was his job to find a story good enough to print which in some way

brought in the show or actors that it was his business to exploit. Most newspapers ran a theatrical or dramatic column in which such stuff could be run and was run until the supply greatly exceeded the space of many columns, but it was the ambition of the press agent to get his story on the front page, and often he did so; and some were clever enough to make their stories real news. Many of the press agents were trained newspaper men with a sense of news value who knew how to write a story. They had the entry of the newspaper offices. They frequently sold their stories at space rates and collected at both ends. Not only actors, but steamships, hotels, summer resorts, public men, and philanthropic causes employed press agents, and still do; some of them are good and some are not, but they all flourish on the principle of getting something for nothing out of the newspapers.

But the public relations counsel operates on a much higher plane. His primary and original purpose was to edit the pronouncements which the corporation issued to the newspapers of the country in such a way that they would be palatable to the news editor. But he goes much further than that. As Ivy Lee put it, it is his business to advise his clients to such courses of action as will produce live news, and then of course see to it that no newspaper misses the news.

The technique of this kind of work was greatly improved by the war. It became a public duty to spread propaganda, and an immense amount of talent was available for the purpose. This experience and this talent have since found a profitable field in working for corporations instead of nations, with many new and tried devices at their disposal. Every drive that has run its course in the few years since

the war, to raise money for various philanthropies, to build cathedrals, to endow colleges, to furnish funds to Y. M. and Y. W. C. A.'s, or the Salvation Army, or the Red Cross, has been planned and engineered by a publicity expert. Every line that has appeared in print, except a comparatively small amount of paid advertising, has appeared because of the newspaper's dilemma between its duty not to run advertising as news at the urgent appeal of a publicity expert and its uncertainty as to how much of this matter is real news or for the good of the public. At any rate it is safe to say that to all of these great funds that have been raised for various good purposes in the last few years the newspaper has been the largest actual contributor. Its name does not appear in the list of donors, but anyone who is used to buying newspaper space and paying for it can easily figure out the millions that have been donated to each one of these funds by the press of the United States.

IV

It would seem, then, that newspapers know nothing about advertising, that they are professionally oblivious of it. They throw free advertising about like drunken sailors. They allow columns to be 'wangled' through the wiles of the publicity man. They keep the professional advertising department walled up by itself, hedged in by an alleged code of newspaper ethics. When a single product that belongs in the advertising manager's domain leaks through into the news they eliminate it with gusto. When stories of advertising activities get into the news they handle them with a curious unfamiliarity. Apparently they know no more about the tremendous force they produce than the

man who wired your house knows about electricity. If at an advertising convention something kind is said about newspaper advertising they give it space, but an advertising agent is called an 'advertiser,' and a telephone booth which transmits 'want ads' to newspapers is styled an 'advertising agency,' and all advertising is lumped together, without discrimination between the fake advertising of a bald-head cure and the constructive institutional advertising of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. Apparently either kind is equally anathema. The advertising man wonders if other departments of human endeavor are as sketchily handled as his own appears to be, and it seems that they sometimes are.

I once wrote about this anomaly to the business manager of perhaps the greatest journal in the country — not because his paper was the most guilty, but because it was the most eminent. He pointed out that Henry W. Taft had made a similar charge about the handling of legal matters, but that it was impracticable for a newspaper to maintain a staff of experts. It must work with reporters and 'gradually build up the level of the news staffs to a point where anyone is a good general-news man, able to cover intelligently any story requiring ordinary information educated persons should possess; and where every reporter or desk man has in addition some special field of knowledge in which he is qualified and up to date. Then a newspaper would arrive at its desired goal, and its news columns would be read with interest by all persons and with respect by the expert.'

And yet an editor could, if he would, find under his own roof pretty fair knowledge of advertising. One New York newspaper maintains a staff of two hundred men to solicit advertising,

but only about half of them are engaged in selling space. The remainder are busy studying advertising, digging up the facts upon which the solicitors depend for their selling story. But they never uncover the fact that the newspaper is constantly making various individuals rich with unearned publicity. It is a pity the city editor does not send one of his bright young men downstairs to interview the advertising manager. Instead the editor despises the business office and resents any attempt to bring pressure to bear on his news columns. The business manager might with greater justice take umbrage at the free gift of the very commodity he is employed to sell.

The object in playing up certain phases of the news is to secure more readers — readers making circulation, and circulation increasing advertising profits. When a piece of news breaks that the editor knows is good for this sort of treatment, he takes advantage of all his resources to make his presentation outshine the others and stimulate more sales. When the facts give out, as they often do, then recourse is had to more remote details, and each line of investigation is pushed to its ultimate paragraph.

Since this is done to attract more readers, the advertiser asks what sort of readers. People who read newspapers as 'escape' literature are worth less to him than the legitimate natural circulation. The motive that makes a man buy and read a particular paper is important to him, and since he supplies the profits that make the newspaper possible his view should be considered.

The best newspapers for the advertiser's purpose are those which best perform the function of a newspaper. Circulation secured by giving premiums is less desirable than straight circulation — that is, readers who buy

the publication for its own sake. A premium is a gift to induce a man to subscribe. Many of the features used by newspapers to extend their circulation are nothing more or less than premiums. They are inducements outside the legitimate field of presenting the news. Comic strips, 'syndicate,' heart-to-heart talks, guessing contests, crossword puzzles, symposiums, articles alleged to have been written by channel swimmers, baseball players, prize fighters, mayors, and other stars of the day's sensational news, are all devices to induce the reader to read that particular paper, and do not strengthen the hold of the paper itself in its real character. A book given to secure a subscription is a premium. Certainly a serial story published in the columns of a newspaper differs only in degree, not in kind. In this category belong all stories of current happenings extended beyond their worth. They are premiums offered that portion of the public which cannot be induced to read the news.

This policy carried to its logical conclusion produces the tabloid. This peculiar apotheosis of the worst in modern journalism not only plays up the sensational news to the last shriek of 70-point Gothic headlines, but omits other kinds of news altogether. It is no more a newspaper than *Spicy Stories* is a newspaper. It adds a new tinge to the expressive word 'yellow.' And the tabloid, like the chart of a drunkard's stomach, serves the useful purpose of the horrible example, showing the legitimate newspaper where overplaying some phases of the news at the expense of others will lead it.

But neither æsthetics nor morals, good taste nor decency, enters into this discussion. The question is one of expediency. The best newspaper is the best advertising medium. If circulation is extended beyond legitimate

demand, by abnormal, illegitimate expanding of certain phases of the news, or by creating features out of some of those phases, the advertiser is asked to pay for this new circulation at the same rate as for the old. Is it worth it? If featuring some news beyond its news value, sometimes beyond the public's patience, profits the beneficiaries, the regular cash customers of the papers are bound to feel unfairly treated, especially since the names of their products are given short shrift when they happen to turn up in the news. And most of these cash customers are uncomfortably aware that large amounts of free advertising are had for the asking, the asking being an organized industry in its own right. This is the dilemma of the newspaper from the advertiser's point of view: an enterprise which makes no profit on its product, but only on its by-product. The newspapers sell papers at a loss, advertising space at a profit, and give away publicity free.

V

Newspapers deserve a certain amount of sympathy in their complex problem of paid advertising and free publicity. Many new factors enter into it as a result of our peculiar civilization, so that it is no longer a simple matter to draw the hard and fast line.

One such factor is the devices for duplication, which add enormously to the power of advertising and furnish the machinery for capitalizing it. Two of these devices are the syndicate and the movie, which confer, among other things, the privilege of being in two places at the same time.

The venerable ex-President of Harvard and a popular moving-picture star died the same day. Dr. Eliot received a decent tribute from the newspapers, but Rudolph Valentino's

passing was chronicled with a blazon of headlines and a fullness of detail once reserved for an assassinated President. This publicity had the logical result of stirring the herd mind, and the crowds descended on the funeral in droves. It used to be argued whether advertising created a demand or supplied one. It does both. The voluminous publicity produced a great outpouring of morbid curiosity, and the newspaper accounts of the manifestation of this curiosity added others to the mobs. The newspapers created the interest and then made news of the interest they created. Some of them showed editorial uneasiness at the disparity between the space accorded Dr. Eliot and the orgy of publicity spread out for Valentino. The uneasiness was confirmed by protesting letters from readers asking if this discrepancy was a measure of the respective values of the two men to our civilization, or even a just measure of the popular interest.

Dr. Eliot was the focus of a similar comparison some years ago — that time in comparison with a comic-strip artist. Some paragrapher proclaimed that Dr. Eliot, then President of Harvard, received \$15,000 a year, but that Bud Fisher, creator of 'Mutt and Jeff,' received \$150,000 a year, and wondered if that meant that Bud was worth ten times as much as Eliot. Among the comments on this was one which said that it meant just that: that Bud Fisher was ten times as valuable, worth ten times as much in our present civilization. What was overlooked was that these two men were not being compared on equal terms, even on a remuneration basis, since Bud Fisher had the advantage of a purely mechanical device denied to President Eliot, a device which multiplied him without effort or desert on his part, enabling him to be in more than one place at

the same time and to earn his salary in each place. His income of \$150,000 did not come from any one newspaper, but from a syndicate of newspapers; that is, he was worth \$15,000 each to ten newspapers, or, as is probably the case, \$1500 each to a hundred newspapers. If there were any arrangement or device or system whereby Dr. Eliot could have been president of ten universities, each paying \$15,000, then he too could have earned \$150,000 without doing any more work than he did to earn \$15,000.

Dr. Eliot lost out in salary against the comic-strip artist and in *r  clame* against the celluloid knight, not because 'Mutt and Jeff' and 'The Son of the Sheik' are greater services to mankind than turning freshmen into useful citizens, but because Dr. Eliot is denied the rubber-stamp publicity machine.

The moving picture is another and more remarkable instance of the effect that simultaneous duplication has on the earnings of certain stars, putting them in a class by themselves with remuneration out of all proportion to that of equally able talents in fields where power of being in two places at one time is denied. The public gasps at the profits of moving-picture stars, and is under the wrong impression that these stars earn those vast amounts of money, when as a fact they merely receive them because the original talent or gift or art or skill is mechanically multiplied.

When Douglas Fairbanks completes a film — of which he is author, producer, and star — the film is easily multiplied to any desired number of duplicates. After the film is completed Fairbanks has nothing further to do but blow about the world, enjoying columns of free publicity which increase the attendance at the ten thousand or more theatres at which 'The

Black Pirate' is showing nightly. If it were possible to make only one original film, which then could be presented in but one theatre at a time, traveling from town to town as a theatrical company travels, and it still had at the end of its tour the same popularity, Doug would presumably receive the same money; but it would take ten or twenty years to complete the run and exhaust the earning power of that particular picture, whereas now, since a film can be multiplied indefinitely and shown simultaneously in just as many cities as desire to see it, the income that under normal conditions would cover the entire earning power of a man's life is received in a few months.

This duplication of result, without any increase of the original effort, is not confined to entertainment alone. It has made chain stores possible. Formerly a grocer, druggist, or tobacconist, no matter how successful, found his earnings confined to the capacity and potentiality of one store. Now his methods can be duplicated and applied to any number of stores. The initial experience, buying knowledge, stock arrangement, window dressing, advertising, training of clerks, can be set down, reduced to a system, and applied to other stores, under one management, and thus a single store-keeper receives the profits, not from one store, but from a thousand. To some extent the same phenomenon is being exhibited by the radio. A speaker who formerly could talk only to the capacity of one hall now talks to a nation. He too is able to be in more than one place at the same time, and the corresponding publicity value is infinitely greater. These factors help to make disproportionately profitable every word printed in newspapers about a person or thing able to capitalize such advertising on so vast a scale.

They give new meaning to the word 'publicity.'

Henry Ford owes, not his success, but the size of his success, largely to the newspapers. He has received the largest free advertising campaign of any one business man. He was in a position to realize on it. He is probably shrewd enough, if he had not been presented with his advertising, to have bought it as other manufacturers have done. But, starting early, when the motor car was live news, he occupied a unique position in the new industry, and he has kept that unique position and has always furnished good copy, which, coupled with the newspaper's policy to play up subjects of popular interest, has made it possible for Ford to spend a much smaller amount in advertising in proportion to the size of his business than any other motor-car manufacturer — or, for that matter, any manufacturer of any kind — and get practically one hundred per cent out of the free advertising.

It is not suggested that the newspapers could or should have handled such things differently. It is hard to determine what is news and what is not, and if the news makes a few people rich beyond calculation with the priceless gift of free publicity, that does not mean that the newspapers should confine themselves to dull topics. Yet one can think of other fields of endeavor which have equal interest, importance, and economic value to us, which receive scant consideration. One might ask why newspapers should give a page daily to organized baseball, from two to four pages to radio, as much to the motor car, at least a column daily to books and the theatre, and not have a page or two devoted, say, to electric utilities.

The American home is going to be transformed into an electrically motored, labor-saving housekeeping

device by groups of men who are no more selfish in seeking their own profit than fight promoters or movie magnates. Their product is full of interest to us all, concerns our welfare deeply, and will have as far-reaching effect on the way we live as the Dempsey-Tunney slugging match or the Ford tractor. The combined electrical interests are planning to spend seventy million dollars in the next ten years to put electric refrigerators, toasters, coffee percolators, bread mixers, hair curlers, heating pads, sadirons, and vacuum cleaners into American homes, to take the place of and render unnecessary the 'help' that no longer exists. Is it not a subject of importance? Is it not full of human interest? Could it not be featured? True, it would not sell papers, as do the details of Babe Ruth's life, or the fact that Ford pays a week's wages for five days' work. But that is poor consolation for those who live by selling electric utilities instead of baseball or flivvers. Why are not the newspapers moved with one accord to exploit such fields of gainful endeavor on their inherent interest? For one reason, lack of a personality around which to build up their features. Henry Ford, Thomas Edison, Charlie Chaplin, Tex Rickard, Edward Bok, Red Grange, Suzanne Lenglen, Babe Ruth, Irving Berlin, Queen Marie, are all good copy. It is incidental, as far as the newspaper is concerned, that using them for copy presents advertising to the gainful industries with which they are associated.

The newspaper believes that men are not born with an interest in electric utilities. Neither are they born with an interest in baseball. The public concern with certain phases of life has been developed by exhaustive treatment in the news columns. That interest was put there by the newspapers, the same powerful force that has sold so many

things to us in paid space. But the paying advertiser is greatly handicapped by the high cost of the space he buys. He cannot do things on the Tex Rickard scale.

Given enough advertising, the public can be interested in anything — especially the American public, already so standardized, so herd-minded, that it is timid about doing or wearing or liking anything that is not endorsed by the crowd. How many of the 60,000 at the World Series, or the 150,000 at Tex Rickard's show, or the hordes that are packing the college stadia, care that much for baseball, or prize fights, or football, and how many go only because they learn from the news-

papers that they are supposed or expected to care? It is a hundred years since Edmund Burke christened the newspapers the 'Fourth Estate,' and Napoleon said that four hostile newspapers were more to be dreaded than an army. The power of the press was puny then compared with the mighty engine of publicity we have to-day, an engine which is apparently getting out of control. Like the fisherman in the Arab tale, the newspapers have opened the bottle; they are appalled by the djinni that has come out, the djinni of publicity, with vast powers for good or evil; they do not know how to control it, what to do with it, or even how to coax it back into the bottle.

A MODEST PROPOSAL

BY A PROGRESSIVE MILITARIST

'The readiness is all'

I

It has become a commonplace to say that no very sharp distinction can any longer exist between military and civilian populations in war. Whereas wars were formerly fought out between armies in well-defined local campaigns, and the civilian population went unmolested about its usual business, except as a city might be beleaguered or a district ravaged, the present age has seen a transformation in the practice of war which has done away with most of the difference between the combatant and what used to be called the noncombatant. A nation now

goes to battle entire, from president to shopgirl. Indeed the shopgirl is a valuable recruit. In off hours it is her function to fold bandages or to peddle government bonds. The factory worker is even more essential. From him proceeds the supply of munitions and clothing to the armies. And not alone the laboring, but the professional classes, the men and women of wealth, even the boys and girls, throw themselves into the contest. They provide food for the soldiers in the lines by raising community gardens; they nurse or entertain the wounded at home, in

hospitals, or abroad; they heap up stores of projectiles and explosives for the troops at the front. 'The dividing line between soldiers and civilians,' declares a recent writer, 'which wore perilously thin in the last war, will vanish altogether in the next great war; because from the military standpoint there is no great difference between the soldier who wields the weapon and the woman who makes it. Killing or wounding either is a handicap to the enemy; and to handicap the enemy is one of the immediate ends of war.'

To strike thus at an enemy in his most vital organs, the centres of industry that produce his military supplies, or to break down his resistance by terrorizing helpless cities, will certainly be one of the most ardently pursued objects of future attack. For it will be possible, as military writers have taken pains to inform us, to carry battle far behind and beyond the formal lines. Railroads, ammunition dumps, or densely populated cities may be bombed with high explosives or lethal gases. Where bombing is considered uncertain of success, or after it has prepared the way, the vast flotillas of airplanes which the science of a few more years will put at the service of progressive military states will be able to land at crucial points bodies of troops sufficient to destroy the productiveness of essential industrial areas. The effect of such methods of attack upon what has hitherto been the unarmed population of our cities must be obvious. Major General Sir George Aston, writing in the *Nineteenth Century and After* several years ago, made the following declaration of faith:—

'I believe that any great industrial nation acting upon the principles of Clausewitz and the German War Book would be able, within a few hours of

the order being given, to devastate whole cities with poison gas and explosives in any foreign country within petrol radius of aircraft. I believe further that there would be no adequate "defense" against such danger. Anti-aircraft guns could not give sufficient protection, and defending aircraft could not always be in the right place.'

In this plight, General Aston can offer the noncombatant small comfort. 'The whole civilian population,' he declares, 'is exposed to immediate and direct attack by nations which place no limit upon violence in conducting war.'

In the light of such sentences may we not revise the commonplace with which we began—that in future wars there will be little or no distinction between combatant and non-combatant—and supplant it with a statement more significant? We may say that armed forces, in large or small numbers, and armed, indeed, with the most efficient and destructive weapons of modern warfare, will be brought directly against people ordinarily without arms and without military training. When bombs fall in city streets we must be prepared not to inquire too closely what has become of our children, if they chance to be missed—unless, indeed, we are singularly free from that anxiety for their preservation which parents are supposed to feel; or unless—and here we strike the note of genuine importance—a system of training can be devised which will make such abrupt losses less injurious to the normal emotional balance. It is a system of training which, it is believed, would include this among its other effects that it is the business of this treatise to urge upon the country.

I do not know whether General Aston is right in thinking that no

defense can be adequate against attacks from the air as they will be conducted in the future. It would seem at least that the military protection of our cities in the wars that yet lie upon the lap of fate must be extraordinarily subtle and far-reaching. Perhaps in some not too remote conflict city dwellers, from grandmothers to school-children, will all be provided with gas masks and go about armed with hand grenades, lest they might encounter some division of the enemy newly landed from the air.

But I must leave all discussion of purely military defense to the able and unflinching minds of experts. The consideration which I take for my province will suffer much less at the hands of an amateur, and yet its importance must be instantly evident to all seriously minded men. I strongly feel that a new and universal conception of morale must begin to take root in the public consciousness before we can boast anything like intelligent preparation for modern war. It is upon this notion of morale, and the means of arriving at it, that I wish to throw some light. Its high importance, on military grounds alone, not to mention any other, may be derived from good military authority. Let me quote the words of Major General Sir Frederick Maurice, sometime Chief of Field Operations of the Imperial General Staff of Great Britain:—

‘In future wars the prime object of the contending nations will not be the destruction of the opposing forces, but what the Germans call the will to victory of the opposing peoples. The immense extent of the increase of the zone of danger due to the introduction of aircraft has, it is generally admitted, brought the civilian population into a jeopardy almost, if not quite, as great as that which confronts those who bear arms. The morale of the nation is

therefore likely to be as important a factor in war as the morale of armies has always been. The defeat of the enemy’s main forces, hitherto held to be the first aim of strategy, becomes only a means to an end which may be obtained without those means. For a people may find the continuance of war to be intolerable.’

General Maurice’s last sentence would of course be obviated by a right system of training, for training and habit are sufficient to inure men to any condition, and even to bring a degree of satisfaction in it. During the years since the World War some, if insufficient, attention has been given to preparing the nation for the struggles of the future by revising and developing its military equipment in the light of the lessons and innovations of recent history. But it is remarkable that neither our own nor any other country seems to have considered how the problem of preparing those who are to fight the next wars has changed with the changing methods and incidence of modern warfare. Indeed the failure to conceive of even the existence of such a problem seems almost complete. Officers of the army, with experience of war and the fresh memory of what must be accomplished to convert a peaceful into a military people, do not spare urging universal service upon us or recommending military camps for students and military courses for colleges throughout the land. But the truth is that universal military training for males of an age to bear arms, even if it were feasible in this country, would not touch the heart of our problem at all. At best it would provide us with a vast body of troops at a time when armies equipped to fight on the battlefield promise to play a subordinate part in military conflicts. And the able-bodied male of an age to bear arms

can always, although the task is arduous, be prepared for war.

Our problem is much more serious. It is nothing less than to bring up abreast of the trained military class what has hitherto been the unarmed and unexposed horde of noncombatants. Women, children, workers, old men, and grandmothers — these too must be prepared for the direct acts of combat which will be brought against them in the next war. We cannot, after all, leave them to die in their blood, even if we would. They are necessary to the armies in the field, necessary to the nation's will to victory. If we are to face the problem of preparation for future warfare they must be trained to bear their full part both in morale and in the actual conflict. And if imagination is beggared by the scope of this task, it had best lose itself in the practical effort to accomplish whatever can be accomplished of such a Cyclopean labor. For, if no effort should be made, it might prove, as General Maurice has threatened, that war will become intolerable.

II

Obviously the study of means to prepare an entire industrial, professional, and domestic society for the extreme unction of modern warfare is an infinitely subtle and exhaustive inquiry. Such a study would formulate a programme for the fit training of all trades, all classes, all citizens of whatever age or degree of helplessness. For, since military writers have assured us that all classes must expect direct acts of combat, it will be at evident peril that any group of our people should be left unprepared to meet the tests which even now are incubating in the dark womb of the future.

To our children, it will be generally

agreed, the first care should be given. If it is considered a crime to send into the trenches troops improperly equipped or too briefly instructed and disciplined in the use and understanding of their weapons, is it not a more surpassing crime to pit children, easily bewildered and frightened by so small a mishap as a bloody head, against the effects of high explosives or of lethal gases such as may be employed in attacks from the air? If practical limits did not forbid, training for war ought to begin during gestation, or, at the latest, in the cradle. Otherwise, merely by bringing babes into the world, we shall be opposing the most unarmed and defenseless of all populations against the most destructive and terrifying weapons of war. Quite literally — and a worse military principle cannot be imagined — we shall be throwing into battle our most precious untrained troops, from whom the country's future legions must some day be recruited, without so much as a gas mask or a trench helmet for their protection. Consider how we might mollify the shame of launching our babes into the world unable to use so much as a finger in their own defense, if we could only give them military capacity with their milk, or make their rattles and teething rings an initiation into war! But thought pines in vain after such expedients.

What might be done to start our children on the road to preparation for war from the time when they first put their innocent lips to the breast, I have neither the will nor the space to discuss here. Indeed it will be impossible even to attempt to outline a comprehensive training for what would formerly have been the noncombatant population against the dangers to which the future will expose it. I mean only to suggest one or two measures which seem likely to be of particular importance and

value in cultivating the national morale to meet the changing demands of warfare. These measures, in any complete, coherent scheme, might be the last instead of the first stones in the arch. They would certainly be introduced only after many simpler rudimentary exercises and instructions had been mastered by the citizen. But I hope that they may stand as a thoughtful contribution to progress in the national preparation for war, especially in the vital point of morale.

The first of the measures I have to suggest is a direct attempt to strengthen the emotions of the weaker part of our population against what are called the horrors of war. It is this character of frightfulness in warfare which is, of course, the cause of the strain that is put upon morale — the cause, indeed, of the existence of that quality. It is proper, therefore, that frightfulness should be first met in considering the problem of the will to victory.

War differs from sport largely in aiming to produce fatalities as its grand purpose and object. If a cultivated foreigner, who, by some chance, did not know by what means war is carried on among civilized nations, were to watch a battalion of soldiers practising the bayonet exercises or popping at each other with blank cartridges in a sham battle, he might be excused for supposing that some elaborate kind of game was going on, especially if he knew the seriousness with which Americans take what it pleases them to call their relaxation. Of course a military camp where soldiers are being trained for the front simulates as well as it can the actual conditions of the battlefield. Trenches are dug, smoke screens conceal the movements of troops, and gas masks are donned at the appointed signal. This employment of a *mise en scène* is no doubt of value; but it is a poor substitute for the frank and violent

touch of reality. The skin is there, but the entrails are lacking; and a true battle, it must be confessed, is not a little brazen in its unmasking of the entrails. I have not heard that in a military camp the field is left littered with the dead, blackened by mustard gas, or with those even more disturbing corpses that have not yet yielded up the ghost, but lie kicking and writhing with truncated limbs, and screaming for the touch of mercy. It is granted, of course, that men who pass the tests of admission into the army can be trained to meet these scenes without previous experience of them, although even men so selected are not so ready for the horrors of war as to accept them with the efficiency which complete coolness would make possible. But I am thinking of our enormous civilian population, or — to use the obsolete yet convenient word — the noncombatants. Surely the same cannot be expected of this vast division of the people, and we must earnestly fear for the effect of future wars upon their morale unless a way can be found in advance of hardening their sensibilities to the scenes they will be called upon to endure.

The problem at first sight appears a difficult one. It is hard to see how familiarity with frightfulness could be provided for the education of the people without also providing the tragedies to which it is due. It would be foolish, of course, however gladly our people would give their lives to their country, to call upon large numbers of them to make the supreme sacrifice at a time when that sacrifice would not be compensated by a corresponding loss to some enemy. Yet, without risk to the citizen's life, how can he be trained to regard philosophically the disconcerting spectacle which is caused by the loss of life in great numbers and by revolting means? Thorny the problem

seems indeed, at a casual view. Yet I do not believe it incapable of solution. I think that an expedient may be found to inure our people to the horrors of warfare without resorting to the actual practice of them — at least upon the citizens themselves.

My plan owes its force to the fact that shells eviscerate and frightfulness disfigures not only men but animals. Anyone who has seen, in reality, or in representation by photograph or cartoon, a landscape ravaged by artillery fire, in which horses and other livestock have not escaped the destruction which had man for its chief object, must be conscious of the depressing influence which animals of large bulk exert on the mind when they lie about dismembered or disemboweled. Looking at such a spectacle, one could hardly help reflecting that it provides an opportunity to experiment in the emotional effects of war without its dangers. Soldiers indeed have mentioned the inconvenience to the feelings of walking about among bits of animal flesh and hair displayed on walls, barbed wire entanglements, or other lodging places. That they overcome this inconvenience may be guessed from impressions of the campaign of General Sherman in Georgia. We are told that the invading Yankees distressed the citizens of that state by popping their guns all day long at cows, pigs, fowl, or any living thing which had the misfortune to show itself before the sights of the troopers' guns. If this is true, why may we not suppose that nonchalance in the presence of animals that have been subjected to shell fire is a real, if incomplete, preparation for unconcern in the presence of human beings exposed to the same trial?

The test would be severe, I confess, if our women and children shared in the bombing. The sight could not be accepted easily. Perhaps no expedient

could be devised which would adequately prepare the mind for it. But some step ought certainly to be taken to fit a civilian population for its new prominence in the theatre of war, and I am doing the utmost that a citizen can do in recommending the measures which have occurred to me as most efficient and practicable. All things cannot be expected of the best of plans, and there must be a residue of endurance for the occasion itself to call forth. But what can be done to reduce this residue to its lowest terms, and thus enlarge the factor of safety in morale, I have been at utmost pains to discover and urge upon my countrymen.

My plan, then, briefly outlined, is this. The country would be divided by the General Staff into military districts, and in each district a battle area would be designated. At stated periods, each district would provide a number of horses bearing a proportion to the numbers of its population. I choose horses as the animals most fitting to the scene of war, as they are still employed for reconnoitring movements, for drawing gun carriages, and for other honorable military labor to which machines have not yet proved adaptable. The horses would be mobilized at a concentration camp, and on given days the people of the district would be called out according to mobilization orders and would proceed to the designated battle area. The artillery would then be directed against the animals, which would be enclosed in the area. The citizens would march in ranks behind the advancing wave of shell fire, and would observe its effects. They would be furnished with hand grenades to destroy any of the animals who might escape the projectiles hurled by the artillery. Hand grenades are recommended instead of rifles because their effects are more in accordance with the emotional results which it is

desired to produce, and because it seems likely that foot troops will be armed more and more exclusively with them in the future rather than with guns alone, the destructive powers of the grenades being greater and more violent. Children could participate in the exercise as far as was thought advisable by the military authorities, and might thus gain their first acquaintance with the phenomena of war in the steadying company of their elders, and perhaps buoyed up by the fine stimulation of martial music.

I am able to see only two objections to this plan, and I should like, if possible, to obviate them, as I am convinced of its usefulness, and believe that it deserves the immediate attention of the country. The first objection is that our stock of horses would be rapidly exhausted if the plan were put into execution, and a noble animal made extinct. In this I do not at all concur. I am not able to see that man is in any danger of extinction from war, and while horses in their present numbers would be put to a disproportionate strain by the conscription which I propose for them, they would soon be raised in vast quantities to meet the annual demand for their consumption. Would the herds of cattle which now thunder on our Western plains ever have come into existence if our expanding population had not caused an economic demand for them? In the same way, if a people has been decimated by war, do the mothers and fathers of the country give up producing population? Rather they at once set about repairing the damage done by the guns and providing material to be consumed by another generation of artillery. Far from destroying the horse as a species, the expedient I suggest would be the very means of encouraging its cultivation in the largest possible numbers. War requires

multiplication before there can be destruction. Populations must grow before they can be deflowered by conflict. I believe that if my plan were adopted our wayside farms and highways, which have lost a note of nobility in the gradual disappearance of so fine an animal as the horse, would again rejoice in the full-blooded, nervous life of those admirable creatures, again resound with the gallop of hoofs, and toss with the splendor of careless manes and sensitive, proud heads.

The second objection which might be offered against my proposal is a fancied barbarity in it. But from this I instantly dissent. Shall we forbid the destruction of the horse by organized means and for a well-conceived end, and allow the destruction of that even more delicate animal, man, whom it has taken an infinitely longer and more precarious course of evolution to produce, and for whom the instinctive faith of the ages declares that the earth and its other creatures were created? To state such a conception is at once to absolve my scheme of the charge of barbarity. Yet it should be pointed out that it is precisely the characteristic of war to deprive us of what we hold most precious, and if this conscription of the horse were to awaken us once more to the beauty and value of the animal, we should be additionally prepared by its loss to face even more severe losses in a time of national danger.

Again, conscientious opinion has decided that vivisection for the purpose of medical progress is a humane act. A precise analogy is presented by my scheme for the use of horses to prepare our people for war. A scheme which intensifies the national morale is the exact counterpart of a serum which prevents a devastating epidemic. What nation-wide plague could be comparable in its effects to the loss of the will to

victory, which might cost us the staggering price of defeat, or result in the danger threatened by General Maurice, that war may become intolerable? A plan which would serve in any way to prevent such a disaster is justified on the highest ethical grounds.

It might be argued, indeed, that, far from being too barbarous for a civilized state to undertake, the project I suggest is too mild to be of any effect. The Spaniards, it might be said, do as much in sport, pitting the bull instead of the field gun against the horse, and even against man himself, the object being the same as in my plan — that is, to observe the results of tossing and going. Yet I believe that the feelings of soldiers and the testimony of our common imagination as human beings are sufficient evidence that my proposal would be of real help in preparing an unwarlike population for frightfulness.

III

We have now found means of inoculation against the horrors of warfare, considered emotionally. But I am of the opinion that the preparation of a democratic people for war will be incomplete and liable to shipwreck when tested by the facts unless it is carried out to the ultimate trial which war can exact. This trial is the hand-to-hand combat.

We have seen the dangers to which cities and industrial centres will be exposed through bombing and through the landing of troops in raiding parties or even in large bodies in the rear of the battle lines by fleets of airplanes used for transport. Not every city can be protected by a garrison sufficient to repel such attacks if men are to be maintained at the front in the usual numbers. But it would be unthinkable to abandon all attempts at resistance, to relinquish our strongholds and sources

of supply without so much as a contrary effort! If this is true, the population which will be left in our cities ought to be prepared to oppose the enemy. And in such an event the value of training in hand-to-hand combat, in resistance to the last torn fibre of flesh and nerve, is obvious.

The difficulty appears when we begin to see the difference between direct fighting, man to man, in war, and all other degrees and types of contest of which the public has any experience or can form any idea. Perhaps we can arrive at the matter most simply and immediately by glancing at a few words from a *Manual of Military Training*, a work designed for the use of young reserve officers, by Colonel Moss and Major Lang of the United States Army. The authors are speaking of bayonet fighting, and of course I must leave the technical education of the people in military exercises and use of their weapons to the experts, who are equipped to deal with the problems offered by such training. I cite the *Manual* only for the light it may throw on morale, believing that this is a study not yet sufficiently explored by experts to make the tentative investigations of the layman of no avail. Bayonet fighting of course disregards æsthetic and moral restraints, since its object is to dispose of the enemy's life by the most effective and the promptest means. 'The principles of sportsmanship and consideration for your opponent,' say the authors of the *Manual*, 'have no place in the practical application of this work. To finish an opponent who hangs on,' they further advise, 'or attempts to pull you to the ground, always try to break his hold by driving the knee or foot to his crotch and gouging his eyes with your thumbs.'

A good deal of thoughtless criticism has been visited upon these words, which indeed seem to occur only in a

two-volume work of the title given above, and to be absent from other manuals, or forms and editions of the manual, which bear Colonel Moss's name as author or collaborator. The official book of instructions of the Army, published by the United States, is a model of delicacy on the point in question, and gives no hint that bayonet fighting is other than a formal and rather dull ceremonial of thrusts and parries, carried out according to a sportsmanlike etiquette. But why should reticence be required of a writer on this valuable subject which touches the public interest so nearly? The words of Colonel Moss and Major Lang merely express without affectation, but with a perfect regard for decency, what is necessary to be done in war. It is idle to expect men engaged for their lives to observe too great a nicety in the parts of the body which they find it convenient and effective to attack, or in the means used to attack them. It is well for the country to believe that its general policy obeys the rules of international law, rules which soar far above the range of such practical movements of the foot or the thumbs as the *Manual* describes; but it is not well for citizens who may be objects of attack to imagine that the fig leaf is any fit symbol for the thick of the fight, or that a ritual of decorum is solemnized in each blow and counter. To allow such ignorance is to encourage weakness and laxity, and a state of supine dullness which could only be regarded as a serious danger to the national morale.

The armies, of course, learn soon enough to knee a crotch or to gouge an eye with the proper degree of efficiency and impersonal skill. But again I wonder about the civilians. What of our old men? What of our factory workers who have had no experience of trench life or of military discipline? What of our

women and children? I am afraid that any course except a real acquaintance with such combat will leave the inhabitants of our cities defenseless against any vigorous attack to which they may be subjected.

Let us imagine the events of such an attack. The enemy first bombards from the air to hit such of his objectives as he can and to lay a foundation of terror to expedite more detailed work when he descends to the ground. Then the troops enter the streets. The untrained citizens cower helplessly in corners or snatch up weapons as futile as the sword of Priam against Pyrrhus. They are butchered or herded harmlessly out of the way, and the city is lost. Once let the enemy disable the cities which are the nerve centres of industry, and the best armies in the world will throw down their rifles for lack of ammunition or rot miserably in the field from starvation. It behooves us then to consider whether by any device we can prepare our 'noncombatants' for the final exigency of personal combat. Failing to solve this problem, we must confess that we have carried the task of preparing the nation for war but little farther than it stood when we took it up. All other progress will be worth the effort only if this greatest need is adequately met.

Again at first sight the problem seems impossible of solution. And it offers, beyond doubt, more serious obstructions than the aspect of frightfulness which we met by suggesting the use of horses to inure our people to the emotional inconveniences of war. It will not do to propose the revival of gladiatorial games. It was not the gladiators who made a conquering nation of the Romans, and if we may judge by the analogy of a contemporary prize fight, many a bawling tradesman watched them who would not have changed his seat in the amphitheatre

for their bloody stance before the lions if the throne of the Cæsars had been his reward. No, the problem is not easily solved. But, in a finite and perilous existence, dangers and difficulties which threaten life itself are dissolved — as they are called into being — unexpectedly, and by circumstances or lucky thoughts which change the face of the world in the twinkling of an eye, and seem to accomplish the impossible. If one lesson emerges from the experience of all mankind alike, it is not to despair too early. Even this problem may find an adequate answer; and indeed I am about to suggest one which, after long consideration, seems to me not unsatisfying. If others agree with this conclusion, the country may well congratulate itself on possessing the power to train its citizens for the last test which warfare can exact of them.

When I outlined my plan for the conscription of horses, I was able to propose a scheme which had the great advantage of not wasting human life. And in this instance, too, I hope to avoid wasting human life, according to any farsighted understanding of the term 'waste.' I cannot, however, see that injury and suffering for brief periods may be escaped, though they are such as any citizen, especially that class of citizens which I have in mind, would be glad to endure for the country, and would welcome, I feel sure, if he thought that as a result of his fortitude the people would be better prepared to preserve the safety and glory of the nation in war. My scheme, again briefly outlined and left for wiser heads to elaborate in detail, follows.

It must be accepted as axiomatic that no substitute for actual fighting can be adequate to the case. This principle understood, I propose that a retiring age adapted to the purposes of my plan be established for all officers of the regular army except those of the

General Staff and such others as may be useful for service at an advanced age. Retired officers automatically become eligible to be called out for service as objects for the practice of the citizens in disposing of the enemy according to the methods described in the *Manual of Military Training*. The full significance of this scheme may not at once appear; but, let it be adopted, and I promise that our wives and striplings will soon be able to knee a crotch or gouge an eye as effectively as only the privileged veteran can under the present plan.

A word in explanation of my system. I choose officers for two reasons: the first, that they are the instructors in military training and therefore the stronger in self-command and the more expert in defense; the second, that men do not usually enlist for life, and that a man who remains a private at the retiring age, while he may be of use in war, is hardly to be trusted in the difficult and responsible exercise which I propose. Again there would be stated periods for the citizens to present themselves at the battle areas of the various military districts, and, for periods of time which would be agreed upon by the military authorities, they would fight one by one with the officers, doing their utmost to dispatch them, either by weapons, or by gouging and kicking, or by whatever methods occurred to them before the concluding signal brought the bout to an end. The duties of the officer would be to arouse in the citizen the desire to kill,¹ and to compel the most furious use of all the citizen's powers and resources of combat. But no officer would ever injure by more than a casual bruise any citizen with whom he was engaged, as

¹ 'The inherent desire to fight and kill must be carefully watched for and encouraged by the instructor.' Moss and Lang, *Manual of Military Training*, Vol. I.

the citizen is the soldier of the future, and his life must be protected. Fighting only on the defense, and inspired by the pride of his profession, which would remove any temptation for the officer to make the citizen's work easy, and so to expire before he had served his country to the utmost, we might reasonably expect that one officer would last out as many as twenty short bouts with men, and a good many more with women and children, before becoming useless for further practice. In this way we could hope that there would be enough officers to supply most of the population other than the bedridden and the males eligible for service at the front.

It may shock some readers that I should think of including women in this exercise. But I do not see that they should be deprived of any legitimate means of learning to protect themselves, such as this experience would provide. Indeed, it is the problem of the unarmed population, of whom women form the part most in need of military instruction, which we have all along been endeavoring to study. Consider the value of a few such contests as I have described to a woman who wished to defend herself against the attentions which might be offered her by some visiting member of the enemy's troops. There are always some women to whom the proximity of soldiers offers professional opportunities, whether they wear the uniforms of the enemy or of the native cause. Others, of greater social restraint, but perhaps of similar inclinations, may ask, as did the Turkish ladies in the battle described by Lord Byron,

Wherefore the ravishing did not begin!

But still others would prefer death to such thoughts, and suffer a thousand torments rather than contemplate such acts. These are the women whom, I

imagine, most of the masculine sex would consider examples of the first principle of feminine virtue. Why then deny them the right to defend for themselves their title to the respect of society and the approbation of its male members? They are likely to need all possible powers of self-protection if the predictions of experts about the warfare of the future have any meaning.

If I were asked to argue in support of my proposal, its merits would seem so obvious to me that I should stammer out the least evident and the least commendable first. Yet it is a real merit. Since all officers who reached the retiring age would automatically be destroyed, it would not be possible to reward their services with pensions. Most of them would be unlikely to have dependents at the age to which they would have attained; any surviving widows could not be expected to survive long. Thus a small but ponderable item of the vast bill of expense which is one of the chief inconveniences of war would be canceled outright.

For the rest, the officers would be glad, I am sure, to lay upon the altars of their country this last holy sacrifice of their lives, which they stand always ready to give in war, and which there is no reason to suppose they would withhold in peace. And I am not sure that the occasions on which the lives of so many brave men were consummated would be wholly unconnected with the more tender feelings. Fancy can picture some of the appropriate ceremony which the emotions of the people would suggest to close the scene. When the lust of battle had subsided, and the sacred thought that what they had done was for the country's good had found its way into the minds of the citizens, they would feel the solemn responsibility which their acts entailed. An hour of grief and consecration like that after a great war would ensue.

Reverently and gently the bleeding remains would be gathered together (here our stretcher-bearers and field-hospital units might obtain useful practice) and laid upon catafalques draped with the country's flags. To the flags would be pinned the medals and decorations for valor which any of the dead officers had received. As the sobbing concourse of people marched behind, a low, keening thrill of military music would usher the faithful soldiers to their last bivouac. The catafalques would move forward to a stadium or open-air theatre near which ground would be dedicated to serve as the last resting place of the dispatched heroes. But before the rows of open graves with their barrows of loose earth were leveled above the dead, the people would take their places on the seats of the stadium to become spectators of the final sacred rites of commemoration and respect. On the stage or field in view of the vast and solemn audience, the next of kin to the dead officers would form a queue, and marching forward in triumphant line, each would receive a pin or decoration recognizing for the country their loss and their loyalty. If the mother of any officer were still alive, how tenderly the hands of willing supporters would guide her to the place where the President of the Republic, the Chief of Staff, or some other notable official stood, that she might hear his words of comfort with a trembling smile, bravely fighting back her tears and shining with a more than earthly pride. Surely some badge of especial distinction would be reserved for such an one!

At last the national anthem would be solemnly sung by all the multitude with bared heads, and some venerable minister of the Gospel, raising his hands in trembling benediction, would offer thanks to God in the name of the people of the country for the lives and examples of the brave men ranged on their biers beneath his outstretched palms.

'O God, the Father of all mercies,' he might proclaim, 'we thank thee for thine everlasting beneficence. It has pleased thee to set us in a world where he that comes with a sword comes often in thy name; but, placing us amid war and peril, thou hast given us such men as lie here, who counted death in thy cause better than life in any other. They died lest one of thy little ones or the mothers of thy lambs should be lacking in the preparation meet and necessary for war. They have laid upon their countrymen the obligation of being ready to follow in their footsteps, as all followers of thy son Jesus Christ should not shrink if thy call leads them to the crown of martyrdom. Grant that the lives of these men shall not be wasted. Grant that we may learn the lessons they strove to teach. Continue to bless our glorious land. May our people obey thy laws and carry thy message to all the earth. May they prosper and enjoy thy favor for as long as nations shall endure or peoples bow beneath thy throne. Cease not to bless us with men of such courage and ideals. Comfort the hearts that have sacrificed them to thy glory and their country's might by the mysterious workings of thy peace. Amen.'

MY AMERICAN WIFE

A SAGA OF TO-DAY

BY CARL CHRISTIAN JENSEN

I

BEFORE our college days Margaret brought me up along with the children. I have before me a picture of our oldest, among twenty-one other American boys and girls — strains of fifteen nations and a dozen creeds and races in a Manhattan schoolroom. Indian, Negro, and Turkish offspring happen to be in the group; likewise remnants of four ancient cultures: Hindu, Jewish, Christian, Moslem. For years these twenty-two American children have been moulded there. Their social growth has been so gradual that they are unaware of ever having been brought up. And, despite their vastly varied background, they have melted into a national type unknowingly. But I was *aware* — though there was no tempest in the melting pot — when that boy of mine was being brought up; and more so, even, when I myself was. For I was of age when my social growth suddenly started.

For twenty years I had been alone, a self-sufficient child and youth, hiding myself among mature men, never confiding in anybody, and, therefore, never getting quite hatched, socially. I was mulish when others led me. For I was a leader — not of others, but of myself.

The warm contacts of childhood and adolescence I never knew. My years at child labor in Denmark were secluded, though not at all tedious. I was

always capable of entertaining myself: by watching my fingers make and break things; by letting my senses — they were animal in purity — snatch whiffs of beauty out of mother earth; by talking to myself.

My years at sea I also lived alone: in the stokehold, fighting the fires; in the forecandle, reading the Bible and a thousand novels; on shore leave, sight-seeing. I liked my own company immensely, and lived aloof. Yet I was not a snob or a sissy. In tropical gales I was sensuous, or when I watched the galloping paws of the engine. My mates had other tastes. Twice they joshed me; and on these two occasions I was 'sociable' in the manner of a sailor. For both times I made a wager — and both times I won — that I could drink any of them under the table. After the first spree — that took place at a coal pier in Baltimore before I was seventeen — I even leaped overboard for a swim. Baltimore beer was the first medium, and Jamaica rum the second. To be frank, I lost my dignity after the second spree by poking my head through too small a porthole — 'to watch a shark,' I told the stokers later — and finding myself thoroughly trapped. The 'sociable' ones of the crew did their best, hauling at my legs, before the Chief came to my rescue with chisel and hacksaw.

My child life in the new world was dizzy with wonders — a full and fast and friendless life. I learned to speak American, and I learned to earn a living. But no kin shared my hopes; no friends could I confide in; no homes sheltered me; nobody recognized me. I was alone like Adam and Crusoe — on an isle of three million people.

But I was not lonesome. I loved myself too well for that, though my point of view was not toward my own image — that came later as one of the means of finding myself. I cannot remember many Narcissus delights. But how I did love a chat with myself! My tongue and eyes were my pals. They entertained me.

I was so self-sufficient that my love of life even made me shun sleep. Sleep was dank death; for I never dreamed. That also came later. I lay awake, purposely, far into the night, for the sublime joy of living an extra hour. In the dark I saw too much and too little. My eyes stroked the inner walls of their lids and sockets with various speeds and curves and pressures, etching a hieroglyphic shorthand — my private history — into the tissue.

My tongue was like a revivalist, stretching a sleek body forward and recoiling; stamping on the floor, and hammering on the pulpit; running from wall to wall, and from platform to door; leaping clear to the roof in ecstatic frenzy. It was a revival that lifted me out of languorous sleep and back to things my eyes etched into their lids and sockets — almost as in my first bed in the room above the maker of wooden shoes. I dozed off to death when I kept those eyes of mine steady, and also when I opened the lids in the dark. For then the world vanished. My eyes could no longer 'feel.' Where, then, was I?

Alone, a society of one, I climbed the tree of knowledge, straddling on its

branches. At Cooper Union applied as well as pure science allured me. And art also. When I beheld an artist make dry-point etchings, my fingers itched to dig their own story into copper. My fingers also itched to revive dead dynamos, and likewise to juggle symbols of electrical theorem.

Yet a prime problem always faced me — to keep myself alive. I climbed alone, a blank asocial animal-man, willing to eat and to love in such a manner that neither I myself nor my neighbor objected. That is to say, willing to curb an eternal hunger spark within, so that it devoured neither my neighbor nor myself. I must eat or die; I must love or die — but socially.

First, food became the medium between myself and society; later, love. I spent all I earned, but no more. Here is my weekly budget: —

Seven breakfasts — raw eggs, bread,	
bananas	\$.70
Six lunches — doughnuts, lemonade	.36
Sunday dinner — soup, hash, ice cream	.20
Seven suppers — similar to breakfasts	.70
Furnished room	1.50
Carfare	.60
Tutoring in mathematics	1.00
	\$5.06

The remaining ninety-four cents I saved, until I could buy myself a six-dollar suit, a thirty-nine-cent shirt, a pair of heelless sneakers, and my first straw hat. I had always money to spare for a weekly beer and a solid free lunch, and sometimes even a nickel for church. I darned my own socks, soled my own shoes, cut my own hair, and did my own laundry. But, though I looked quite sociable, I was alone.

Then I found Margaret. Never before had I known of such ideal companionship, nor what vast horizons love could reach. I found another world, the world of love. Men and women became new species. I myself

did. Herd habits took root in my primitive heart and sprouted vigorously. They took me by surprise, first as a vague encroachment, then as a blurring fungus growth, on my sharply focused senses, then as a merging of my tongue and eyes with the rest of myself, and finally as a merging of myself with society. There was no longer a cleavage. I lost my tongue and eyes. My own private language is almost dead. The *whole* of me began to talk — and not only to myself, but to others. I metamorphosed with blinding speed, so that momentum threw me beyond the line. Perhaps it oversocialized me. Compassion almost hurled me out on a tangent.

I climbed down to the ground to live my love life. A desirable fall it was — a fall to social comfort like that of all ancestral apes. On the ground the world was less branched, my curiosity less divided, and my quest more intense. There I grew in a world of two, and later in a larger world of love, until my ego merged with the national ego.

II

She had learned to speak her native language well while she worked as housemaid at the age of fourteen. It was her cultured tongue that I loved first. Later, — at college, — as we romped through the fields and forests of Minnesota, I often marveled at her ease among learned professors. Even our 'Prexy,' and his hospitable wife, on two memorable Christmas Eves, delighted in conversing with her. And she chummed with the wives of two deans. How I admired these quiet, kind, cultured Americans!

But I also fell in love with her teeth, and with her tiny hands, and with her fleet foot. She still wins the picnic races. Children worshiped her at first sight. She was faunlike — something

of a Minnehaha in form and spirit. Her laughter had a rare, joyous quality. Her eyes were sympathetic, with a tinge of sadness in them. The loss of 'the dearest of fathers,' more even than the burden put on her young shoulders thereby, gave her an understanding heart, and made her eyes and voice soothing. She brightened the boarding house from basement to garret. And her charm lasted.

When I began to earn my living here in the new world, I first lived among sailors in cheap rooming houses above the saloons near the Red Hook water front, where whispers about boys being 'shanghaied' often reached my ear, and where my eyes beheld the stokers on incoming steamers being plundered by runners. Later I invaded the streets that skirted Columbia Heights, and shared a parlor with many a lodger, once with a child of a crowded Polish family. These were the castaway homes of wealthy Americans — brownstone, parlor-and-basement houses with high frescoed ceilings, Baltimore heaters, and porcelain lavatories.

In one of these I rented a garret from Margaret's mother. And it was a garret worth describing in detail, for there I first beheld my wife-to-be. Words fail to picture its charm. A long table straddled across the trapdoor above the garret stairs. I had to crawl to get into my garret. At the rear gable two chimneys, warm and blushing, met at the roof — just the nook for my parrots, which an old stoker mate had brought from Brazil. There they lived between the chimneys, climbing a heavy wire mesh which I nailed up in front, Adam praying Spanish and Eve swearing Danish, and both singing 'In the shade of the old chim-mi-ney.'

On the floor, on a burlap carpet, the two best books in the world — my illustrated Bible and its mate, Webster's unabridged dictionary — leaned

on each other. A pair of quaint rockers, done in black and orange, stood at the ends of the table, which was covered with wool-embroidered burlap, upon which flickered a red candle, stuck into a benedictine bottle. On a collar beam above, and directly under a skylight, hung a brass chandelier, with two tiny blue beady gas flames burning.

From gable to gable ran two rows of prim queen-posts, yoked above by collar beams and steadied below by struts, and meeting the rafters half-way up the roof. Shelves with yards and yards of ownerless books filled the spaces between these queen-posts and formed the sides of my garret. Along the top of the shelves a white yacht raced a tarred two-masted schooner; and an alabaster Apollo chased Daphne within my first baby shirt; and the purple hose of a Turkish pipe embraced a copper jardinière brimful of dry tobacco leaves; and the broad shoulders of a jug of 'Guinea Red' carried a spherical tumbler turned upside down.

Stuck into a crack on one of the shelves was a blue-and-white porcelain shard — perhaps a part of a broken platter — depicting, if I remember right, two lovers fleeing in a boat on the river; and over their heads two birds, stealing kisses on the wing; and on an isle in the river a bower; and on the mainland a Chinese mansion with a garret; and between the isle and the mainland a bridge, at the foot of which tilted a weeping willow, and over which ran two armed detectives and a pigtailed judge, reading a frightful law book.

In the front gable of my garret was a round window into which the lone morning star smiled like the tear in an eye; and under it a cot. Beyond, God was in his Heaven with the angels.

I repeat, the first time I put eye on Margaret was in my garret. One

afternoon I hurried home for my books, which I had forgotten in the morning and which I needed at Cooper Union. The house was empty, but the trapdoor of my garret was open. She was on her knees, scrubbing, and also looking at pictures in my forty-pound Bible. Her hair was fastened up with the charm of a young girl who expects no callers. I stood on the garret stairs — under the table — with my head above the trapdoor. And I dared not crawl up to her, for she had not heard me climb the steps. But suddenly she knew that I was there. She turned her face toward me and stared as though I had risen from the dead. I explained my errand. 'God!' she gasped. 'I thought it was Father.' I did not know then that her father was dead, or that he had fallen off a roof down upon an iron fence. He had been a roofer. Hurriedly I fetched my books and bowed myself down under the table and down the garret stairs. But after our first meeting my attic was complete in beauty. My heart throve in the joy of living there.

On her sixteenth birthday her mother invited the roomers and boarders to the party. I remember a young rival there, who worked as draftsman in a stoneyard, sketching details for the subway. After that night I wanted to be a draftsman. He was the gamest of sports; and he honored me, there in public, by having me check his sketches of a circular pitch of the Hudson Terminal Station. I did this mathematically, and my pleasure was intense, for it was the only time I ever helped to build a subway.

Other men at the party became my lifelong friends: a bricklayer with a glass eye, who then and almost ever after earned more a day than I a week; a ruddy, bald-headed baker, who bubbled over with mirth, because he was slightly soused; a pale, emaciated

peddler of spiritual pamphlets, called 'the Prophet,' who literally lived on cold baths, peanuts, and prayers; an effeminate masseur with spats on his ankles, a lavender band on his hat, and a watch on his wrist.

Margaret's childhood friends were also there. I remember a bright high-school boy — 'Doc' they called him — who drove an ice wagon after school hours and now is a noted physician. Never shall I forget a picnic where he blistered my tongue with a wild radish. At the party Margaret's hand touched him to the quick as he stole a kiss. 'Starfish,' she called him, because her fingers left the print of one crawling on his cheek.

Roomers and boarders grouped themselves in a parlor nook to smoke cigars and sip coffee. But I mingled with young and old, for Margaret was everywhere. I played forfeit games and told puns, threw peanut shells and sang ragtime. I gazed through a coat sleeve while 'Doc' poured water into it. 'Starfishing,' he called the game. Blindfolded I knelt on the floor and swore allegiance to the flag while I bounced my fist, until a girl slid a pan of water under it. I tore half a sleeve off Margaret's party dress while my teeth picked a match from her puckering lips.

III

Margaret was warned against the sailor in the garret, but the warnings fanned her girlish curiosity into flame. I met her but seldom alone, and could not declare my intentions in front of others.

When I was away she tidied my garret. The air there was full of fragrance from her scrubbing brush, her sun-bleached linen sheets, her oil mop, and a dust cap that she once forgot, which I revered as a fetish. Only during my absence did she crawl into my

garret. The ever-toiling widow, being the wise mother of a fair daughter, was not a little worried about males in general and sailors in particular. She and her God brought up the five children, for there was no mother's pension in those days. Margaret was twelve — and the oldest — when one day the idyllic home was suddenly swept away. A slip of a foot — a grasp at a rotten shingle — a widow — a rooming house — a daughter — and a foreign sailor, who had sailed sixty-seven thousand miles to find just this garret! What years of sorrows and of joys — because of a rotten shingle!

One night I met Margaret on the lower stairway. I struck a match and held it over our heads. She was holding a hand on her heart. I stepped back and remarked in a tone which assured her that she was no child: 'I would never hurt you in all my life.' She stood staring at me with a strange mist in her eyes. The match died out. 'You do look like Father,' she gasped, and rushed by before I had time to propose marriage. I would take no chance waiting, though I earned only a dollar a day.

On another occasion I fared better. She was taking off her wraps as I entered the hall. She tried to run, but decided to stay. I approached, bowing, and implied that I would be no more intrusive than she herself allowed, giving her time to regain her poise. But I stumbled on a carpet hole and my books flew out from under my arms. She chuckled while she helped me pick them up. Then we stood eyeing each other with tacit intimacy. 'You like books?' she asked. 'Yes, I like books. Will you marry me?' Her hand leaped to her thumping heart. I almost dodged. The motion reminded me of 'Doc' at the party. Without answering she skipped past me and vanished.

In the morning I wrote her a love note, which during the day crawled under the burlap tablecloth. I wrote her a daily love note — short, suggestive epigrams, often quite clever, not always original. It was an unreciprocated correspondence, like my previous prayers at the Holy Rollers. But she read them — for each day they were disarranged.

Then late one night I entered the house in the pitch of night, fatigued by a hard day's work in sweatshops and by my studies at school. My heart always beat fast when I climbed those stairs. A faint rustle, as of fingers stroking a papered wall, reached my ear. I held my breath and peered into the darkness, waiting halfway up the first flight until the rumble of an 'L' train died. I resumed the climb, smiling at myself, when my hand, sliding up the balustrade, stopped. Tiny fingers stroked my hand and hopped away; then, like a warm, pulsating swallow, a hand nestled into mine. It quivered with affection when I pressed it. And then it suddenly flew away into the darkness. There was no whir of wings, nor the slightest rustle. In vain my arms groped through space, touching thick, voluptuous darkness. But in my garret I found a red rose in a vase, above my hidden notes.

On an early Sunday morning I hiked through Prospect Park, where robins hopped on the green lawns, and where fishes in the ponds somersaulted to peek at spring, and where sprouting trees sparkled with dew and looked like brides. I shied off from the beaten road and found myself drifting through a path that wound into untrimmed shrubbery, down along a tall mile-long iron fence, where I met Margaret.

Hand in hand we swung open the gate of Greenwood and skipped into a lane under weeping willows, whose branches chirped with birds and

drooped to whisk us close together. She stopped at a grave.

Out of other graves tombstones rose like friendly apparitions, peeking through the shrubbery, whispering a love language all their own: 'Greater love hath no man than this'; 'There is no fear in love.' She glanced around. Sheltered in our first embrace from the eyes of the living, our lips met.

Many secret cemetery trysts did we have on early Sabbath mornings, and also on summer evenings, when the garden of the dead was bathed in moonlight, and foliage, glittering in green tints, rose along with white tombstones like a sea. Deeper into Greenwood we went, finding more secluded nooks, stumbling over hidden fences, nestling close when the hoot of an owl scared us.

Under a statue we cuddled up on polished marble steps — Thorwaldsen's Christ, spreading out his arms of blessing. The summer breeze carried odors of new-cut clover, lilac bushes, succulent sod, into my nostrils. But nothing was sweeter than the scent of her body. Under the stars her eyes kindled with a limpid glow as my fingers stroked her hair and my lips dabbed her cheeks and browsed in the curves of her throat.

Then the chapel bell shook the night and we leaped up, counting the strokes, racing hand in hand down the lanes, tossing gravel at our shadows.

IV

The following year I entered the better American homes through the kitchen door. The boarding house barely fed the widow and her children. Her rent was high. Margaret became a sales clerk at Loeser's. But she loved housework and especially cooking, and she hired out to a wealthy Flatbush family. I remember a lonesome couple,

a banker and his wife, who were fond of joining our kitchen trysts. They discussed science with me, while Margaret looked on amused, for she always thought they were teasing. They were skillful in arousing my interest — annoyingly so. ‘Prove it!’ was their favorite demand.

I was never sure whether Margaret was right or whether their learning was limited. Two facts of physics they viewed with profound skepticism: that the same iron weight varied in heaviness between the North Pole and the Equator, and that a chunk of coal weighed the same as did the ashes and smoke it produced.

Once Margaret showed them a circular slide rule which I had made myself from strips of celluloid and a piece of cardboard. I could not afford to buy one. The banker put the problem to me: ‘What is twenty-five dollars at eight per cent compound in seventeen years?’ In thirty seconds I had the answer. ‘Jesus,’ was all he said. The two examined the slide rule in silence. Then they vanished into their own domain. Two hours later they returned, fanning their flushed faces with a dozen sheets of close computation. ‘You’re thirteen cents shy!’ they yelled in chorus. Margaret answered: ‘He is worse than that. He is five and a fifth cents too high.’

At their instigation I won a five-dollar wager — and purchased Margaret a ring with a diamond chip. I warned the lonesome couple, but they insisted. The great dispute concerned the shortest crawling distance between a hungry spider and a fat fly in a room, twelve by twelve by thirty feet, the spider being at one end, at a point one foot from the ceiling and six feet from the side walls, and the fly being at the opposite end, at a point one foot from the floor and six feet from the side walls. I said forty feet; they said forty-two.

‘Prove it!’ they shouted. I did. First by mathematics, met with a filibustering, then by clipping a cracker box to scale and spreading it flat. The ring was too large for Margaret’s finger. The jeweler said: ‘For why you should not spend seven-fifty? The smaller the finger, the bigger the diamond, it should be.’ She lost it in a laundry tub. All day long, she tells me, her tears rolled from her cheeks down into purring soapsuds. Some day we shall buy another — but with a pearl.

She hired out as cook at a country estate on the Hudson. Many a Sunday an old, old millionaire bachelor picked me up at the depot in his buggy and drove me up the river bluff into his park. A beaming child in an apron danced among pots and pans, prodding a huge pot roast, and scooping mashed potatoes, and every so often skipping across the floor to watch me turn an ice-cream freezer.

From sanctuaries beyond, a lame housekeeper, and also a buxom Swedish waitress, stole discreet glances. And the gardener’s young assistant peeked through a pane on the rear porch.

Never before in my life had I tasted such morsels; nor had the wealthy bachelor. So he told me seven times on our last ride together. Her muffins, he said, were more efficient than Timothy’s wine. And her prune sauce was rich with kernel flavors.

To this day I utter the names of food with ravenous relish. For Margaret taught me English while I ate. The week long I lived on these meals, and on their names, saving up for another train fare to Cornwall on the Hudson. I was like a famished mongrel. But, ‘No! No! Fold your hands.’ How grateful I was for the brevity of her prayer! ‘Lord, bless our bodies with my good food, and also with thine own good spirit. Amen.’

Dinner over and the dishes in the

sink, we climbed out along the Hudson bluffs, leaping over stumps and boulders, dancing through old Indian wood paths and resting our throbbing limbs on the beach, a step from the river, on moss softer than seven Smyrna rugs. My eyes followed the rich colors of her face and my fingers touched her auburn hair, done Madonna fashion.

There again she exclaimed that I looked like her father. Her fingers clung to my wrists, fiercely. But soon she returned to Cornwall on the Hudson. She put her cheek to the ground and stroked it against the moss, and murmured pensively: 'We're lying in the hand of God. It is so soft now — His hand is.'

She took off her shoes and stockings and stuck her foot ankle-deep into the same river which flowed at the Broadway canyon, and which had flowed when the Red Man, alone, lived on the land. Eddies caught five timid toes; and also an orbed sole and heel, bridged by a bold arch; and also a slim ankle.

In the dark of night, under the wing-spread of two tall, slim catalpa trees, we lay in a hammock, bosom to bosom, pure as the purest of God's children, strong as the strongest, her toes touching my ankles, her hair my chin, and her young body-line skipping as a shell on water. The trees waltzed, leaning on each other and parting, courting, rollicking to and fro, curtsying solemnly, whispering secrets with a thousand sibilant tongues.

From the gardener's cottage a man lilted a German lyric. The words, *So hold und schön und rein*, ring in my ear still. From the manor house the waitress sang a Swedish folk song, and broke the spell of night, suddenly, with a wild, despairing outburst, singing, '*När jag var sjötton år* (When I was seventeen).' A star followed a path through the thick catalpa foliage;

and Margaret hummed the Cardinal's hymn, 'Lead, kindly light.'

V

In the fall she returned to Brooklyn, brown as an Indian and with a glow in her eye. She was the same child, yet her kiss was mellow. We went to Manhattan secretly and, just before closing time at City Hall, found the license bureau. There a clerk told us to return to Brooklyn. Borough Hall was the place for us. Our lips drooped. We should be too late. Could he not break the rule, please? 'Wedding guests are coming,' I fibbed. He led us into a private office with rugs, mahogany, and curtains, to a man whose voice was gentle, and whose eyes gleamed kindly. Pendergast was his name. I thought he was the mayor.

'Are we married?' I asked Margaret, as we stepped out, reading the license together. 'No. We must find a minister.' We passed a majestic Broadway church, surrounded by tilting gravestones. But we feared to enter, and looked for other churches, finding none. 'There is a church on every street of Brooklyn,' Margaret whispered. And we ran through the canyons and through the Battery, for the ferry.

There, in the Italian quarter on Dean Street, we found a puny little church and, next to it, the parson's dwelling. 'Where are your witnesses?' he asked as we sat down in his office. 'We have n't any.' He looked us over sombrely. 'Have you a wedding ring for the bride?' I shook my head. He called his wife from the kitchen — she dropped her apron on his desk — and a young man from the street. Hurriedly he read a page from a book and filled out a large parchment scroll that swarmed with plump and pink baby angels, while the young man from

the street wiggled his ears to make Margaret look less solemn.

The same evening we bought a gold-filled ring for a dollar, and a white rose for fifty cents, and two tenderloin steaks at Childs' for eighty cents. Then we had our photos taken, half a dozen for two dollars. I owned exactly a quarter when I crawled into my garret; and a certificate of marriage — with five signatures — flat on my chest like a cough plaster; and a childwife two flights below.

We found new friends in a young artist and his wife. Already our love world began to grow. Margaret posed for him. A stream of soft white chiffon drape broke on her one shoulder and hung limberly down her nymphaean body, meeting at her feet and trailing behind, yet gliding along, rolling and falling from leap to leap, almost pursuing her as she fled down to a wood pond. With brushes, trowels, and paints the artist put her strength on canvas — the girlishness of her spirit, her flow of hair, the health that glowed in her eye, the rhythm in her limbs from toes to fingertips, her firm flesh colors, enriched by her modesty. His wife brought her coffee when goose flesh spoiled the pose; for the studio was chilly.

Nothing is true enough or ever can be. For every star has a million points of view, and so has every atom, and so has love. We reasoned together with our feelings, and, therefore, with primitive harmonies. My garret became her garret. We had faith in the tremors of our knees, and in our warm, unpoluted blood, and in the young curves of our bodies. Like God and pagan and modern youth, we knew of no sin.

Barefooted she came tiptoeing up the garret stairs, as if she rose through the air, appearing in the shadow of the trapdoor and under the straddling table like a beloved bride arisen from

the grave, spreading out her white arms with touching confidence for me to give her a lift.

The candle flame flickered in the green D.O.M. bottle, spilling drops of red wax along a frail lead strip that long ago sealed a priestly liqueur. In a homemade wooden frame two roses — a red and a white — pressed their faces against the glass. Two blue, beady gas flames burned steadily above. From the flights below the steady breathing of sleeping men rose to my garret. A mouse thrummed its feet on the resonant floor, speeding by behind the queen-posts. My birds awoke — Margaret spoiled them — and we fed them lump sugar, and sat ourselves down on cushions, our backs against warm chimneys.

At the front gable — outside the round window — the purest of snow, untrampled, glittered on a city of roofs. A star passed by, peered into our garret, smiling, then vanished.

How we did talk during these garret trysts, though we wrote long, daily love letters — not short notes — to each other! These she treasures still, though I have begged her twenty times to burn them all. It was my third winter at the Cooper Union night school and my third year as electrician apprentice. I was earning nine dollars a week and could almost support a wife, immigrant fashion. But why should Margaret live immigrant fashion? She was American. Our garret was cozy — almost as cozy as the home we bought ourselves a dozen years later.

She frightened 'the Prophet' once when she passed him in the upper hallway, he from his plunge, she from my garret. 'A ghost is haunting this house,' he told the baker, who replied by pathetic side nods, lifting a finger to his forehead, describing a zero. But one Sunday morning the jovial baker moved. He too had seen the ghost.

His bones rattled more than did 'the Prophet's,' Margaret told me later. 'Whiskey!' sneered the one-eyed bricklayer. The draftsman whistled, and so did the masseur.

Our secret leaked out. Margaret rushed me off to her aunt. But not until years later, when we returned from the West, college-bred, did the aunt quite forgive us our elopement. She had grown wealthy by then, and handed me a roll of brand-new hundred-dollar notes to invest in a home — thirty-nine in all.

Margaret rushed me off to old Uncle John, a rough but solid fellow. In his youth he had been cowpuncher, lumberjack, gold digger. And when the family gathered in solemn conclave to decide my doom he stuck by us. 'What's the matter with the fellow? Does he drink? Is he sick? Does n't he want to work? Did n't he marry Maggie?'

VI

I went West alone—with my toolbag and with a painting wrapped in a silk kimono. A fortnight later — the longest in my life — she came. In Chicago I advanced from shop to office. At sixty dollars a month — as electrical draftsman — we lived and loved luxuriously. Our savings we mailed to Florida; though the returns netted us only a ten-acre swamp, which we never even took title to. That was *my* fault, however.

Her budget was marvelous: —

Grocery	\$15.00
Rent, four-room flat	12.00
Furniture, on time	12.00
The Everglades, on time	10.00
Correspondence school, on time	5.00
Carfare	3.00
Clothes	2.00
Eight movies	.40
Miscellaneous: church, candy	.60
	\$60.00

Fuel I gathered on Artesian Avenue — tarred paving blocks that had been replaced by asphalt. Margaret trimmed my hair.

Chicago was a city of 'eats.' Every feed was a feast, and some were sumptuous revels. The pot roasts Margaret fed me! She always gave me tender, crackling fork nibblings — with pumpernickel, salt, oleomargarine, raw celery — before potatoes and gravy were done. I gobbled the juicy roast and lapped the fork she held, and begged for more until she held out another nibbling and another, at arm's length — 'to watch the sheen' in my eyes, she said.

Perch she fried for me on glowing coals at a swift stream in the outskirts, where we saved a drowning Negro, whose hold made my nose bleed beautifully. Five mud hens we caught, plucked, broiled, and ate one day in the swamps of Cicero. Fried sheep brain we ate at poor Cameille's — my first Chicago friend, a former priest, but then a factory hand. Plates of prune soup we sponged on 'broke' days at Sophie's boarding house. Turkey we munched and wine we sipped on Christmas Day at old man Birn's — the foundry foreman. 'Wieners' and flyspecked rolls we swallowed — and with relish — at a camp meeting somewhere in the woods, one stifling summer Sabbath, while Margaret charmed a bishop.

Demi-tasse and pastry we tasted at the parsonage of a French Protestant church, where we went to find Cameille a job as tutor. He was the most learned man I have ever met, and such a helpless child — son of a Polish count and a French countess, born in Paris at the Russian embassy under Alexander the Tsar. The day I went farther West he gave me a sacred book upon which he wrote, in Latin, 'We die whenever we lose a friend.' And he gave me a vest-pocket flask in carved

brass. With both he had shriven many a dying immigrant.

Gallons of coffee we cooked during the winter, when young people gathered around our kitchen stove, everybody taking turns at chopping tarred paving blocks on a padded drafting board. Eight wedlocks — and lasting ones — we promoted among mail carriers, milkmen, butchers' and grocers' clerks, draftsmen, and factory hands, and their respective sweethearts, that first winter.

A lake trip to Ludington stands out as the rarest of honeymoon trips. We were sent as delegates to a church convention there, with steamer fares paid, and board and room for four days free of charge. That week I ate literally barrels of Michigan peaches, which fruit farmers dumped in feeding troughs at the church. The fun we had, Margaret and I, diving for dimes in cold Lake Michigan, while a score of pastors, and a hundred delegates, cheered! And she a month with child!

On our return a storm blew up. At midnight a small gale tossed the steamer in the air like a basket ball. Delegates leaped out of their berths and gathered in the crowded lounging room, singing, 'Led by Jesus, we are traveling home!' A seasick pastor asked me how far we were from land. Quick as a flash Margaret responded: 'I know that joke. Fifty fathoms.' She was not even seasick in that gale, and after all those peaches. My own stomach was weak — the first time in my life.

Yes, Chicago was a city of 'eats.' For three years — every blessed working day — I had starved.

She wanted a child, though she was a child herself, riding horseback at

picnics on the shoulders of our parson and bartering scandalous secrets with his daughters. During the months that followed our honeymoon trip I marveled at her spirit.

I was her only nurse. Daily the pastor's wife, God bless her, dropped in to bathe the baby. It was a cold spring. I tucked the little fellow into a laundry basket next to the kitchen stove, and the night long kept a fire that singed the basket. Once I touched his hand to feel how warm it was. He clasped my finger. What a grip! And he would not let go. I feared to pry open his fist — I might break his fingers. I carried basket and all to Margaret, awaking her from her first mother slumber. She freed my finger — and asked for her breakfast.

Two weeks, and she was at the 'L' station to meet me! The boy was riding on her right hip. Thus she always carried him, holding on to him with one arm and swinging the other. People used to stop on the street to look, when she sped by, her small energetic feet stepping with a style entirely her own, and the baby rocking on her limber hip, his back to her. Such happy chums we were, the three of us!

He was nine months old and teething when he bit his mother's breast. How that human animal raged when we weaned him! We did not have sense enough to wean him gradually. He always grunted before mealtime. 'H-r-r-u-h! H-r-r-u-h!' he said. In vain we fed him zwieback and milk, potatoes and gravy, bread and sugar and water. 'H-r-r-u-h! H-r-r-u-h!' he said for hours, and looked at us as if we had betrayed him. Our growth had just begun. 'H-r-r-u-h! H-r-r-u-h!'

('Doomsday' will be the title of the February installment)

THE PROMISED LAND

BY RUDOLPH FISHER

I

At a certain level of the airshaft two songs, issuing from opposite windows, met, mingled minor refrains, and rose together toward Negro Harlem's black sky; two futile prayers which spent themselves like mist ere they reached the roof. The one was a prayer for the love of man, the other a prayer for the love of God: 'blues,' and a spiritual.

The blues song would have drowned the spiritual had it not labored against a closed window. No such barrier stayed the spiritual. To be sure the singer was old, as her present posture emphasized: shoulders bent round, dim eyes and unsteady hands searching the pages of the Bible on her lap. But her voice was well sustained, and her song was none the less clear because it accompanied her endless thumbing of thin leaves.

Like her eyes and her fingers, her hymn sought comfort, sought while it almost despaired:—

'Bow low! — How low mus' I bow?
Bow low! — How low mus' I bow?
Bow low! — How low mus' I bow
To enter in de promis' land?'

Presently, as if there came no answer, she interrupted her quest and her song, turned out the gas, and sat back in the darkness to observe the progress of the rent party across the shaft.

A rent party is a public dance given in a private apartment. If, after letting

out three of your five rooms to lodgers, your resources are still unequal to your rent, you make up the deficit by means of a rent party. You provide music, your friends provide advertisement, and your guests, by paying admission, provide what your resources lack.

Such a party Mammy now witnessed. Through the window opposite her own she commanded most of one room and a corner of another in the adjacent flat. The window was indeed a screen upon which flashed a motion picture oddly alive and colorful. Boys whose loose trousers were too long for their legs and girls whose tight skirts were too short for theirs hugged each other close, keeping time to the rhythm of hoarsely phonographed blues.

Bright enough dresses, certainly: scarlet and green and glowing purple, rendering dark complexions darker, lending life to pale ones; dresses that, having lost half their volume, put all their color into the rest. Bright enough faces, too: boys wagging their heads and grinning, girls gayly laughing at their jokes.

But such a dance! The camel walk. Everybody 'cameling.' Had God wanted man to move like a camel He'd have put a hump in his back. Yet was there any sign of what God wanted in that scene across the shaft? Skins that He had made black bleached brown, brown ones bleached cream-color; hair that He had made long and kinky bobbed short and ironed dead straight.

Young girls' arms about boys' shoulders, their own waists tightly clasped; bodies warmly fused, bending to the sensual waves of the 'camel.' Where was God in that?

Mammy watched as she had often watched before, with a dull wonder that such colossal wickedness should be allowed to prevail. The song that had mingled with hers now filtered through the closed window opposite and came alone to her ears, bringing no reassurance. For all that it plumbed the nadir of woe, was it not a song of sin?

'Lawdy, Lawdy, I can't help but cry an' moan.
Lawdy, Lawdy, I can't help but cry an' moan.
My man done gone and lef' me — gone an' lef'
me all alone.'

One couple swung into view which especially caught Mammy's attention, so completely had it abandoned itself to the dance. Mammy saw with a little quiver of alarm that the boy was her grandson, Sam. Wesley, her other grandson, was also somewhere in that company, and it was Wesley's girl with whom Sam was dancing. If Wesley ever saw Sam dancing like that with Ellie —

In the visible corner of the far room Mammy recognized Wesley's back. Wesley's shoulders, far less mobile than Sam's, were gradually turning as he faced about in the slow measure of the dance. In but a few seconds he would be looking at his cousin through the intervening doorway, would see Sam and Ellie's exaggerated movements, despite the people between. An old and mounting hostility between them would swiftly surge and flare — they would quarrel, perhaps they would fight. Mammy sat up, leaned tensely forward, whispered, 'Lawd, have mercy!'

Unlike her earlier prayer, this one was apparently heard, for at that moment the blues halted and the

dancing abruptly ceased. The change of partners, however, only momentarily relieved Mammy's qualms. Over her settled a deadly certainty that the clash had been merely postponed. There would be many more dances, one of which would rejoin Ellie and Sam as partners. The later that happened, the higher would everyone's spirits be, the wilder the dancing, and so the quicker and hotter Wesley's resentment. As the new dance began, Mammy grew rapidly surer of what she foresaw. Soon her helplessness and the increasing effort to suppress her excitement welled almost beyond bearing. Her misgiving urged her to do something to prevent this long-deferred crisis; but somehow she could only sit still and look on and pray that this time for once her foresight would prove wrong.

Her apprehension became black emptiness into which memories, rocket-wise, soared and burst: rumor of opportunity in the cities of the North — certainty of ruin should rumor prove false; hope of young and old men departing, of women and children gone after them — despair of tranquil homes upheaved, of families ruthlessly scattered; the joy she herself had felt when these two grandsons had finally sent for her — the sorrow of being the last to leave the lopsided old Virginia home.

They were equally dear to Mammy, these two boys, and, until they had come to New York, had been equally fond of each other. They had grown up together, attended the four-months-a-year school together, played hooky, fished, hunted rabbits, and got baptized together; and finally, caught in the epidemic fever of migration that swept the dark-skinned South, they had left home together to find their fortunes in Harlem.

As life had thus brought some to

seek wealth, so death, back home, brought others to seek peace; but Mammy had been beckoned toward neither goal, had simply been left quite alone. And rather because there was nothing else to do than because they wanted or needed her, the cousins, Wesley and Sam, had offered to let her housekeep for them in a small flat in the great city.

Scarcely had she got over the shock of underground railroads, of trains overhead, of mountainous buildings where people lived like chickens, before she perceived that the city had done something to Wesley and Sam. They had lost their comradeship, they just managed to tolerate each other, and they compensated for this mere toleration by goading each other persistently with strange, new, malicious jibes: —

'Down-home boy lak you ain' got no business in no city nohow.'

'Don' ketch me th'owin' my money 'way on no numbers, though, uh no baseball pool.'

'Co'se not. You don' *make* no money. How you go'n' th'ow any 'way?'

Mammy soon saw what new feature of their life lay at the bottom of this. To Sam, whose hands learned quickly, the city had been kind. Starting as handy man in a garage, he had soon become a mechanic's helper, and now at last was a mechanic with wages of sixty dollars a week. Wesley, always more awkward, had found the city indifferent, and so perforce had become his own boss, washing windows at fifteen cents each. So Harlem, where there was insistent competition to test and reward special skill, and where there was so much more for men to quarrel about and resent, had quickly estranged these two unguarded lads simply by paying the one twice as much as the other; had furnished them thus with taunts that had not been

possible back home, and now kept them constantly wounding each other with the heedless cruelty of children — wounds that would one day translate themselves from the spirit into the flesh.

'Ellie? Ellie yo' gal? Whut business you got wid a gal? You could n' buy a gal coffee 'n' a san'wich.'

'Reckon you could buy huh champagne an' lobster.'

'An' I don' mean maybe.'

'Better put some dat money in accident 'nsurance den.'

'What you talkin' 'bout?'

'Cause 'f I ketch you messin' roun' Ellie I'm sho' go'n' turn yo' damper down. An' I don' mean maybe.'

'Shuh! Listen t' dis boogy. Man, my slowes' move's too fas' f' you.'

'Not yo' slowes' move roun' Ellie ain't.'

'One my thoughts 'd bust yo' haid wide open.'

'Yeah? Well it don' do nuthin' to yo' haid but *swell* it.'

Suddenly these remembered mockings leaped out of past into present. As one rudely waked starts up, so Mammy's fear now started out of the stupor of memory. In the room across the airshaft Sam and Wesley were facing each other, the fire of their hostility having driven the onlookers back into an expectant surrounding circle. Mammy saw the boys' lips move, and from their malignant countenances and the dismay on the faces about them she knew that again bitter taunts were being exchanged, this time in company where words quickly kindled action. Hitherto her own presence had always restrained them. Now the only spectators were hoodlums off the street, before whom the boys might well wish to show off, at the same time squaring the urgent account of a hundred bygone insults.

The antagonists stood toe to toe,

Sam the more lithe, slightly taller, Wesley broader and heavier. Their lips no longer moved, and Mammy recognized that silent, critical moment in an encounter when the mere forward swaying of a body is enough to free madness.

She jumped up, tried to cry out a warning, achieved but a groan: 'Good Lawd!' Her impotence became frenzy; she cast about wildly for some means of diverting the inevitable. A soft golden glint caught and held her eyes — the gilt edge of the Bible still in her hand, touched to a glow by light from across the way.

The Bible was suddenly divine revelation, an answer. She hesitated only long enough to note Sam's hand creeping toward his coat pocket. 'God fo'give me,' she breathed; then drew back an arm grown opportunely strong, and hurled the Word with all her might through the pane of the opposite window.

At the crash and jingle of glass she shrank back into the shadow of her own room; yet not so far back as to obscure the picture of her two grandsons, staring limply agape, now at each other, now at the Book at their feet.

II

Mammy asked Ellie point-blank: — 'Which a one my boys you lak sho' nuff?'

And Ellie, a girl of the city, replied with a laugh and a toss of her bob: — 'Both of 'em. Why not?'

They sat in the kitchen of Mammy's three-room flat, of which the parlor served as the boys' bedroom and the third room on the airshaft as Mammy's own. Ellie and a chum occupied a similar apartment, the adjacent one, where the rent party had been given; and Ellie occasionally 'ran in,' ostensibly anxious to inquire after Mammy,

actually hoping to see one of the boys and possibly make a date.

Mammy saw through these visits, of course, and had thought that Ellie's interest was in Wesley. But Ellie's behavior with Sam at the party tintured this conclusion with doubt. No girl, thought Mammy, who liked one man would behave like that with another — not with both present.

Hence, with characteristic directness, Mammy instituted investigation; and Ellie's side-stepping answer but whetted a suspicion already keen.

'You lak bofe of 'm d' same?'

'I'll say I do.'

'Jes' d' same?'

'Nothin' different.'

'Hmph. Dat mean you don' really lak neither one of 'm, den.'

'Oh, yes, I do. Pretty skee sheiks for country jakes.'

'Whut you lak 'bout 'm?'

'Well, different things. Sam's crazy and knows how to show a girl a good time, see? Wesley ain't so crazy, but he tries hard and you can depend on him. You wonder about Sam, you know about Wesley. Wesley's better-lookin', too.'

'S'posin' you had to choose between 'm. Which a one you take?'

'Oh, Sam. Sam makes twice as much as Wesley.'

The casualness of that answer made Mammy wince. To accustom yourself to some things is easy — to subways and 'L's,' to army-worm traffic, to hard grassless pavements, hot treeless sidewalks, cold distant starless skies; even to a fifth-story roost on the airshaft of a seven-story hencoop. But to accustom yourself to the philosophy of the metropolis, to its ruthless opportunism — that is hard.

'S'posin', Mammy experimented, 'dey bofe made zackly d' same? Which a one you take den?'

The questioning began to irritate

Ellie. 'Wha' d' y' mean, take? I ain't grabbin' after neither one of 'em, y' know.'

'I mean ef dey bofe ast you to marry 'm.'

'Oh, to marry 'em? And both drawin' the same pay? Why, Wesley, by all —' Ellie bit her lip, and withdrew into the cautious neutrality out of which the unexpected contemplation of matrimony had surprised her. 'Or — well — either one — I don't know.' This old woman was nearer to either boy than was she herself, she remembered. Both the bumpkins spent on her. Why reduce her chances for a good time by making a betraying choice? Play the boobs off against each other, let them both strut their stuff. Maybe a better catch then either would meanwhile gulp your bait. Then you could discard both these poor fish with a laugh. 'You know what the song says, Mammy: "Don't let no one man worry your mind."' "

Mammy looked at Ellie as she might have looked at the armadillo in the zoo — this strange, unbelievable creature who in the spring of her life subjected romance to utility. For Mammy saw that the girl really preferred Wesley to Sam, yet had no apology of word or manner in prospectively renouncing Wesley's character for Sam's superior pay. Young, pretty, live girls like Ellie should have to be told to consider their suitors' pay. With them it ought to be secondary to youth's more compelling absurdities. But here was a slip of a girl who spoke like a thrice-married widow of fifty.

Mammy accepted this as one of the mysteries of city breeding. Having done so, it was easy to prophesy. Ellie's willingness to take equally what Sam and Wesley had to give would be the crux of the boys' antagonism. Wesley claimed right of priority. Neither Ellie nor Sam cared a sneeze

for such right. Ellie, city-wise, 'liked them both.' Into the mould of this situation all of the vague potent bitterness of the boys' recent hatred would be poured, to take definite form. The city had broken the bond between them. The city now fashioned them a bludgeon with which to shatter their common life.

'Listen, daughter. How come you carry on wid Sam lak dat las' night? Did n' you know 't would start trouble?'

'Carry on? Wha' d' y' mean, carry on? I only danced with 'im.'

'Dat all? Den whut start d' trouble?'

'Wesley buttin' in, the dumbbell. Why don't somebody tell him something? He ain't down home now. This is New York.'

'Uh-huh. Dis is New York. Dis is New York. An' ain't New York in God's worl'? Don' New York come under His eyes a-tall?'

This was quite out of Ellie's line. She shrugged and kept still. Mammy's voice, however, grew stronger with her pain.

'New York. Harlem. Thought all along 't was d' las' stop 'fo' Heaven. Canaan hitself. Reg'lar promis' lan'. Well, dat's jes' whut 't is — a promis' lan'. All hit do is promise. Promise money lak growin' on trees — ain' even got d' trees. Promise wuk fo' dem whut want wuk — look at my boy, Wesley. Promise freedom fum d' whi' folks — white man be hyeh to-day, take d' las' penny fo' rent. You know why 't is? You know how come?'

Ellie stared. Mammy got up, stood erect with almost majestic dignity. 'Hit's sin. Dat's whut 'tis — sin. My people done fo'got dey God, grabbin' after money. I warn 'm 'fo' dey all lef'. Longin' fo' d' things o' dis worl' an' a-fo'gittin' d' Lawd Jesus. Broke up dey homes in d' country — lef' folks behind sick an' dyin'. So

anxious. So scairt all d' money be gone 'fo' dey git hyeh. I tole 'm. Fust seek d' kingdom of God an' His righteousness. But no. Everybody done gone crazy over gittin'. An' hit don' bring nothin' but misery in dis worl' an' hell-fire in eternity. Hit's sin!

'Soft pedal, Mammy. And hold the sermon, will you?'

'An' dat's another thing.' The diminished tone only bared Mammy's intensity. 'You-all so scairt o' d' Word o' God. Sam and Wesley done got d' same way sence dey been up hyeh. Seem lak hit make you oncomf'table. Make you squirm. Make you squirm wuss 'n 'at low-down dancin' you do. Well, hit oughter. Garment o' righteousness don' b'long on no body o' sin.'

Ellie did n't quite get this, but she did n't like the way Mammy was looking at her. 'Say, what's the idea?' she inquired.

'Idea?' Mammy grew calm, almost cold; focused her distraction on one problem: 'Idea is, you either let *one* my boys alone or let 'em *bofe* alone. You heah? You cain't run wid d' hare an' hunt wid d' hounds. Dis hyeh "either one" business'll have 'm both at each other's th'oats 'fo' another day. Lawd knows dey'd be better off ef you stayed 'way fum 'm bofe.'

At this Ellie flared. 'Well, of all the cockeyed nerve! Say, where do you think you get off? D' you s'pose I'm chasin' after your farmer boys?'

Mammy said nothing. It was Ellie's turn to wax loud.

'Pity you old handkerchief-heads would n' stay down South where you belong. First you ask me to state my intentions. Then you tell me I started the argument at the party. Then you preach me a sermon on sin or clothes or somethin'. Then you tell *me* to let *them* alone — as if they did n't pester me dizzy. As if I was *chasin'* them.

What are you trying to call me, anyhow? Do you think I'd chase any bozo on earth?'

Mammy did not dream what vile accusation lay in the provincialism 'chase.' Unaware of what the word meant to Ellie, she commented promptly and bluntly: —

'You sho' ain' chasin' *me*.'

Ellie sprang up, furious, inflamed less by the implication than by Mammy's intuitively shrewd analysis. 'Why, you dirty old devil — I ought to paste you one! If that's what you think you can all go to hell.' She turned and strode hotly away, flinging back a smouldering 'Damn you!' The hall door slammed behind her with a bang that jarred the floor.

Mammy stood bewildered a while; presently murmured, 'She cuss' me — ' Slowly she sank into her chair and looked around at the close kitchen walls; kept repeating, as if to convince herself, 'Dat li'l chile — she cuss' me.'

III

The three-room apartment boasted four windows, and on them, following Mammy's request, Wesley agreed to finish his fruitless day.

'I done done d' inside all right,' she explained, 'but I cain't make d' outside. I scairt to stick my haid out one o' dese winders. No sense in folks livin' in d' side of a cliff dis-a-way — 'cep'n' hit's as near to d' heaven as dey'll ever git again.'

Wesley, polishing glass, endeavored to stay the passing light of day with song, but even his song grew dark as the mood of blues settled gradually over it: —

'... cain't help but cry an' moan.
My gal done gone an' lef' me — gone an' lef'
me all alone.'

The words were not without significance. Usually Ellie greeted him with

great show of eagerness; comforted him at the end of a poor day when he dropped in for a while before dinner; suggested some means of disposing of the day's return — which, of course, was too small to save. But to-day, after peeping out as usual, she had slammed the door in his face.

'Ellie — wha's a matter?'

Only a diminuendo of angry clicks, receding down her hallway.

Well, it had served him right. He'd been warned about these uppity Northern gals, these 'gimme' gals. Always had their hands out, expecting something. Something for nothing. Taxis. Eats. Liquor. Big times. Back home a girl could n't want so much because there was n't so much to want. But here — no effort on his part in spending three days' earnings on Ellie in a single night. No effort on her part to save it, either. And in return a kiss and a promise — a promise to go out again with him some night. Gimme.

Probably sore because he'd started a row at her party last night. Well, was she his gal or was n't she? A kiss. In the city a kiss has many meanings. Maybe she kissed Sam also. Maybe her kisses were a commodity.

He stopped polishing to look down on the street five stories below. Folks look funny at that distance and angle. All look alike. None human. Long thin feet alternately passing each other, arms circling awkwardly outside the feet, heads gliding squatly forward in the midst of arms and legs. People seen on end resemble spiders.

Ellie, maybe, was a spider, and he had been her fly. Having withdrawn his little substance, she now discarded his shell. Sam's turn now. Fly guy, Sam. Ought to swat him. Leave it to Ellie — she'll swat him for sixty bucks a week. Gimme.

'Don' set dey idle, son. Fust thing you know you'll lose yo' holt an' fall.'

'Make no diff'unce ef I land on my haid.'

'Git th'ough in d' kitchen nex'. Got to git supper. Sam be home tireckly.'

'M-hm.'

Wesley did the kitchen window and proceeded to Mammy's room. The airshaft was quite dark, so that he had to light the gas jet. He soaped his wet rag and clambered half through, turned, and clamped his heels as usual against the wall beneath the sill, thus leaving both hands free for work. He soaped the outside surface of the pane and, while waiting for it to dry, twisted about to look behind him at Ellie's window. It was still unrepaired; a newspaper covered the jagged opening in the pane. His enlarged shadow fell misshapen on the wall about the window and the jagged opening looked like a wound in his side.

Somewhere beyond the broken window a door banged loudly shut. Soon another, closer door did likewise.

Sam shuffled angrily into the kitchen and tossed something black on to the table, where it landed with a thump. Peering over her 'specks,' Mammy recognized her Bible. She reproved: —

'Don't you know no better 'n to th'ow d' Word of d' Lawd aroun' lak dat? Better learn to keep it near yuh.'

'Did n' th'ow it half as fur as you did.'

'I th'owed it to keep you young fools fum doin' harm. You jes' th'owed it to be th'owin'.'

'Da's aw right 'bout doin' harm. Ef I had busted Wesley, he could 'a' gone to d' free hospital. But you busted d' winder. Who go'n' pay fo' dat?'

'Lan'lawd oughter pay fo' it. He charge enough rent.'

'Maybe he would, but sump'n done got into Ellie — she raisin' d' devil. 'Clare out she go'n' tell d' lan'lawd

you th'owed it — yo' name's wrote in it. Dat mean I have to pay d' bill — lak I pay f' ev'ything else roun' hyeh.'

'Dat all she say?'

'No. Say she go'n have you 'rested fo' disturbin' d' peace. Say sump'n 'bout slander too.'

'Hmph!'

'Den she slam' d' do' in my face.'

'Maybe dat 'll help you stay 'way fum 'uh.'

'Stay 'way fo' whut?'

'Cause she ain' got d' love o' God in huh heart, dat's fo' whut. An' neither is you. Hit's a bad combination.'

'Ain' lookin' fo' no love o' God. Lookin' fo' Wesley. Wha' he at?'

'Washin' my room winder. Let 'im 'lone.'

'I'll let 'im 'lone, aw right. I'll th'ow 'im out it.'

Only Wesley's legs were visible to Sam, entering the room. Wesley was wiping off the frosting of soap that he had allowed to dry on the pane. As he wiped, more of his body appeared through the glass thus made clear, and at last his troubled face. It showed surprise at the presence of Sam, who stood glowering accusation.

'What d' hell you been tellin' Ellie 'bout me?'

Even through intervening glass Wesley's anger was quick to respond. 'What d' hell could I tell 'uh bad enough?'

'You been puttin' me in — else she would n' 'a' slam' no do' in my face.'

'She slam' d' do' in yo' face?'

'Reckon you tole 'uh to do it.'

Wesley's anger subsided. He repeated, with something akin to relief, eagerly, —

'Say she slam' d' do' in yo' face?'

'Did n' miss it.'

Wesley threw back his head and filled the airshaft with loud laughter.

To Sam it was galling, derisive, contemptuous laughter, laughter of victory. Anger, epithets, blows he could have exchanged, but laughter found him defenseless. In a hot flush of rage he drew back a foot and kicked viciously at Wesley's legs.

At the moment Wesley had only one leg pressed firmly back against the wall. It was this that received the blow, and the quick sharp pain loosened its grip. In swift effort to catch himself, Wesley snatched at the bottom edge of the lower frame, but with such desperate force that it slid instantly upward, so that his hold was broken by the upper. Grabbing wildly, Sam sprang forward, frightened into contrition — succeeded only in further dislodging his already unbalanced cousin. A brief mad scramble to save him — a futile clawing and slipping of hands — a cry — a moment's incredulous silence — silence that broke with a soft and terrible thud.

Sam shrank back and threw one hand up over his mouth like a child that has heard something forbidden; wheeled, to see Mammy stiff in the doorway, staring with stricken eyes. Hysteria gripped him.

'I did n' do it — I 'clare out 'fo' God, Mammy —' He turned back toward the window; backed off from it, crouching and trembling; faced again toward Mammy. Deprecation gave way to bravado. He whispered sharply, 'Ef you tell anybody, I'll —' Then suddenly rushed with insane menace toward her as panic rushed through his brain, reached her, stopped — abruptly collapsed at her feet, shuddering with sobs.

Mammy, roused by a spirit which still hoped in the face of calamity, quickly bent down and shook the crumpled lad with sobering vigor. 'Git up, son! Make has'e! Git up! Mammy seen yuh! Seen yuh try to

ketch 'im! Make has'e to 'im! Maybe he's on'y hurt!'

The boy raised a countenance wretched with fear and doubt and weakness, but the strength and will in Mammy's eyes brought him to his senses.

'Make has'e, I tell yuh!'

He jumped up, his face still convulsed, and sped toward the outer door and the stairs.

IV

Again Mammy sat by her window, her fingers groping amid the thin leaves of her Bible.

Out of the airshaft sounds came to her, sounds of the land of promise. Noise of a rent party somewhere below from a tiny dwelling that had to be hired out if it was to be dwelt in at all — peculiar feature of a place where

your own home was n't your own. Noise of a money quarrel somewhere above, charges, taunts, disputes — fruit of a land where sudden wide differences in work and pay summoned disaster. Noise of sinful singing and dancing, pastime of Ellie's generation, breed of a city where children cursed and threatened the old and went free.

For Ellie still went her way rejoicing, heedless of what she had precipitated in a passing fit of temper. Sam in a week had forgotten — was with Ellie at this very rent party below. And when the white folks had come to investigate the unfortunate death by violence, Mammy had sworn with stiffened lips it was all an accident.

Into the airshaft crept her old hymn, lifting toward Harlem's black sky: —

'Bow low! — How low mus' I bow
To enter in de promis' land?'

THE GODS OF THE MOMENT

BY BERNARD IDDINGS BELL

In the constant discussions about the failure of Christianity to function in the modern world, there is a usual assumption that the typical man of the moment has no religion to speak of. Therefore, it is said, either the Christian Church must be unusually stupid or its message must be hopelessly outgrown. Otherwise it would surely appeal winningly to these spiritually hungry souls. This seems a curious delusion. Our world is not spiritually empty. We are absorbed in sacrifice to gods which seem to us rich and satisfying. We may conceivably be

devotionally poisoned, but we are not spiritually starved. In point of fact, some of us are becoming positively fed up. It may be that in this last circumstance alone lies ultimately the chance for Christ and Christianity.

A professor of sociology asked me not long ago if I had ever noted that the Christian religion has usually made strong appeal only to rural, simple, and Arcadian peoples or else to those who were urbane, sophisticated, and disillusioned. The more one thinks about this interesting generalization, the more nearly true it seems. 'Observe,'

he went on, 'the day into which your religion was born. Compared with it every succeeding age seems a bit crude. Into its making had gone centuries of Greek thought, Egyptian mysticism, and Roman political efficiency. Travel was easy and general. The externalities of life were highly civilized. Men were mature, wise, shrewd. They had tried almost everything once. This blasé order in almost no time was worshipping a new god nailed to a gibbet. But before it found that new god the old gods had been tried out and discarded.'

'You mean Pan?' I ventured.

'Pan? No!' he thundered. 'The Græco-Roman world was not pagan, had not been for centuries. To be a pagan one must be a poet. I mean the gods worshiped by successful citizens of the world with common sense. It was these which had been found nonsensical. A world very grown up gave the Apostles their chance. But,' he concluded, 'Jesus has no appeal to a new civilization. Its deities are more obvious.'

Whatever may be the faults or virtues of our social order, no one can deny that it is new — and that not merely in America. Every summer hundreds of thousands of our countrywomen and a somewhat less number of our countrymen sail to the Old World in search of lost romance. Since most of them rush about so rapidly that they see Europe not as it is but of necessity as their imaginations make it, perhaps they gain the desired emotional release. They see the Tower and Westminster Abbey, but rarely Brixton or Manchester. They visit Eisenach or steam down the Rhine, but never notice the Ruhr. They are so absorbed in Potsdam that they fail to observe industrial Berlin. They see Rome in terms of the Cæsars, Florence in terms of the Medici, and Venice in terms of

the Doges; and ignore the industrialism of Mussolini. They look the Parthenon over and overlook modern Athens. The real Europe of to-day is not old or urbane, but almost as young and crude as we ourselves. The culture that grew through the ages has, for good or evil, been paralyzed by the power machine. Our social structure, in philosophy, motivation, and method, is only about a century old. Our Occidental culture is indeed new.

We are also new-rich. Despite the wasteful riot of the war, it remains true that even in Europe the thing that would most astonish one who might rise from the grave of a past generation and look about him to-day would be the astounding wealthiness of everybody. If the resurgent soul saw America, this feature of life would strike him deaf, dumb, and stupefied. Never was a time when so many people had so much money.

New-rich ages are apt to be like new-rich individuals. Indeed 'an age,' 'a civilization,' 'a period,' are all merely ways of talking. The reality lies in the constituent individuals. We as a new-rich culture are making the same two characteristic blunders that the new-rich always make. Almost every man who very rapidly makes a great deal of money supposes that his mere possession of wealth is an index of his worth. He also is apt to imagine that he can with his means buy for himself happiness. These mistakes commonly seem folly to an old-rich man, one who was born to property, whose father was bred with it. He knows that merely because he or his friends have it they may not be worth it, but are quite commonly the contrary; and he has learned through experience that money is not really very valuable stuff. Happiness, which is what all men desire, cannot be purchased, but is an illusive something not

for sale. The old-rich know these things well enough, but the new-rich never discover them, except by miraculous interposition of the grace of God, until they too have grown accustomed to their possessions.

Ours is an age of new-rich people, crass, crude, well-washed, all dressed up, sure that certain easily perceived goods will make life full and satisfying, and ready to pay heavily for their attainment. It is unintelligent to call such an age godless. A god is a way of talking about a good. We may not propitiate our gods adequately in words; but we sacrifice to them our lives and our children. For what more can any gods ask? Ours are not new gods. We are not really an original or imaginative people. Our deities are very, very old. The Christian Church ought not to find them very puzzling. She has been dealing with our pantheon so long that she has stereotyped names for those who sit upon its altars. We worship the World, the Flesh, and the Devil. To say this is not to be a bigot or a Fundamentalist or a Puritan or a Victorian or a mediævalist or any other dreadful bogieman. It is merely to describe, calmly and with charity, in terms of motivation, our scrambling hurly-burly of a century.

By the World, Christianity has always meant, not the glorious creation of sea and field and mountain and sky, not the beautiful relationships of men and women and children in homes or in creative labor, but rather the sordid nonsense of supposing that externalities possessed ennoble the owners, that a full fist is index of a fine spirit. That this egregious nonsense is believed today, that for the most part we sacrifice to it ourselves and our progeny, needs little demonstration. A casual perusal of some of our most widely circulated periodicals will reveal it. Therein and from our daily press and over the radio

— sometimes, one regrets to say, in the pulpit, too — sound forth the beating of the big bass drum and the blare of the trumpet in glorification of the man with money. All the wealthy are good, and all good little boys will be wealthy. Beauty, quiet, serenity, poise, a sense of humor — let us sell them all and purchase this pearl of great price, the Cash. It would take a man incurably sentimental to deny that we are worldly.

Most of us are. Some of us are getting a little tired of it. This money-worship, this kowtowing to the successful man, — by which we mean the wealthy man, — seems not so much wicked as merely a bore. To none does it seem more wearisome than to many a wealthy man, tired of being regarded as a perambulating pocketbook, lonesome for human affection. Some of us are becoming at least a little bit like Saint Francis. We have not quite the courage to embrace Our Lady Poverty; but we find Our Lady Riches a most unstimulating spouse.

Our second deity is the Flesh. Her worship among us takes two forms — the apotheosis of appetite and the cult of comfort.

All appetites are mighty, says our modern world, and to be sacrificed unto; but chief of all the appetites is sex. We are so naïvely delighted in having discovered that the Eternal made us male and female that we sometimes seem to be forgetting that He made us anything else. Our stage, our music, our dancing, our books and magazines, our billboards, our dress, strike strenuously the note of sex appeal. We positively rejoice in nudity and naughtiness. The advertising sections of our most popular periodicals contain columns of advice to women about how, for a small sum, they may become beautiful and fascinating enough to attract male attention. Occasionally there is an advertisement

telling men how to become handsome and garrulous enough to be popular with women. We have even devised a popular moral philosophy based upon the supposition that if one refuses to submit to his appetites he will contract a dread horror known as 'a complex' and be in danger of the madhouse. Of course no reputable psychiatrist gives any such advice to his clients; but we go for our psychology not to him but to the editor of the tabloid newspaper and the erudite creator of spicy fiction. Increasingly we are soaked in sex; and the people love to have it so.

But not all of us. There are those, some older in years, and many not so old, in whom imagination supplies the place of experience, who have arrived a little beyond the peep-show morbidity of adolescence. We do not yet, perhaps, embrace the way of the Virgin, but we find Astarte very stale.

As for comfort, we twentieth-century people are soothingly immersed in it. Ours is a steam-heated, well-lighted, cunningly upholstered, warm-bathed era. With almost incredible ingenuity we ward off the bumps, plane the sharp corners, 'escalate' the heights. From twilight-sleep birth to narcotized death we insist upon ease. It is that without which all else is intolerable. Only to exceptional people has it yet occurred that the whole cult is petty, ignoble, unworthy of human nature. Few have as yet asked whether it can be possible that, since our primeval ancestors millions of years ago crawled from the slime of the sea, first the animal world and then the human race have struggled on, at the cost of pain and travail and tears and death, merely that we may sit down and be comfortable. There are some who are in revolt against this enervating softness, demanding hard things to be endured, crying out for a god who loves not padding; but they are few.

The last of the greater gods is the Devil. It does not matter much how we picture this demonic deity; whether or not we think there is actually such a person. In the Devil, religion presents the epitome of pride. In the old legend Satan, for pitting his small brain and will against the infinite intelligence of the Omnivolt, was expelled by Michael's host from the courts of heaven, whereupon he came down to vex the gullible citizens of earth. It is hardly arguable that, if Satan is the personification of conceit, ours is an age of Devil-worshippers.

The cult of cleverness is so developed that often one prays fervently that one may meet a man contentedly dull. Like those proud ancients, the Greeks, we are exceedingly witty and almost wholly void of humor. The difference between the two is that the witty man is conceited and the humorous man is humble. See, also, what we have done with æsthetic criticism. It should be in the hands of reverent men who realize that in estimating the arts they are criticizing those activities whereby man would clamber from the beasts to play among the gods; but we have given it over predominantly to groups of clever young persons who in avowedly clever weekly papers attempt as cleverly as possible to talk about one another's cleverness. Most serious of all, what can be said about that which passes for the scientific method of arriving at truth save that it too lacks the saving salt of sane humility? The reference is not to the thought and activity of the dwellers on the scientific Olympus, but to that more characteristic phenomenon, science as understood by the man of the street, the man who says, 'I will believe in nothing which I cannot understand and prove,' and thinks that thereby he has shown himself the soul of modern wisdom. Who would

in a world so petty as to be understandable by the human mind? No real scientist. No man blessed with a sense of humor. Nobody not demoniacally possessed. It is the things beyond the intellect which make life worth while, which engender poetry, romance, awe, reverence. Our day minimizes these elements of life, content more and more to live within the dull limitations of the understanding. And some of us, a bit sophisticated, have found that petty world grotesque. We have begun to laugh.

The twentieth century is sacrificing itself to goods and appetite and comfort and conceit. As long as it continues to do so, as long as these seem satisfying ends to its new, crude, and suddenly wealthy citizens, it is unlikely that any more subtle religion can make much headway. Jesus of Nazareth is an enigma to the moment. Occasionally we find somebody trying to dress up the Christ in modern terms, presenting him as a go-getter, a country-clubber, a master of advertising psychology. There is no god but our gods. We will make Jesus into our image. Popular though this sort of thing may be, it is of course not Christianity. Whatever else Jesus may mean, he is, in historical religion at any rate, the antithesis of all that our day deems most worth. He is poor when we would be rich. He seems to regard chastity as normal and healthy. To him comfort matters little one way or the other. He is the

incarnation of humility. It can hardly be expected that he should be the chosen god of an adolescent civilization intent upon the hungry search for superficiality.

Christianity must wait for a slowly emerging maturity and urbanity. There are those who, wearied with strident clamor about nothing, repelled by the clash of battle for things of no particular moment, have, usually by chance, discovered Jesus as he hangs alone upon his silent crucifix. He is poor, not because he is too weak to gain wealth, but because his strength is needed elsewhere. He is chaste, not because he is too emasculated to feel the pull of passion, but because that passion has been sublimated into something which includes the soul. He is emancipated from slavery to luxury and ease. He is humble, not because he is too ignorant to be proud, but because he is infinitely too wise. We have adored, as our fathers adored, and we have to our own astonishment discovered that in the light of that adoration the modern world is like a pageant produced by rude mechanicals. Reality lies elsewhere, at an altar where Jesus gives to disillusioned souls a peace which is not as the world gives. As civilization grows more experienced, there will be more and more such persons. Meanwhile, it is absurd to expect Christianity to appeal to the modern world. Can babies know beauty?

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I HAVE WALKED FORWARD EAGERLY TO-DA.

BY AMORY HARE

I HAVE walked forward eagerly to-day.
Each moment met my wits as foil meets foil
With lordly thrust and courteous counter-play
And quiet humor after each recoil;
Hour after hour came towards me as a sword
Whose point my own blade found and turned aside,
Leaving my faculties in smooth accord
And courage running through me like a tide.

Then, as the sun left and the silence came,
The stillness in my room confronted me
Like a last swordsman in a kingly game
Before whose skill my blade broke, suddenly;
And all the hours until our hands should meet
Surrounded me like ruffians in the street.

THE LURE OF HIGH MOUNTAINEERING

BY I. A. RICHARDS

I

'RED with cutaneous eruption of conceit and voluble with convulsive hic-cough of self-satisfaction,' the mountaineer strides into his hotel, back from his peak or his pass, no doubt jostling Ruskin in the doorway and so stirring him to this little masterpiece of descriptive vituperation. To-day Ruskin is almost forgotten; in his place (no more welcome in his eyes than the climber with his axe and rope and uncouth footwear) now stands the tourist, very often an American, who, if he has not the same feelings about the figure that shambles noisily by, is usually as hard put to it to explain why a reasonable soul should want to do just this, or what anyone gets out of it that he should keep at it with such stupid pertinacity. To go up one mountain would be possibly an interesting experience, especially if it were the highest; to keep on climbing mountains seems to be mere silliness.

To describe a passion to those that do not share it is a difficult enough task, let alone explaining it. The passion I write of is eminently respectable. The Pope and the new Conservative Member of Parliament for Cambridge — not to mention several kings and queens — have been among its devotees. It is a powerful passion, enthralling many until long past their sixtieth year. It is a serious passion, judged by the test that a considerable number of people have cheerfully lost their lives in its pursuit. They did not know, of course,

that they would lose them, but they were perfectly aware of the possibility, and had decided upon the question of 'Worth while?' And their fellow fanatics, when one of these calamities occurs, commonly treat it quite as a matter of course without raising questions of justification, unless carelessness or recklessness is suspected. Yet somehow this passion, more than most, does need some explanation. It is surprisingly new, having come in only about seventy-five years ago; and its activities are to the outside eye peculiarly pointless. In this it perhaps stands alone. Games, though no psychologist will claim that he can completely explain them, have at least a good historic standing. We are never really puzzled as to why people play them even when we feel no inclination to do likewise. Hunting, fishing, yachting, gardening, camping, and the rest of the sports can plausibly be regarded as survivals, although of course this is not the whole story. Immemorial antiquity lends them sanction; though I doubt whether many yachtsmen or amateur camping parties were about in the sixteenth century.

To enjoy unnecessary discomfort or insecurity, we must first be bored with comfort. These two sports in part appeal through their contrast with ordinary existence, and to some degree mountaineering shares this attraction. But while the positive lure of yachting and camping — that is to say, the part

over and above contrast — links on to ancient and very widespread pursuits, the positive lure of mountaineering, including the impulse to go up to the top of the hill when the way is difficult, has a very meagre history. Unless hunting takes them there, the natives never climb their mountains. Genuine mountaineering — Alpinism, for example — is an entirely new development, appealing only to a moderately sophisticated mind. It is, in fact, a strangely professorial pastime. What blend of what desires and delights will account for it, or what obscure needs and tendencies must we invoke?

Like other passions, this one has stages. And, again like other passions, it has degrees of impurity. We can study it here only at its ripest and purest. The novice, thrilling with anticipatory tremors at the largely erroneous picture which he makes for himself of his first serious climb, mixes in too much that is imaginary and has nothing to do with the matter. I have known one such novice afterward to confess that he 'got the wind up' far more on his first big mountain than ever on the battlefield — and this was a man who saw a good deal of nasty fighting.

We must set aside also the confirmed habitué of the mountains, whose early ardor has declined — the man who goes on climbing moderately difficult ordinary mountains by the best known routes in the company of guides who have such a reserve of mountaineering ability that only what the insurance companies style as an 'act of God' could prevent the caravan from returning in safety at the appointed time. Let me try to describe instead what happens in the mind of the guideless climber, experienced enough to know what he is doing, when he is engaged upon an ascent which is just within his powers as the leader of his party.

He probably knows a good deal about

his proposed climb. The idea of it may have been in his mind for a long while. He will have read about it, studied it, surveyed it from neighboring summits, perhaps. One of the incidental charms of mountaineering is the unexampled opportunity for detailed, intricate, concrete planning which it allows. The mountaineer fanatic spends hours, whole long winter evenings, gazing at maps and photographs and talking to the other members of his climbing party about the expedition. This planning as the day approaches grows more and more responsible. Here is another attraction. There are very few pursuits in which the question of competence comes more sharply to a head. A great ascent shares the glamour of an Arctic journey — a point will come when the climber will need his strength and skill to extricate himself. The factors upon which success depends are varied enough to need careful thought, yet not too numerous or too uncertain to be estimated. In this a big climb resembles a miniature campaign. It is a concentrated form of exploration, with the tedium cut out and the dramatic intensity heightened. The man whose mountain career begins and ends with scrambling up the Matterhorn or treadmilling up Mont Blanc under professional guidance misses so much of all this that he may well conclude that climbing is an overestimated pastime. Mountaineering is a craft which requires years to master, and the sense of increasing competence is no small part of its attraction.

II

Some of the branches of this craft are never mastered and have therefore an inexhaustible fascination. Weather lore, for example. The condition of the mountain and the difficulty of the ascent vary with the weather and the

season in ways which may baffle the utmost sagacity. A stretch of glacier which early in a snowy year would be easy and would take but an hour to cross may a month later, after hot weather, be nearly impossible. Its ice is always cracked here and there, split by fissures which may be no more than a few inches or a few feet in width though hundreds of yards in length. When narrow, these 'crevasses' are covered by the carpet of the surface snow and can be crossed if the snow is hard, as it is in the early morning, without anyone being able to detect that the apparently innocent white expanse is actually stretched across what are in effect bottomless abysses of ice-walled darkness. These crevasses widen as the summer wears on. The snow that roofs them grows thinner; first a ripplelike hollow shows, then the ripple splits open; then the crevasse walls appear, smooth, shiny, blue-black, overhung with treacherous bulges of unsupported snow. Here and there the snow roof is more solid, and a bridge is left across which a climbing party can pass, if need be, at certain hours and under certain conditions. But sometimes the crevasse can widen out without clearly revealing its presence, and only the sudden collapse of the snow roof under the weight of one of the party will show that it is there. The crevasse may be several hundred feet deep. Picture yourself walking on a snow blanket stretched across an opening in the Dome of St. Peter's and you will be able to understand one of the possibilities of glacier travel. This is why the party will be walking in single file as far apart as they conveniently can, and why they will be keeping the rope which links them to one another reasonably taut. Should anyone fall into a crevasse far enough for his head to disappear, it is no easy matter to pull him out again.

The quality of the snow, as much

when it is lying upon gentle glacier slopes as when it is draped about the wild upper ridges, or is clinging in seemingly precarious fashion to the steep mountain walls, changes with the hour of the day, the angle at which the sun strikes it, the wind, the weather of the last few days. To plan an interesting expedition wisely, all this must be reckoned with. Early enough in the morning the snow will generally be good. This is why the climber usually starts with the first daylight. But there are other reasons. In the Alps, unless he has slept in one of the many Swiss Alpine Club cabins that are perched for his convenience high up, often upon tiny outcrops of rock surrounded by glacier, he will have two or three hours of steady preliminary walking, on a path if he is lucky, before the difficulties and the high mountaineering proper begin. He has to start early to economize time and to make use of the cool of the day, for he will have from four to eight thousand feet to ascend, and time is precious. Every big climb, and above all every new climb, is a race against the sun.

The weather affects the rocks of the mountain as much as the glaciers. A light sprinkle of snow overnight will give the peaks a fairylike silvery glitter, but will put serious climbing out of the question — not so much because it makes the rocks slippery as because it makes them so cold to the fingers. Only the easiest rocks can be climbed with fresh snow upon them. The slipperiness comes a day later when the new snow has melted and the moisture has refrozen to invisible ice, — *Verglas*, as it is called, — an abominable substance very difficult to deal with.

Often the descent will need special consideration. It will be late in the day, the snow will be soft, stones which in the morning are firmly bound by frost will be loosened by the sun and ready

to begin their awful, hopping, bounding, whirring flight to the valley. Anyone who has loafed away an afternoon in the high Alps will have heard that faint growling, sometimes rising to a roar and rarely quiet for more than a few moments, which means that the miscellaneous débris of the mountains is slipping from them. A stone fall on a great slope is a horrible spectacle whether seen from above or from below, but especially when seen from below. Some mountain sides are death traps for this reason in the afternoon.

A prudent climber will rarely get too close to falling stones, but through bad luck or misinformation he may see more than he cares of them. He will be working down a ridge which stands up in low relief upon the great tilting side of the mountain. To right and left a wide, shallow, dusty gully, floored with worn slabs of rock and broken with zigzagging scree-littered shelves, may offer easier progress. A little rivulet of gleaming water staining the recesses of the rocks and sending a faint tinkle up to his thirsty soul may add to the temptation. He continues down the ridge. Suddenly from far above, where the upper cliffs lean forward and dominate the lower glacis, a single sharp report will sound. He looks up, every fibre tense and quivering. For a moment nothing will be visible; then, exactly like a bursting shrapnel, a tiny cloud will flash out which looks like smoke but actually is dust. The falling missile has struck some scree-covered ledge. Usually the climber will see little more; he will have his head, and as much more of himself as he can, well and safely tucked away in the shelter of some overhanging boulder or cranny. But he will hear the whole slope, as it seems, leap to life, for the falling stone sets a myriad others in motion. Down they come, whirring and humming, taking enormous bounds and ricocheting

across the whole width of the gully. By the time they pass him they will often be flying too fast to be visible. Only the scream of the air or, if a large boulder is fairly launched, a rumble not unlike that of an express train will tell him that they are past, and he can look down to see them splash into the snows below or leap into the open mouth of the crevasse which is nearly always there to catch them.

The prudent climber, I repeat, keeps well away from falling stones. Occasionally, however, circumstances may force him to run the risk of crossing such dangerous ground. He may be late in leaving the summit; hard pressed for time to work out the intricacies of the glacier before night falls, he may have no other way of avoiding a night spent *à la belle étoile*, an experience which is nearly always miserable and sometimes dangerous in itself. For a tired man may not be in a state to resist the great cold of the night high up without shelter, and the weather may be changing or the wind rising.

When for any such reason dangerous ground has to be crossed, the climber may hurry, but hurrying is otherwise something which he sedulously avoids. From one point of view he is the most leisurely of sportsmen; he takes a great deal of exercise, but he takes it as gently as he can. He cannot afford to hurry in an expedition which will probably take fifteen hours to complete and may take twenty. On the other hand, he cannot afford to waste any odd minutes. All successful parties develop an elaborate technique for saving seconds — at first a conscious effort, later on an unconscious habit. The beginner gives himself away by the time he squanders. He wants to stop to fix his puttee, or to put cream on his face, or to get out his gloves, or to put them away. A dozen little jobs arise and half a dozen little calamities befall him which the more

experienced man has foreseen the last time the whole party stopped to feed or to put on the rope.

But there is more in time-saving than this, difficult though this trick of not stopping seems to be to acquire. Consider the management of the rope alone. We are tied on, if there are three of us, one at each end and the third in the middle. There will be thirty or forty feet of loose rope between us. Most of the time we shall be all moving together. The rope must be kept moderately taut whenever there is any possibility of a mishap to any of the party. This is not so difficult when we are walking in the leader's footprints across a snow field. But suppose we are working up a fairly steep face of rock. Fairly steep means an angle of about fifty degrees. This looks like sixty-five degrees until one measures it, and is usually talked of as eighty degrees. This face will not be smooth — few faces are. If it were, we should be moving one at a time, gathering the rope in and letting it out as required. More probably, like most big precipices that get climbed, it will be built up of a chaos of jammed blocks of all sizes at all angles, held in place by the weight of the blocks above. Over such ground experienced climbers can pass with great safety and speed, but the loose rope must be kept from catching among the innumerable spikes which jut out everywhere. To keep it free while himself moving with special care to avoid dislodging any of the rubbish with which all such faces are strewn, the climber must give a continual series of nicely adjusted flicks. In time this becomes automatic. Usually he will carry a few coils of the rope — enough to control it — in one hand, the same hand also holding his ice axe; he climbs with the other hand and with his feet and with a knee now and then.

This sounds like one of the dreariest

and least inviting of imaginable exercises, and so it is until the knack has become second nature. But when everything is going as it should the very fact that all this tiresome detail is being dealt with without effort, by the mere sweet-running mechanisms of the nervous system, yields a peculiar exhilaration. I should ascribe a great deal of the fascination of mountaineering to this sense of successful technique. The good effect of doing anything that one can do well radiates throughout the whole personality. One's other faculties benefit, one is at peace with one's self, and the illusion of a complete mastery of existence grows strong. Add to this the slight tension which the situation, the drop below, and the constant need for care impose, and it is not hard to see how this routine part of climbing can acquire a charm.

More difficult rocks have another fascination. The technique of overcoming them without delay and without undue fatigue has much in common with the technique of the arts. Mediocre performers, for example, resemble one another in their procedure, but the masters of the craft develop individual styles. The difference between a breathless muscular struggle and an easy, balanced movement is often too subtle to be analyzed, but every golfer will understand how powerful the appeal of success here may become. And because the movements called for in rock-climbing are perhaps more varied and their nicety not less than those of any other sport, the spell cast is the stronger. To go lightly up a rock wall when the only hold is the friction of the forearm pressing against the sides of a vertical crack while the feet push gently yet firmly upon roughnesses not much bigger than a thumb nail is an achievement which allows a good deal of innocent self-flattery to develop. And if meanwhile the glance which is seeking

for suitable roughnesses can travel past the poised foot and see nothing beneath but the glacier some hundreds of feet below, there is nothing in this to impair the pleasure, provided that equanimity is maintained. Calm control and alert, deliberate choice of pose are the essence of good rock-climbing; the exhilaration which accompanies it is as much made up of a sense that one's judgment is trustworthy and one's intelligence clear and unflurried as it is of any physical delights. And the final movement of such a passage, when the climber reaches handholds like the rungs of a ladder (no higher praise is possible), a roomy ledge to stand upon, and a spike of rock round which he can 'belay' the rope, and so guarantee both his own safety and that of his companions who will now follow him, brings a quiet glow of triumph which is much more than a mere relief of tension or a sense of escape. A good cragsman, it may be remarked, can almost always retrace his steps and return to his companions if the passage should prove more difficult than he anticipated. It is, in fact, only on this condition that he is justified in assuming the responsibility of leading his party. There are plenty of borderline cases, of course, in which a climber may not be perfectly certain whether he should proceed or return, and it is just here that his judgment is tested.

Intelligence, not of a low order, is exercised at many points in any interesting ascent. The choice of route constantly demands it. A fine mountain is a succession of problems to be solved on the spot. Few who have not climbed can realize how very intricate a mountain face may be. Rocks by themselves can require varied enough evolutions, for most cliffs are more like highly tilted labyrinths, when you come close to them, than the solid walls which from a distance they appear to be. And often the choice of one fissure rather

than another, of one shelf or shoulder or buttress rather than its neighbor, will make a difference in time to be counted in hours and spell success or failure for the whole expedition.

But the complexities of rock-climbing are matched by those of ice and snow. A broken-up glacier can present a maze which only a mixture of good luck and happy opportunism will unravel. It is a strange experience to come down in the late afternoon, one's heels sinking deep into a vast bulge of snow, — like a swelling sail, but more dazzlingly white, — to survey, as the slope curves over and what is below is revealed, the wild, contorted chaos of waves and chasms into which the glacier ice is riven as it descends. Through this chaos, often by a series of carefully planned leaps interspersed with thoughtful performances upon bridges of snow, — an all-fours position which distributes one's weight over the fragile structure is not unusual, — and as a rule by much chopping of steps along the slopes of the ice waves, an intricate way is forced. It is astonishing how often the way followed will seem the only one that is possible, and how rare it is for no way to be found.

III

I have lingered somewhat over the technical attractions of mountaineering because this side of the sport is the one least easy for the layman to imagine, though some knowledge of it is necessary if the climber's passion is to be understood. If I have said enough to show that a great climb is not a rash adventure but a campaign in which prudent strategy and skillful tactics have both been required, I shall have gained my purpose. I have said nothing about the view from the summit — the excuse which the nonclimber usually provides for the climber, who is often

lazy enough to accept it. The view from the summit is as a rule no more interesting than the other views. And I have said nothing as yet about the beauty of the high peaks. Before attempting to say what little can be said about this there is another fact, less often mentioned, which must be indicated.

Few climbers are for long exempt from a certain modicum of anxiety — a watchful apprehension which rarely rises to the point of distress, but remains as a background of consciousness giving a special *dramatic* quality to each incident. It is tempting to speculate further upon this feeling, for it may have an intimate connection with the beauty which the climber sometimes sees. With fatigue or indisposition this sombre tinge easily develops into a clouding dread, more or less well controlled. When this happens the whole expedition changes from a joy to a nightmare. For some climbers this is not an infrequent occurrence, though it may be but for a moment. With the unloosing of anxiety the whole character of the landscape is transformed. 'The eye altering alters all.' There are always plenty of sights in the high mountains which are capable of taking on a hideous aspect. Gaunt, disintegrating black cliffs that can be contemplated without horror only by a mind which is perfectly in possession of itself; obscene convolutions of grimy glacier which stir nothing but nausea unless one is able to hold one's self in check; sinister gray curtains of ice, furrowed by stone falls, that hold no hope for any living thing for thousands of feet; monstrous gaping jaws of crevasses fanged above with sharp blue icicles and lipped with treacherous bulges of soft snow. Even the transcendental sparkle of the snow on the upper ridges turns easily to a mere grim glitter. The instant this anxiety

slips loose, beauty vanishes. Naturally it does, for this holding down of tremors, this serenity amid stress, was its very source and being. Perhaps even the man who deeply feels the beauty of a great mountain from the valley is doing something similar. He is holding in control a set of feelings which if they broke loose would distress him. Let his equanimity be sufficiently destroyed, let some grief or harshness throw him off his balance, and he will not find peace among the hills, he will not see beauty in them, but only a hateful, discomfiting presentation of that side of the universe which is least the concern of man.

The climber is not less susceptible to the ordinary beauty of the mountains, if I may call it such — this power they have to stir such subtly mingled feelings when they are seen from below; and his privileged enjoyment of their extraordinary beauty, the still more mingled thrill which they awaken in him when he is actually upon their ridges, does not, in spite of all that Ruskin had to say, betoken a lack of sensibility. In the best instances the closer, the more intimate, experience is an amplification of the other. It is possible, of course, to climb for a whole day, or for a week, or a lifetime, with scarcely a moment of the genuine awareness; just as it is possible to perambulate miles of galleries or listen to the best orchestras in the world without any result which is worth mentioning. But it is the claim of the mountaineer that the very conditions of his sport do tend to make a more fully awakened response likely. The passion, like others, can go astray, and bogus forms are not uncommon. There are collectors of peaks, for example, who know as little of the genuine worship as mere collectors of pictures. Fortunately, perhaps, they rarely know what they are missing.

THE JEST OF HAHALABA

A ONE-ACT PLAY

BY LORD DUNSANY

Dramatis Personæ

SIR ARTHUR STRANGWAYS

SNAGGS, his butler

AN ALCHEMIST

HAHALABA, the Spirit of Laughter

SCENE: *The smoking room, SIR ARTHUR STRANGWAYS'S house in London.*

TIME: *The last moments of 1926. Bells are ringing in the New Year.*

(SIR ARTHUR *is in an armchair. Enter* SNAGGS, *his butler.*)

SIR ARTHUR. A happy New Year to you, Snaggs.

SNAGGS. A happy New Year to you, Sir Arthur, and many of them.

SIR ARTHUR. Ah. Thank you, Snaggs.

SNAGGS. There's a man to see you, Sir Arthur, who —

SIR ARTHUR. Oh, yes, yes.

SNAGGS. — who says he wants to see you, Sir Arthur.

SIR ARTHUR. Yes, show him up, please.

SNAGGS. He's, if I may say so, Sir Arthur, a very strange person.

SIR ARTHUR. Yes, I know. Show him up.

SNAGGS. Very strange indeed.

SIR ARTHUR. Yes. I was expecting him.

SNAGGS. And it's very late, Sir Arthur.

SIR ARTHUR. Yes, never mind.

SNAGGS. As you wish, Sir Arthur.

SIR ARTHUR. Yes, show him up, please.

SNAGGS. As you wish.

(*Exit, leaving SIR ARTHUR sitting, thoughtful. Reënter with the ALCHEMIST, in a dull maroon cloak, elderly, bearded, and dressed like nobody later than Teniers.*)

SNAGGS. The man to see you, Sir Arthur.

(SNAGGS *lingers.*)

SIR ARTHUR. Thank you, Snaggs. Thank you.

SNAGGS (*reluctantly dismissed*). Thank you, Sir Arthur.

SIR ARTHUR. You have the stuff? (ALCHEMIST *shows an old snuffbox and taps it, nodding his head.*) And the words?

ALCHEMIST (*in a sort of whisper*). Yes.

(SIR ARTHUR *takes the snuffbox.*)

SIR ARTHUR (*extending hand*). Give me the words.

ALCHEMIST. They may not be written.

(*Reënter SNAGGS.*)

SNAGGS. I will wait up, Sir Arthur, in case you should ring. If you should ring I would come at once.

SIR ARTHUR. Thank you, Snaggs. Thank you.

(*Exit SNAGGS. SIR ARTHUR goes to door and locks it.*)

SIR ARTHUR. You will tell me the words?

ALCHEMIST. There's laws in England against the likes of me.

SIR ARTHUR. Laws?

ALCHEMIST. Any time since the days of Edward the Confessor.

SIR ARTHUR. But you will tell me the words.

ALCHEMIST. Aye. But we must proceed softly.

SIR ARTHUR. All is quiet. We may start now.

ALCHEMIST. You have another door.

SIR ARTHUR. Oh, no one ever comes that way.

ALCHEMIST. It is better locked.

SIR ARTHUR. Perhaps it is. (*He locks it.*) Now.

ALCHEMIST. The powder, then, is placed upon the floor in a ring, wide enough to contain two feet, and two and a half times as wide should you dare to call up Eblis.

SIR ARTHUR. No, no. I shall not call up Eblis.

ALCHEMIST. That is something, Master. That is something. That is one thing to be thankful for in all this bad business. I could n't have borne it, Master. His mouth alone; I could n't have borne to look at it.

SIR ARTHUR. No, no. I do not wish to see Eblis.

ALCHEMIST. I could n't have borne to see him.

SIR ARTHUR. You shan't see him. Tell me the words.

ALCHEMIST. Well, Master, you put the powder in a ring, wide enough to hold common feet, scarce larger than ours. And then, Master, if you must, you light it. If you must, Master, if you must. And it smoulders and the smoke goes away to the left and the right, and goes round the ring. And just as the two smokes meet, just then you say . . . (*He whispers.*) And you name the spirit that you would call up. And he must come. And he must grant one wish, the first demand

that you make of him. And I wish I had never told you, and I wish I had never come.

SIR ARTHUR. Never mind that now. Let's get on with the business.

ALCHEMIST. Well, Master; then there be many spirits. There's the Spirit of Death, the Spirit of Drought, the Spirit of Fever.

SIR ARTHUR (*now preparing the ring*). No, no. I'll have some jolly spirit.

ALCHEMIST. Oh, Master, call up the Spirit of Death, the Spirit of Fever, even the Spirit of Terror, but not the Spirit of Laughter.

SIR ARTHUR. The Spirit of Laughter? Why not? I like the sound of him. We'll have the Spirit of Laughter.

ALCHEMIST. Oh, Master, not that spirit.

SIR ARTHUR. Why not?

ALCHEMIST. Why, Master, because all these spirits, they are all at enmity with man, and are overfull of ingenuity — it always was so. And they sit for ages planning how to prevail against man. For ages, Master. You would hardly believe it. And when they have formed a plan they won't rest until they have tried it; you would not credit their malice. And most of all are they like this, most of all when they have been compelled to grant a wish. They are like it then most of all.

SIR ARTHUR. Then we won't have the Spirit of Death.

ALCHEMIST. Oh, Master, the Spirit of Laughter is the worst of all but one. His contrivances are beyond the wit of all the lesser spirits. You are not making the circle too wide, Master?

SIR ARTHUR. No, no. We'll only have the Spirit of Laughter.

ALCHEMIST. Be warned, Master, and have none of him.

SIR ARTHUR. Come, tell me his name.

ALCHEMIST. Be warned, Master.

SIR ARTHUR. I've paid you well for this.

ALCHEMIST. Yes, Master, but be warned.

SIR ARTHUR. His name, then.

ALCHEMIST. His name. Oh, Master, call never upon this spirit. His name is Hahalaba.

SIR ARTHUR. So that's his name. The spell again.

(SIR ARTHUR now holds a matchbox. ALCHEMIST whispers in his ear. SIR ARTHUR ignites the powder and mutters the spell, ending with the name HAHALABA. HAHALABA steps through a curtain and stands in the ring, an athletic spirit, with small cloak slung over dark nude breast.)

HAHALABA. What is your will of me?

ALCHEMIST. Oh, Master, nothing that he can turn to his advantage.

SIR ARTHUR. It shall be nothing. I have thought of all.

ALCHEMIST. Only a trifle, Master. Something too small for his contrivances, or —

SIR ARTHUR. It is only a trifle.

HAHALABA. What is your will of me?

SIR ARTHUR. Only a trifle. I wish to see a file of the *Times*.

HAHALABA. For what year?

SIR ARTHUR. For the year 1927!

ALCHEMIST. 1927!

HAHALABA (*pulling cloth from table and revealing a file of one year of the 'Times'*). It is there.

SIR ARTHUR. Ha!

HAHALABA. Within an hour of midnight it will vanish.

SIR ARTHUR. Oh. We have not long, then.

HAHALABA. It has far to go, and must be there by dawn.

SIR ARTHUR. Where?

HAHALABA. In the deeps of time. (*Exit.*)

SIR ARTHUR. Where has he gone?

ALCHEMIST. He has gone back.

SIR ARTHUR. To work, then.

ALCHEMIST (*as SIR ARTHUR gets half*

sheets and pencil and turns to the heap). Oh, Master, I'm glad you asked for a little thing. It's a mercy, Master, a mercy.

SIR ARTHUR. A little thing, indeed!

ALCHEMIST. Aye, Master. For had you asked a great thing of such as him, he would have triumphed surely.

SIR ARTHUR. A little thing!

ALCHEMIST. Aye, Master, I know the ways of them.

SIR ARTHUR. A little thing be damned. I shall make millions on this — millions.

ALCHEMIST. Oh, Master, beware Hahalaba. Beware the Spirit of Laughter.

SIR ARTHUR. I tell you I shall make millions. This alone, for instance, this alone: December 31, 1927. I see he's got December on the top the way the newspaper people keep it — they put the fresh paper on top of the one of the day before all the year round, and keep the lot like *this*. This number alone is worth all the money I've got, or you either. Patangas, 104. You go down to the City and buy Patangas — but you don't understand.

ALCHEMIST. Master, I go to no city guided by Hahalaba.

SIR ARTHUR. He's got nothing to do with it. He's gone. But I read¹ in the *Times* that Patangas are 104. (*Jots down a word on half sheet, saying aloud, 'Patangas.'*) I shall soon know if this file is genuine by waiting a few days and checking these. (*He lays his hand on the edges at bottom of heap.*)

ALCHEMIST. Oh, it is genuine. He may not lie. But he is frivolous and cunning. I know Hahalaba.

SIR ARTHUR. If this is genuine (*reads a line or two*), as it evidently is, I shall make millions. There we are again, there we are again. Pocahontas, 37. Who'd have thought it? I

¹Present tense.

have n't paid you enough, old fellow. I have n't paid you enough.

ALCHEMIST. Master, I ask no more. I ask no more that comes from Hahalaba.

SIR ARTHUR. Nonsense. It comes out of the *Times*. And I'm the only man that's got a copy of November 20 — that is, 1927. And the only one in the world. If you'd care for half a million you can have it. It will be nothing to me.

ALCHEMIST. No, Master. No.

SIR ARTHUR. Or a million, for that matter.

ALCHEMIST. No, Master, I have no uses for it.

SIR ARTHUR. As you like. (*Lower down the file*) And here again. Tangerines at 80. Hullo! Here's old Perrot dead. He should have kept himself fit — he was no older than me. If he'd have played golf — Well, well. October 27. Fancy that. (*Takes another paper.*) Hullo, hullo. (*Makes brief note.*) I'll play hell with the Stock Exchange.

ALCHEMIST. Master.

SIR ARTHUR. Ha, ha! Lord! Bolivian United. Well, I never. (*Makes note.*)

ALCHEMIST. Master.

SIR ARTHUR. And Ecuador Guaranteed. Millions!

ALCHEMIST. Master.

SIR ARTHUR. Well.

ALCHEMIST. I have given you your desire, and you have paid me well. Our account is settled. May I go hence?

SIR ARTHUR. Go hence? Yes, if you like.

ALCHEMIST. Thank you, Master; for of all spirits of evil I fear most the Spirit of Laughter.

SIR ARTHUR. Yes, you told me that. No one's keeping you. But wait a moment. Wait a moment. There's one thing I'll give you that you'll

understand how to use. Wait a moment.

ALCHEMIST. Master, I go not to that city.

SIR ARTHUR. No, it's not the City. Wait a moment. Ah, here we have it. The Derby. Aurelian won. You back Aurelian for the Derby. (*Writes on a half sheet and gives it to ALCHEMIST.*) There. Aurelian for the Derby.

ALCHEMIST. Master, I make no wager, lest in my hour of gain Hahalaba mock me. (*He puts paper down on a table.*) And, Master —

SIR ARTHUR. Well, never mind now. There's only a few more minutes, and I can't waste them talking. They're worth a million a minute.

ALCHEMIST. As you will, Master.

SIR ARTHUR. Well, good-bye then, and thank you very much. (ALCHEMIST tries the door. It is locked.) Ah, the door. Give me a moment and I'll let you out. (*He takes key from pocket, but continues reading papers and making notes.*) Another of them. Tromkins now. Why can't they keep themselves fit? Mexican Airways Limited! Well, well. (*Another note. Hastily turns over papers, making brief notes, till he nears the bottom of the heap.*) Yes, yes. Well, that'll be enough. There's millions in it. I'll let you out now. (*Walks to door with key in one hand, the last paper in the other.*)

ALCHEMIST. Thank you, Master, thank you.

SIR ARTHUR. And your friend Hahalaba will find it hard to laugh over this deal, for I'm the richest man in England now.

ALCHEMIST. Not yet, Master.

SIR ARTHUR. Well, I soon will be. (*Unlocks door.*)

ALCHEMIST. And, Master. Read no more of these hidden things. It is surely enough. Tempt Hahalaba no further.

SIR ARTHUR. I won't. I've read all

I want. I've enough knowledge to put against the brain of all the financiers in London.

ALCHEMIST. Then read no further, Master. Put it down.

SIR ARTHUR. That? Do you know what that is? That is to-day's paper. January 1, 1927 — the last of the heap. I shall read to-day's paper before I go to bed. We're in 1927 now. Well, good-bye, and a happy New Year.

ALCHEMIST. Farewell, Master.

(Exit ALCHEMIST. SIR ARTHUR returns to his chair and settles down to the British habit of reading the day's 'Times'.)

SIR ARTHUR. Nothing of interest. Dull, I suppose, after the other. Hullo! What's this? What? What? But it can't be! But this is to-day's paper! But I'm alive! Good God! (*With breath coming short he goes to decanter of brandy, pours out, mixes, and drinks. He stands a little steadier, hand to heart now and then.*) Bit of a shock, that. Read that kind of thing. Silly Jug-ginses. Who can have been fool enough to invent a yarn like that? It's to-day's paper and I'm quite well. (*But the improvement was only momentary and*

he rings for SNAGGS. Then he goes panting to the sofa and lies down.) Bit of a — shock, that.

(Enter SNAGGS. Goes to SIR ARTHUR on sofa. All the copies of the 'Times' have vanished.)

SNAGGS. Hullo. What's this has happened? (*Goes to table and sees SIR ARTHUR's notes on half sheets.*) Patan-gas? Mexican Airways? Nothing to account for it there. (*Almost absently he crumples them and throws them in the fire; then turns to the business in hand.*) Now what should I do? (*A glance toward the sofa. Then he goes to the telephone.*) Ah, would you please give me the *Times*. I don't know the number. Yes, the *Times* Office, please. Is that the *Times*? Oh, could I speak to the Editor? . . . Oh, well, perhaps he'd do. But it's important. . . . Tell him something sudden. . . . Oh, yes. I'm butler to Sir Arthur Strangways. Mr. Snaggs is my name. . . . Well, I thought you'd like to know Sir Arthur has just died. . . . Sudden-like. . . . Yes. (*Leaving the phone, he passes the other table on which ALCHEMIST has put down his slip. He picks it up and reads.*) Aurelian for the Derby. He's no good.

[CURTAIN]

PUNISHING ONE IN TEN

BY JOHN BARKER WAITE

I

SHERWOOD DAVIS was indicted for assault upon Clio Godfrey. He had his trial and was convicted by a jury. Then he appealed to the supreme court because the evidence at the trial showed the girl's name really to have been Cleo Godfrey. Eventually that tribunal announced that Davis had not been properly convicted. In its opinion, 'Clio is the name well known in history as being that of an ancient goddess, while Cleo is a contraction of Cleopatra. These names are entirely different and have no such similarity, as commonly pronounced in this country, as that they may be said to be *idem sonans*.' There was a fatal variance between the indictment and the proof, therefore, and the court reversed the conviction.

This happened in Alabama, in the year nineteen hundred and twenty-six.

Lest a too complacent North be tempted to whittle its finger, note also this case from Nebraska. Formal complaint was made against Edward Wagner, charging that he did 'unlawfully and feloniously drive and operate a motor vehicle, to wit a Studebaker automobile, at a greater rate of speed than thirty-five (35) miles per hour, to wit fifty (50) miles per hour, within the city of Falls City,' contrary to statute, because of which excessive speed and negligent driving he severely injured another automobilist. Under this charge, a jury duly convicted Wagner of driving at illegal speed.

The supreme court, however, realized that the crime of exceeding the speed limit must occur on some 'road, meaning public highway, street, or alley.' 'Neither of these words,' said the supreme court, 'appears in the information, nor their equivalent. The alleged acts might have occurred on defendant's own premises, or on premises lawfully possessed by him, or on a private way, so far as reflected by it.' Therefore the conviction was quashed and the case against Wagner dismissed.

This ruling too occurred in the year nineteen hundred and twenty-six.

In this same year, if one may judge the future by the immediate past, there will be punished less than one out of every ten of those who commit serious crime in the United States. In Alabama's neighboring state of Georgia, — there are no figures available for Alabama itself, — of those who are actually formally charged with crime only 53 out of 100 will ever be punished at all and 38 out of these 53 will have pleaded guilty. In Missouri, of those persons arrested on warrant and charged with serious crimes only 3½ per cent will be acquitted by juries, yet only 32 per cent will be punished. In Chicago there will be 3019 burglaries reported by the police — with no figures as to how many more unreported — and there will be just 179 persons punished for burglary. For 270 murders reported, there will be 65 persons penalized, of whom but nine will be

sentenced to death. Of these nine, one will have his sentence commuted by the governor, two will be reprieved by him, five will secure from the supreme court a stay of execution until further proceedings can be had, and one will be hanged. Throughout the country there will be the same inefficiency in law enforcement. (These figures are taken from the reports of various crime commissions and surveys. But so lacking is this country in even the pretense of real record keeping that the accuracy of the figures is not vouched for even by the organizations presenting them.)

II

For this state of affairs Henry Flivverman will vigorously condemn 'the law,' and so will Mr. Lincoln. No doubt the law is very far from perfect, despite the 1173 statutes enacted last year in North Carolina alone and 812 more in Tennessee, and there is much to be done by the Commissions on Criminal Law springing into existence everywhere. In many places the law is antiquated and anachronistic. In some it is irrational. In a few it is ludicrous.

In California, for example, section 113 of the Vehicle Act makes it a crime for any person to drive an automobile on a public highway faster than 35 miles an hour. The section does not make exceptions or conditions, nor does it say merely that one ought not to exceed that speed. It explicitly declares speeding to be criminal. But section 155 of the same statute prohibits any court, in which a person is on trial for speeding, from considering evidence of the time required for him to traverse a measured stretch of highway, and it precludes judge or jury from hearing the testimony of any policeman unless such officer was 'at the time of such arrest dressed in a

distinctive uniform and patrolling the highway in plain sight of all persons traveling thereon.' The legislature might have framed its ideas as to speeding with much less complicated expression. It might have used the simple declaration that anyone guilty of speeding while a uniformed policeman is in full view shall be punished. This would have hit the stupid and incautious, the unobservant speeder as effectively as does the more elaborate indirection of the statute. But Flivverman and Lincoln asked for just what they got, in respect to that law, and they are still asking for similar nonsensical legislation in other states.

It is not such peculiarities in the law, however, that account for 270 murders and but one execution, or for five convictions for a hundred burglaries. The scope of the criminal law in general is broad enough. It covers the acts of which we would convict the actors. The figures cited, which are representative of conditions throughout all the United States, show a real escape of offenders from the punishment which the law does provide. The law exists, it is sound, it is wise, it is sufficient. Yet those who violate its prohibitions go unpunished. Murder, rape, excessive speed, are legally punishable, but the murderer, the rapist, and the speeder go unconvicted. The law in effect is a failure.

But, using 'law' in the sense of rules of conduct which are obligatory, which must be followed by the judge as well as by the commoner, this failure is not the fault of the law. On the contrary, its failure, its inefficacy, is the fault of the human element through which alone it can operate. Messrs. Flivverman and Lincoln must direct the blast of their condemnation at the policemen, prosecutors, judges, pardoning boards, and governors who, from good motive

and bad, constantly misapply or misuse the law and defeat its objective.

Consider, for instance, that reversal of Sherwood Davis's conviction. There was no 'law' which obligated the supreme court to reverse it. True, there is an unhesitatingly accepted and very wise principle of law to the effect that the conviction of one who has not had fair trial must be reversed, even though the judges of the supreme court may personally think him guilty. Our law imperatively requires fair trial and full opportunity for defense before a jury, in an orderly and customary way. Consequent on this is the requirement that every defendant be precisely informed, before the trial, of the specific facts upon which the charge against him is based. He must be informed whom he is alleged to have killed, for instance, in order that he may be prepared to prove, if possible, that the victim is still alive. The time of the killing, too, is important to the defendant, that he may be prepared to prove the fact of his presence elsewhere at the time. The allegation of certain material facts in an indictment and the unexpected proof of quite different ones at the trial might be extremely upsetting to a wholly innocent defendant, might catch him without available disproof, and might even result in a most erroneous conviction. Nor could a court of review, knowing only the evidence adduced and not that which might have been adduced, wisely do otherwise than order a trial *de novo*.

Based on this sound proposition, there developed during that period of English history when courts were scholastic rather than rational a judicial practice of treating every variance between allegation and proof as *ipso facto* prejudicial. The absurdities of these decisions would be incredible were they not so manifest. They were unreasonable, nonsensical in the extreme,

even when the other conditions of society at the time are considered, but they were in fact the judicial custom.

Among these fungoids of the rational principle was the ruling that any variance in name between allegation and proof was fatal unless the two were *idem sonans*. (The reason for the exception is immaterial here, although it makes the adoption of the ruling by modern courts peculiarly irrational and ludicrous.) The judges of that period would have rendered the decision in the Davis case as a mere matter of course.

Nor in fact is there lacking a plenitude of decisions by much more modern courts, to which the Alabama court could have pointed by way of precedent. In 1913 the Illinois supreme court reversed a conviction of crime committed against a little girl, saying simply, very simply, 'The Christian name of the victim of the crime was alleged to be Rosetta. The proof was that her name was Rosalia. The variance is fatal.' And this despite explicit Illinois *law* to the effect that writs of error should be granted only when the court is of the opinion 'that there is serious or prejudicial error in the record,' and that 'no writ of error shall be sustained for any matter not affecting the real merits of the offense charged in the indictment'!

But no real principle of law to-day precluded the Alabama judges from disregarding those particular unprincipled and unsuitable old English decisions. No modern philosophy demanded from the court the decision of the Davis case. So far as legal philosophy is concerned, so far as personal liability to some other political authority is concerned, so far as anything save personal inclination and independence of mind is concerned, the Alabama judges might have declared that

those precedents were unsuited to modern conditions, were inapplicable to the facts of the Davis case, because the status of a defendant is not what it used to be; that the decisions never were in their inception founded on reason; that no rule of property was involved, making certainty more important than reasonableness; that, in short, the decisions were not 'law,' and the court was under no real or theoretical obligation to follow them.

In fact, the Alabama court itself had already denied explicitly that a mere difference of name in allegation and proof was necessarily prejudicial. Only a month before the Davis case, that same court had affirmed the conviction of Ben Dinkins, charged with assault upon Gese Parker, although the proof showed Parker's name to be Gise. And a year before they had opined that the defendant was not at all prejudiced by the difference in allegation and proof between Burl Odam and Burrell Odom, Booth and Boothe, Burdet and Boudet, Edmundson and Edminson. If the court chose to find cause for reversal because of the difference between Clio and Cleo, it was the court's own choice and not the compulsion of an absurd law.

If there was no real potential prejudice to Davis in the difference of name, the court delayed and perhaps defeated enforcement of the law because it made an unwise choice and unnecessarily reversed a fair conviction. If the variance was in fact so probably potential as to make reversal necessary, the fault was that of the prosecuting attorney who allowed the prejudice to occur. In either event it was failure of the human element, not a defect in the rules or the philosophy of law.

So too of the Wagner case, did space and interest warrant its discussion, it might be pointed out that while an

indictment must state facts which show a crime to have been committed, and while many preceding decisions have required that the showing be made with the utmost explicitness and meticulous exactitude, there is nevertheless no rational principle which compelled the Nebraska court to ignore the statement of fact by reasonable implication which runs with every other course of human communication. Such decisions are matters of predilection and choice, not of legal obligation.

III

In any number of ways it is the humanness of the judges rather than any law which accounts for failures of public justice and ineffacy of the criminal law. This is not said in derogation of the American judiciary. The writer yields to no one in respect for our judges, in appreciation of their character and abilities, and in admiration for what they have accomplished under the circumstances. Inasmuch as the primary requisite of an American judge is political ability, else would he not be a judge, it is matter for congratulation that they have so consistently been endowed also with the honesty and judicial capacities which they have shown in so high degree. Nor are the majority fairly to be painted with the technical peculiarities, or the deficiencies, which some have shown. Cases such as those here cited and those of which the public is most apt to hear are the spectacular ones, the unusual ones. The wise and efficient application and development of law, which are the daily routine, seldom come to the public notice. Nevertheless there are faults in that human element which, developing in the administration of justice, stigmatize the law with a false appearance of asininity and inefficiency.

When Cornelius Shea was tried in Illinois, 9425 persons were summoned to court as potential jurors. Of these, 4821 were examined and discharged before a sufficiently unintelligent jury of twelve was selected to sit in judgment. In a San Francisco trial, 91 days were occupied in the sole task of selecting a jury, although when the famous, or infamous, Dr. Crippen was tried in England the jury was selected in eight minutes.

But again this extravagant, wasteful travesty upon rational procedure sprang from no defect in the law. The Illinois statutes exclude from jury service certain limited classes of people, such as public servants whose duties to the public are such that their time should not be otherwise required. The law provides further that persons whose natural interest in the success of one party or the other would probably prejudice them shall be excused from sitting in the particular case. But save for such limited exceptions as these, the law merely excuses from the particular case those persons who a preliminary interrogation shows would have a tendency to be biased, who would not probably render an impartial verdict. Beyond a limited number of peremptory challenges, the attorneys have no right to say that any particular man shall or shall not sit. Nothing more could be asked of the law. Impartial jurors are the fundamental requisite of our whole legal system. In permitting the calling and rejection of thousands of veniremen for a single jury, either that judge was confronted by the amazing fact that of nearly 5000 men presumably impartially called only 12 were capable of rendering an impartial verdict, or else he rejected qualified, suitable jurors in disregard of the law. In either event the law was sound, and the human element, veniremen or judge, alone to blame.

When one finds unfit juries, incompetent jurors of the lowest intellectual classes, 'professional' jurors, this too is frequently the result of some judge's laxity and indifference, or his political *laissez faire*. In some states the judge appoints the official whose duty it is to select for jury duty the names of citizens 'of good character, of approved integrity, of sound judgment, and well informed,' and he has power to insist on jury service by those who are selected. Whenever the so frequent undesirables, instead of citizens well informed and of good judgment, form the jury panel, it is the defect of those who have failed to follow the clear mandates of a wise law.

So too delay, which is the salvation from retribution sought by many a hard-pressed criminal, delay which cools the ardor of prosecution, blunts the edge of public interest, effaces the memory of witnesses, and — less valuable to the criminal but important to the public safety — weakens the deterrent effect of punishment when it does come, delay is a favor from the judge. Law which forbade any delay, which precluded postponement regardless of illness of attorney or witness, for instance, would be ridiculous. Law which rigidly limited the number of adjournments to one, or to two, would be scarcely less so. The right to adjournment of trial must reasonably and fairly rest within the discretion of the judge. The law which clothes him with that discretion is sound. But what of the judges who exercise that discretion, when a recent report covering the Chicago criminal courts shows a murder committed in 1920, the defendant on bond, 19 continuances granted by six judges; another murder committed in 1921, the defendant at liberty on bond, 34 continuances granted by ten judges; two other murders committed in 1921, the defendants all out on bond, 31 and

30 continuances respectively? In still other murder cases the list of ten or more continuances is lengthy. Over four years gone by to the date of the report in one case, over three years in the other cases, the defendants all at large, enjoying the liberty of any law-abiding and unsuspected citizens, the probability of ultimate conviction at a minimum!

A defect in the law? Not at all, but in elected officials.

IV

Not all inefficacy of the law is the fault of the judges, of course. When Dion O'Bannion was murdered amid his Chicago flowers the press made much of his record of unpunished crime. But it neglected to record that during his life, when the police asserted that they had caught him in the act of robbing a safe and he was duly indicted and tried, it was the twelve good men and true of a Chicago jury who declared him guiltless. To a query of probable bribery, the police answer was, 'Not necessary; the criminal jurymen all knew O'Bannion.'

It was a Chicago jury which found Martin Durkin, bootlegger, automobile thief, seducer, killer, guilty of murder without any extenuating circumstance, and then recommended a term of years in the penitentiary instead of the execution which Illinois law provides. It was a Chicago jury which declared Russell Scott too insane to be hung for the murder of which he had already been convicted. It was a jury which acquitted Harry Thaw, on the ground of insanity. If it be true, as the layman believes, that a pretty woman cannot be convicted, it is necessarily the jury which always acquits her. It was a woman of the jury quoted as saying, when Kid McCoy was acquitted of murder, 'Mr. McCoy is not the type

of man that hangs.' In the words of an editorial, 'that verdict, from any point of view, was ridiculous.' It was; but it was the verdict of a jury, not a defect in the law.

The failures of the prosecuting attorney likewise account for much inefficacy in law enforcement—not only his failures to secure convictions, but his success in conviction through failure to prosecute the case fairly. Often, of course, he fails for one reason or another to get a conviction which justice demands. Sometimes that is attributable to unwise technicalities in the law, sometimes to his human deficiencies, quite often to force of circumstance, for which he cannot be blamed. But sometimes his energy is unwisely spent in success. Within three months of each other, two important cases from Cook County—one a conviction for homicide, the other for embezzlement—were reversed by the Illinois supreme court for prejudicial conduct of the state's attorney. In the embezzlement case the court said of the prosecutor and the expert accountant, 'Neither of them seemed to know what was needed to establish the guilt of the accused, or how to make the proof if they had found out what was necessary to be proven.' In the other it said, 'Respect for the law and its proper administration will not be established by the lawless and unprofessional conduct of those charged with the enforcement of the law such as shown by this record. . . . For the misconduct of the state's attorney and the errors of the trial court in permitting such misconduct the case must be reversed.'

During the year preceding, out of the 162 criminal cases that were carried to the Illinois supreme court on one ground and another, 13 involved improper conduct of the state's attorney and eight of the convictions were reversed on that account. Again be it

said that this is not meant as a reflection on the character or ability of the thousands of prosecuting attorneys throughout the country who are carrying out honestly and well a particularly difficult obligation. Nevertheless, again the law itself cannot be bettered. It does not say that convictions must be reversed if the prosecutor misbehaves, but only that they must be reversed if such misbehavior casts suspicion upon the fairness and justice of the conviction. The rule could not be otherwise. If reversals occur where convictions are clearly just, only the members of the reversing court can be blamed; if the reversals are proper, the state's attorneys must bear the censure.

Parole commissioners too are human, though they hold office through the law. 'Big Jim' Morton was foisted on society, or nearly so, by the Ohio Board of Clemency. Six times he had been convicted of burglary and sentenced to imprisonment and six times he had been paroled or otherwise released from the penitentiary. Only once was he held for more than three years—in California, where he spent three years and a half in jail. Twice he was paroled and once returned to the penitentiary for violation of parole. Once he escaped prosecution for automobile stealing in Minnesota by jumping his bond. After that he robbed a bank in Cleveland. He was later arrested for a minor offense in Toledo; his connection with the Cleveland robbery was discovered and he was eventually convicted thereof. The Ohio supreme court reversed the conviction because he had not been allowed to take certain depositions. On a new trial he was again convicted and was sentenced to from one to fifteen years in the penitentiary. Then he began to ask for parole, on the strange ground that he would like to go to Minnesota or Michigan to stand trial for crimes which he

was alleged to have committed there. Neither Minnesota nor Michigan asked for his release or appears to have desired it. Nevertheless the Board of Clemency held a special meeting and granted a 'conditional release to Michigan authorities, effective if and when called for, out of Ohio forever with no final release.' No official explanation for this was given, though those assigned in the press included the fact that it was too hot in the Ohio penitentiary, that Morton would probably be convicted of robbery in Michigan, and that he had promised to stay out of Ohio.

In due course Morton was delivered to the Detroit authorities. After many continuances it developed that, owing to lapse of time since the commission of the crime, he could not be convicted in Michigan. He refused to plead guilty. (He had promised to plead guilty to the Minnesota charge, but for reasons unknown had not been sent there.) The question became how to hold him longer. He had been 'conditionally released,' to be sure, but what were the conditions? The order of release did not state. He had been released presumably to stand trial in Michigan, and he was ready to stand trial. There seemed to be no strings sufficient to haul him back to Ohio. He was not a fugitive from justice for whom extradition could be asked; he had been voluntarily released 'out of Ohio forever.' A writ of habeas corpus was about to be asked by his attorney and might probably be granted, freeing Morton from any custody. Fortunately for society, the authorities themselves undertook to violate the law, for which they were afterward vigorously criticized in some quarters and by some judges. Three state troopers unexpectedly spirited Morton across the state line, and Ohio authorities locked him up again for a while.

Such a situation could hardly be foreseen or forestalled by the law. We cannot so far step backward as to abolish entirely the parole law. It is therefore to its very human administrators that we must look for avoidance of its abuse.

V

So the tale might run unendingly. Quite recently the writer sat in one of the criminal court rooms of a city sometimes noted for its prompt administration of criminal justice, listening to the arraignment of prisoners. The judge, for a laudable purpose of his own, asked each defendant when he had been arrested. Many had already been in jail for a fortnight, some for a month, awaiting trial. One man had been in jail for six weeks waiting for a chance to plead guilty. As it later developed, he had been given a preliminary hearing as soon as arrested and admitted his guilt. But judgment could not be rendered against him until a formal accusation was made—an indispensable of orderly, recorded procedure. Two weeks went by, however, while he lay in jail, before the facts of his case were sent to the prosecuting attorney. For two weeks more he waited in jail before that busy office could draw up an information and return it to the courts. Still another two weeks he waited before the assignment clerk brought the case up for hearing. At the hearing

the defendant promptly pleaded guilty. And then the judge was compelled to remand him to jail for sentence at a later date, because no one had been notified to look up his history and previous criminal record.

Thus, from the failure of the police to arrest for crime, the failure to prepare the evidence, the failure of the state's attorney to prosecute the case, the failure of the jury to convict, the failure of the courts to sustain a fair conviction, the failure of the parole board to function wisely, to the failure of the governor to withhold his pardon, the inefficiency of the criminal law is a matter of the weakness of the human element through which it must function.

Crime commissions of one sort or another in half the states of the Union are busily gathering data and preparing proposals for revamping the criminal law. May their work prosper! There is everything in the way of fact yet to be learned, and the law needs revision. The danger is in resting content therewith. The situation is unfortunately not one to be cured by the comparatively easy method of a fit of enthusiasm and a bit of legislation at the capitol. It can be really alleviated only when Messrs. Flivverman and Lincoln correct their own failure to show a continuing and helpful interest in the conduct of the officials on whose service they rely.

INVISIBLE PRESENCES

BY JAMES H. LEUBA

I

How wonderful the human mind! It has given us mastery over the animal world and over physical forces stupendous in their might. It promises even to make us masters of ourselves and of our future development. But the possession of this wonderful capacity entails also unfortunate consequences. It leads primitive man into forms of behavior grotesquely absurd and at times not only useless but also harmful — habits of which no animal could ever be guilty. Did any animal ever attempt to kill otherwise than in what seems to be a rational manner?

That cannot be said of the natives of the islands of Melanesia. They seek to destroy their enemies with ghost-shooters made of a bit of bamboo stuffed with leaves, a dead man's bone, and other magical ingredients. The magician holds it in his hand, with the open end of the bamboo covered with his thumb, till he sees his enemy; then he lets out the magic influence and shoots his man.

Among the Papuans, when a house is to be built, the preparation begins long before the actual work. A variety of things, which do not seem to us to have any possible connection with building, have to be assembled: a few leaves from the thatch of a house, some ashes from a fireplace, certain things connected with the person of an enemy, — a little of his spittle, remains of food showing his teeth marks, trophies such as pieces of the skull of a slain enemy,

— certain parts of a wild pig, a snake, the teeth of a dog known to have been very fierce. Only when all these things have been gathered is it wise to begin to cut down the trees for the building. When the poles have been prepared and the holes dug for them, another chapter of queer performances begins: the end of the main post is smeared with ashes mixed with water, and the remainder of the mixture is kept for daubing the men when they go out to fight; the snake is twisted round the lower end of the post; in the hole made for it are put the eyebrows, finger nails, and parts of the tongues of slain enemies.

I shall not weary you with further directions for the erection of a solid house, proof against accidents, in which a family may live happily ever after. I shall add only that every part of the life of the uncivilized — birth, marriage, hunting, the preparation of the game, sowing, reaping, death, burial — is regulated by magical and by religious customs regarded by us as altogether ineffectual.

It may seem a matter for wonder that among the first fruits of the great intellectual gifts separating man from the animal should be useless and absurd beliefs and practices, making men look ridiculous by the side of the apparently sensible and reasonable animals! But it requires imagination and powers of invention to create magic. The animal is preserved from errors of imaginative

thinking by the absence of that superior form of thought.

We are not to suppose that, because magic and inferior forms of worship have disappeared from our highest civilizations, the mind has ceased to mislead us into striking and far-reaching errors. I intend to consider in this paper two related forms of illusion. The first is the conviction of the presence with us of a person, although the ordinary indicators of a presence — such as sight, sound, touch — are absent. Let us call that experience the Sense of Presence. The second is a failure to become aware of the reality of a person actually perceived by the senses; it is, therefore, the reverse of the Sense of Presence. We may call it the Unreality of the Real. The first experience is almost commonplace, in no way indicative of abnormality, and plays an important rôle in civilized humanity, particularly in religion. It is otherwise with the second; it does not come to healthy persons, and it is socially insignificant.

I shall illustrate these two kinds of related experiences by a sufficient number of instances, and then attempt an explanation of them. The same psychological principles will be sufficient to explain them both.

Before proceeding, however, I should like to comment briefly upon the attitude assumed by many persons — even by certain philosophers — toward any attempted explanation of things which, for some reason or other, have come to be regarded as mysterious and sacred. No less a personage than William James will provide us with the horrible example of romanticism and misplaced awe which I desire to bring to your attention.

In that famous book, *The Varieties of Religious Experience*, there is a chapter entitled 'The Reality of the Unseen,' in which, among other things,

invisible presences are taken up. The phenomenon is abundantly illustrated, but no effort is made to explain it. The author's purpose is not to analyze and to understand, but to set forth the wonder and to declare the inadequacy of reason to cope with it. Instead of attempting to do the work that might be expected of the psychologist, he launches into a tirade against rationalism: 'We have to confess,' he writes, 'that the part of it of which rationalism can give an account is relatively superficial. It is the part that has the prestige undoubtedly, for it has the loquacity, it can challenge you for proofs, and chop logic, and put you down with words. But it will fail to convince or convert you all the same, if your dumb intuitions are opposed to its conclusions. . . . Something in you absolutely *knows* that that result must be truer than any logic-chopping rationalistic talk, however clever, that may contradict it.'

I will take the liberty of saying that this last sentence might have come from the mouth of those who, in long-past centuries, wanted the Giordano Brunos and Galileos to recant their sacrilegious propositions and to stop their impious search after knowledge. We may imagine the cold, unflinching voice of the inquisitor saying, 'Our God-given eyes assure us that the sun turns round the earth. That assurance must be truer than any logic-chopping rationalistic talk, however clever.'

I must not forget to add that the passage I have quoted does not represent William James completely. It expresses only one, or perhaps two, of the several moods or attitudes of this great and many-sided writer: the mood of the scientist acutely conscious of defeat and limitation, and partly discouraged; and the mood of the romantic soul, lover of adventure and mystery.

I think we may proceed and seek to explain even the Sense of Invisible Presence without fear of making discoveries reserved for themselves by jealous gods.

II

I begin with the Unreality of the Real — that is, the failure to believe in the reality of someone whose presence is testified to by vision or some other sense. Confronted with his daughter, an unfortunate neurasthenic father would say, 'It seems to me that she is not my daughter, for if she were my daughter I should experience a great joy.' Another patient, in the presence of her mother, whom she recognizes very well, would nevertheless deny that she was her mother and even affirm that the person before her had no real existence.

This curious impression of unreality, or rather this curious absence of the impression of reality, varies in its extension. At times it bears mainly on one person or on one class of things, or yet upon a period of one's life. In other cases it affects everything, even the sense of one's own existence. Claudine, a patient of Janet, complains that things have become strange, that they have lost their reality. In Lætitia the disturbance spreads to her own self. Reversing Descartes's axiom, she had the audacity to say, 'Of course I think, but I do not exist.' And to Janet, her physician, she would say, 'Why do you want me to speak to you? You do not exist; neither do I. Good-bye.'

This absence of the impression of reality affects not only things actually perceived by the senses but also memories of past experiences. The past is not forgotten, memory remains; but the things recalled, like the things perceived, have lost their reality.

Janet reports very striking instances

of this abnormality. A lady who had suffered throughout her life from neuropathic disturbances married at thirty-eight and enjoyed a few years of happiness. When the husband died fairly suddenly, the unfortunate widow returned to her earlier neuropathic condition. The disturbance took on a particular form. She accused herself of lack of the proper feeling for her husband. 'It seems to me,' she would say, 'that one must feel a peculiar sorrow for the death of a child, of a friend, of a husband. Well, I do not feel any particular sorrow for my husband, that excellent man—his personality escapes me. To have no appropriate sorrow—that is revolting and unjust. It is humiliating to live thus heartlessly. And the friendly visits of condolence; friends who come weeping and saying, "I understand your grief, I sympathize with your great sorrow"—they are more than I can stand. With whom do they sympathize? I feel no sorrow. It is painful not to be unhappy, and I should be happy if I could be unhappy.'

She searches her memory for past incidents which will bring back to her the affection and the love she knows she had for her husband. The memories come, but there is no life in them; she remains indifferent; they do not have the kind of reality which normally would belong to them. She says, 'I was proud to be his wife. Well, when I think of an outing with him, arm in arm, or of a visit, I do not get even a trace of pride or satisfaction. I try to imagine that he is going to come in—I remain indifferent. I think that he will never again come into this room—again I remain indifferent. It is as if my memories were not about him, as if they were not about myself.'

There is no need of adding other instances; the main features of these curious experiences have appeared

clearly enough. We understand now that to perceive a person with the external senses is not equivalent to having a normal consciousness of the reality of that person; and, similarly, we see that a remembered experience—however clear and detailed it may be—may affect us as if it were not really a memory of that experience. Something must be added to what the senses give us, and to the recalled sensory impressions, in order to produce the conviction of reality. What that something is, is partly indicated in the instances I have described to you. The sight of the daughter leaves the father cold; he does not feel the joy he knows he would feel were that young woman really his daughter. And the idea of the beloved dead husband leaves the wife entirely indifferent. Let us remember these facts when, later on, we shall pass to the explanation of both the sense of the Unreality of the Real and the sense of the Reality of Invisible Presences.

We normal people may perhaps get a glimpse of the disheartening experiences of these poor neuropaths by seeking to realize what would happen within us if, when about to greet with joy an old friend, we found ourselves facing, not the friend, but some stranger who happened to be a perfect image of the friend. Our attitude, feelings, and thoughts would instantly be radically changed, and with that change would come the sense of the absence of the friend.

The obvious psychological lesson taught by these mental disorders is that the conviction of the reality of people and things does not depend merely on the impressions they make upon the external senses, but on the awakening within us, by these sensory impressions, of complex reactions among which the emotional reactions play a conspicuous rôle.

III

We may now pass on to the counterpart of these abnormal experiences—that is, the conviction of the presence of someone in the absence of any perception by the external senses. If the former variety of experience is of little social significance, the latter has been and is, as you will see, of very great importance in the history of individuals and of societies.

The writings of the classical Christian mystics contain numerous instances of the Sense of Invisible Presence. Here is one of the many reported by the great Spanish mystic, Saint Theresa. 'On the day of Saint Peter, as I was in prayer, I saw near me, or rather I felt—for I did not perceive anything either with the eyes of the body or with the eyes of the soul—I felt the Christ near me and I knew it was He who was speaking to me. . . . It seemed to me that He kept walking at my side; and, as it was not a vision of the imagination, I did not know under what form He was present . . . but He was always on my right side; I felt Him very clearly.' Observe how, in this description, Saint Theresa is puzzled by the assurance she has of the presence of Christ in the absence of any external sensation or even of 'vision of the imagination.'

A woman whom we shall call Mlle. V—, Protestant in religion, had suffered impatiently throughout her life from the lack of an intimate companion. One night, before falling asleep, she became suddenly aware of a friendly Presence. She calls it the Friend. His approach was not made known to her through the senses. She felt him somewhere in space and yet within herself. She talked to him more than he to her. The Presence was soothing, purifying. But although this Friend affected her like a really present

person, Mlle. V—— did not long let herself be deceived. She knew too much and was too keen an observer to mistake the creation of her heart's desire for an objective reality. She said, 'I wish I was not so sure that he is merely a split in my personality, so that I might take it more seriously; but I see the ropes too clearly.'

A few months later, the character of the Presence changed. It was no longer a human Friend, but a divine Presence. It reappeared thirty-one times at irregular intervals in the course of sixteen months, and then the manifestation ceased. I wish there were room to add some details, to tell you in particular how Mlle. V—— convinced herself gradually that the whole affair was a creation of her 'subconscious self,' — that is her own expression, — and how, when she had made that discovery, the experience came to an end.

With these two instances before us, it is probably unnecessary for me to say that the Sense of Presence is something else, something more, than the mere thought of someone's presence. On hearing a door open or the steps of a person, I may infer that someone is there in my neighborhood. That inference of a presence is not at all the Sense of Presence, although it may well be its starting point. Usually, however, it remains a mere thought, a mere inference of the presence of someone. What difference there is between these two experiences we shall see more fully as we proceed.

It would be an error to suppose that this conviction of an impressive Presence, more concretely real than what the eyes see and the hands touch, occurs only in the religious life. Many are the persons who have experienced it outside of all religious connections. From a collection gathered from contemporaries I transcribe two instances that are little more than commonplace.

1. A young woman was sitting in the drawing room of her parents at half after eleven at night, waiting for her father's return. Her mother lay on a couch near her, dozing. She herself was completely absorbed in the reading of a book. No one else in the house was awake. As she read, she was slightly disturbed by the feeling that someone was in the room in the corner opposite her mother's couch. She looked up, expecting to see her father, but saw no one and began reading again. The same sensation came over her three or four times; but since, each time she looked up, she saw no one, she continued to read, being very deeply absorbed in her book. Suddenly she felt someone come from the corner and cross between herself and her mother. She felt it so vividly that she even thought she saw something, but could not say what the something looked like. She was perfectly certain, however, that someone had crossed the room. Startled, she cried to her mother, 'What was that?' Her mother had seen and felt nothing, but the girl insisted that someone had passed, and persuaded her mother to search the house with her. They searched the house in vain.

2. 'We had an early dinner, as we were all going to a wedding. I was dressing in my room on the third floor, and the rest of the family were on the second floor. I could hear them talking, and I sometimes joined in the conversation, calling down the stairs. Altogether, we were having a most hilarious time. Suddenly, for no reason that I know of, a sort of terror came over me. The electric lights had not yet been turned on, and my bedroom, although not dark, was lighted only by the gas light from my study and from the hallway. I seemed to feel a Presence, and it was in the air, moving quite rapidly, about six feet from the floor. I did not look in that direction, but

tried to quiet myself by thinking that such a thing could not physically hurt me, and that, if it were anything spiritual, I should be glad to learn what it had to say. Then I turned — of course to find nothing. I was still nervous, and went downstairs as soon as I was dressed.' The writer of this letter adds that under ordinary circumstances she is never afraid in the house.

In this last instance the Presence was indefinite in character; whether it was a person or something else was not revealed. Such cases are not rare. The two following instances are more or less of that description.

Under date September 20, 1842, James Russell Lowell wrote to a friend: 'I had a revelation last Friday evening. I was at Mary's, and happening to say something of the presence of spirits (of whom, I said, I was often dimly aware), Mr. Putnam entered into an argument with me on spiritual matters. As I was speaking the whole system rose up before me like a vague Destiny looming from the abyss. I never before so clearly felt the spirit of God in me and around me. The whole room seemed to me full of God. The air seemed to waver to and fro with the presence of something. I knew not what. I spoke with the calmness and clearness of a prophet.' Note in this account that 'something' — Lowell did not know exactly what — filled the room with its vague presence. Nevertheless, he ventured the descriptive term 'God.'

My last illustration bears a deeper significance than the preceding; it comes from a university teacher of science, a woman very similar to Mlle. V—— in her profound loneliness and yearning for an adequate intimate companion. Throughout her early maturity, and until the events we are about to relate, her life had been a pathetic, almost tragic, experience of

frustration. Satisfying human companionship having failed her altogether, she came to believe that the only hope of a tolerable and honorable existence was in a divine Companion who would understand her, sympathize with her, and love her. This period of her life culminated in a soul-stirring, mystical adventure which I relate in her own words: —

'Then one night, after a week of this sort of thing, the sense of God's presence came upon me with overpowering fullness. I cannot express the sense of personal intimacy, understanding, and sympathy that it gave to me. I felt the thing — whatever it was — so close to me, so a part of me, that words and even thoughts were unnecessary, that my part was only to sink back into His personality — if such it were — and drop all worries and temptations, all the straining and striving that had been so prominent in my life for years and years. Then, as I felt consolation and strength pouring in upon me, there came a great upwelling of love and gratitude toward their source, even though I was all the time conscious that that source might not be either personal or objective. It felt personal, I said to myself, and no harm would be done by acting as if it were so. This experience lasted for two days in nearly its original strength. Every time attention relaxed from my tasks, the Presence was there, and it was the last at night and the first in the morning in my consciousness. Gradually it became less vivid, but at times it still recurs with its original force.'

This substantial, intimate, and dynamic realization of the presence of persons, either human or divine, is fairly frequent. It should not be regarded as an expression of abnormality in the experiencer — not even though it should have to be regarded as an illusion. The normal mind is

subject to deceptions of many kinds, in particular to those mentioned at the beginning of this paper: the universal, stupendous, and yet normal illusions of magic and of primitive religion, illusions which controlled for ages the life of poor humanity.

IV

The Sense of Presence is the expression of a mental activity so natural and ordinary that it can be reproduced in probably anyone willing to submit to simple experimental conditions. I have myself produced it in a number of persons. The subject of the experiment was seated in a dimly lighted room with his back to the assistants, who sat silent some twenty-five feet away. His eyes were carefully covered to exclude all light. He was told that at any time someone might come forward and stand behind his chair, and that he was then to indicate awareness of the Presence by raising his hand. The floor between the attendants and the subject was covered with heavy rugs in order to eliminate, so far as possible, all sound of footsteps. Under these circumstances I expected that the subject would have two different experiences, and would spontaneously separate them: the ordinary thought of and belief in the presence of someone behind him, and that other impression we have called the Sense of Presence. This anticipation was verified. Of the seven subjects who took part in the experiment, three experienced the Sense of Presence. Had we persevered, all of them might have. The following notes are extracted from the observations of the successful subjects.

1. 'Very suddenly there came a feeling that someone was near me; there was no visualization except to the point of knowing that the person was large. I was very sure it was a person,

and that he or she was behind my chair, a little to the left, about one and one half metres away. [No one was in the room, nor had there been anyone there for about three minutes.] I had a slightly uncanny feeling. Almost immediately there appeared an intense desire to stand up and turn around toward the person, so as to be facing him during a conversation I felt sure would ensue. I had no idea what the topic of conversation would be, or why it would take place. But the idea of carrying on a conversation and the necessity of standing (more to have better control of my mental faculties than anything else — it was not out of respect to another person) were very clear and insistent.'

2. 'After an interval, there came a Sense of Presence not very clear. Then *It* became very clearly present. "Bearing down upon me" was the phrase that flitted through my mind. There was a growing feeling of terror tinged with awe. By this time there was a noticeable muscular tension all over, accompanied by an increased rate of breathing. Shortly after this I began to shiver, and later I had a feeling of cold not connected with the temperature of the room. The shivering ended in jerking all over. When the shivering began, I had the feeling of cowering in my chair. After a short time I could stand it no longer and I impulsively removed the bandage from my eyes, though I knew we had agreed that the experiment should last ten minutes.'

It is by the third subject that the distinction between the thought of a person present and the Sense of Presence is most clearly made.

3. 'The sounds made by people approaching and retreating, the tick of the clock, and so forth, had no effect upon me, for I was attending to my own psychic processes. The atmosphere

seemed thicker than usual and felt charged with what might be called "latent personality." Out of this more or less vitalized atmosphere I tried to form definite presences, determining their position with reference to my own — left front, right front, and so forth. I succeeded to some extent; but the fact that I was consciously imagining these figures detracted from their reality.' So far there is nothing unusual. She hears, as she thinks, steps approaching her chair from behind, and she thinks someone is there behind her. But after a while something more happens. 'Finally, without any effort or force, I felt a Presence standing at the table to my right, and a little behind my chair. It existed only in reference to me. It did not look at me [remember that her eyes were so covered that she could not see anything], but as it turned toward me, and put out its arms as if it were about to touch me, I was so overcome with terror that I lost the sense of its nearness and became aware only of my own tendency to shrink away — almost run — and of my quickened pulse.'

Attention should be called to an interesting feature of this experiment: several of the subjects made an effort to produce the Presence. They thought hard of a person and attempted to visualize him and to determine his position with reference to their own. These efforts remained invariably fruitless. If the Presence appeared at all, it came unexpectedly, after they had ceased the effort of visualization. This is exactly what the Christian mystics have recorded. They also desired and sought a Presence, — in their case it was generally Jesus, — but, do what they might, it appeared, if at all, when it pleased, unexpectedly, either when no effort had been made or when the effort had ceased.

This feature of the experience lends

itself, as you understand, to a belief in the intervention of a personality other than the subject. The latter feels as if the Presence had not appeared in answer to his own bidding, but at the will of the Presence itself.

In order not to misunderstand the meaning of this impression of passivity and of intervention by another will, we must observe that it is characteristic not only of the Sense of Presence but of much of our ordinary mental life. Consider, for instance, what happens when you try to solve a problem, or merely to write a letter — writing a letter is often a considerable problem. You begin with some stereotyped remark and come to a stop. You do not know how to proceed. What happens then? You think for a moment and nothing satisfactory appears. For an instant you let go of the problem, or the problem lets go of you. You look out of the window, you light your pipe. Suddenly, unexpectedly, the idea you need has popped into your head. It seems to have come from outside. I insist upon this commonplace instance, for it represents the ordinary way of the mind in the process of thinking. Ideas pop into our minds unexpectedly, when we have ceased to make any effort to find them, — that is, while we seem passive, — just as the Presence jumps to our side, not as an immediate sequence to our efforts, but, as it seems, of its own volition. In neither case is the sense of passivity of the subject a sufficient proof of the activity of a person other than the subject.

Let me make two final remarks concerning these experiments. The subjects found no difficulty in separating the Sense of Presence from the conviction that one of the attendants was standing behind the chair. And the Sense of Presence never coincided with the actual presence of one of us behind the subject. I do not mean to imply

that this coincidence was impossible; simply it did not take place.¹

V

And now for the final part of this discussion. What can be said in explanation of this curious Sense of Presence? If we understood how the ordinary and veridical conviction of reality comes into existence, our problem would be near its solution. With that purpose in mind let us observe what takes place in the growing infant.

It is evident that the impression made by a person upon a newborn infant is something quite different from and far simpler than the corresponding experience of the adult, and yet the babe sees perfectly well. What is it that must be added to the bare original sight impressions of the infant in order to produce the full sense of the presence of a particular person?

The infant sees the mother not only in one but in a thousand different attitudes. She stands erect, walks, bends, sits. More than that, sensations from the other senses are added in countless numbers to the visual sensations. Her steps and other movements make noises, she speaks and utters pretty sounds while smiling at the child. She touches and fondles it in an indescribable variety of ways. All these sensations contribute in some measure to the formation of the sense of the reality of the mother. Her presence means not merely the bare sight of her; it means a great complex of sensations connected with her.

But we have so far left out a most important class of impressions produced by the mother. The child is not a passive receiver of sight, sound, and touch; he responds to these impressions. At

first little is elicited from the child by the mother's presence — merely some uncoordinated movements of various parts of the body. The movements multiply and acquire significance. The child stretches out its arms toward the mother, moves its lips, and so forth. More important still than the movements of the external limbs is what takes place within the babe, beyond direct observation. One may say, speaking generally, that every part of the internal body of the child comes to be affected in definite ways by the presence of the mother. When it is hungry, the main though not at all the only effect produced by the approach of the mother is an increase of salivation and of the several other secretions connected with digestion. The smile with which the babe greets the mother is an expression of a complex physiological activity. It involves changes of circulation, of respiration, and of other mechanisms productive of pleasure. In short, the sight of the mother comes to call forth in the babe, not only readily observable external movements, but also an extremely complex system of internal reactions, including, more or less, the whole organism: respiration and circulation, the digestive organs, the glands of inner secretions, and so forth.

When the infant has reached maturity, the complexity of his reactions to persons he knows, and even to those he does not know, beggars description. Where is the novelist who could represent adequately the infinite variety of address, intonation, attitude, gesture, by means of which the accomplished society woman indicates to each person his or her relative position in her social world? These infinite nuances of behavior correspond to an infinite variety of impressions made upon her by different persons — impressions among which, we now realize, mere sight counts for little. Knowing a person

¹ A fuller study of this and other aspects of religious mysticism may be found in the author's *Psychology of Religious Mysticism*.

does not mean chiefly familiarity with his features. That alone is almost nothing. Knowing him means being able to anticipate his thoughts, feelings, and actions; and that involves the production within us, by his presence, of certain feelings, emotions, thoughts, and volitions. It is the production of these effects which gives to the sight of a person the vivid, intimate meaning characteristic of a real presence. As a result of this complex inner activity we speak and act in a way appropriate to the particular person before us.

This is enough, I trust, to prove that the more essential element in the realization of a Presence is not sight, or any other sensation coming in through the external senses, — such as sound or touch, — but the complex pattern of inner responses made to these perceptions. Whenever these are absent, the sight of a person seems utterly unconvincing. It is a person with the personality left out, a mere shell of the reality. Under these circumstances, Masselon's patient could not believe, despite the testimony of his eyes, that he had before him his daughter. You remember his saying, 'If she were my daughter I should experience a great joy.' You remember, also, the complaints of Janet's patients. The woman who had lost her husband repeats that she has not the feelings which a wife should have for the memory of her husband. Her remembrance of him leaves her cold, and she cannot realize that it is she, herself, who has lived happily with him. On the contrary, whenever these inner responses exist, the impression of a real presence is produced, *even in the absence of any sensation from the external world.*

Who the invisible person is supposed to be depends upon a number of factors. Chief among them is what we may call the dominant preoccupation or concern of the subject. The Christian who

desires the presence of Christ realizes that presence. When there is no predisposition, no anticipation, the Presence is usually, at first, quite indeterminate, and then may acquire definiteness under the influence of the subject's guesses about it. But an adequate elucidation of this point would take us into channels too technical for a magazine.

Too technical also would be the answer to this question: When the occasion of the calling forth of the inner reactions constituting the essential part of the Sense of Presence is not an actual presence, what is it? I shall say merely that this problem does not appear with reference to the Sense of Presence only; it appears also with reference to hallucinations and to abnormal fears, the fears for which there is no appropriate cause. The subject is fully aware that there is no cause for fear, yet all the inner and outer bodily manifestations take place and the mind is filled with dread, just as if a cause were perceived. A complete answer to this problem would include reference to the function of the mysterious subconscious.

Some of my readers are probably wondering how the preceding explanation of the Sense of Invisible Presence affects the problem of the existence of God. The answer to that query cannot be, it seems to me, a matter for hesitation. Those who accept the explanation I have given will have to hold that the sense of a divine or other Presence is not at all, in itself, a proof of a real presence. The mystic is mistaken when he gives the sense of warm, personal intimacy he has experienced as proof of the reality of the Presence. We know that that experience, absolutely convincing as it *feels* to him, may be an illusion. On the other hand, the explanation given is not in itself a disproof of God. God might never

manifest Himself in that particular way and yet exist.

Moreover, although the Sense of Presence is, let us say, usually an illusion, a God might conceivably, at times, manifest Himself in that way. There would be then both illusory and genuine instances of the Sense of Invisible Presence; and they would be indistinguishable from each other. That last point is not to be overlooked by the would-be believer in the occasional personal manifestation of a God.

The situation is here as in the physical world. Science shows that rain is produced by natural causes — temperature, moisture, wind. But that demonstrated fact would not prevent the occasional production of rain at the good pleasure of a God possessing the necessary power. In order to believe in this occasional action of a God, in the face of the satisfactory scientific explanation of rain and of the Sense of Presence, a rational being would, of course, demand adequate reasons.

Should they be unobtainable, there would remain, as already said, the possibility of a God who does not maintain with man or with physical nature relations of a personal character — such a God would not be satisfactory to the mystically inclined; for the main attribute of the God of the mystic is that He enters into personal communion with man.

But in raising the problem of God we have passed beyond the intended scope of this paper. We began with the remark that mind, great and powerful though it is, deceives us grievously, that it has led the uncivilized into the nonsense and waste of magic and of crude forms of religion. We may close on the comforting thought that, even though the civilized are not free from similar deceptions, the informed mind can be turned upon itself in order to bring into the light its own deceptions. That is what we have tried to do in the case of the conviction of Invisible Presence and of the Unreality of the Real.

A DESERT OWL

BY ELLEN N. LA MOTTE

I

MISS GREY-ASHBY had three things — money, a taste in dress, and a passion for processions. It was never too cold, too wet, or too early to go to a procession, which was an inclusive term and meant weddings at St. Margaret's, funerals at the Abbey, and, of course, the Opening of Parliament. It also included meeting foreign potentates at Victoria, as well as cabinet ministers

and others on their return from the Continent. It was beyond counting, the number of times she had gone to meet the Prime Minister, Liberal or Conservative as it happened, and had stood in the crowd at the station, just to give him the welcome she was sure he deserved. As for the King and Queen, she had an engagement with them nearly every day, somewhere, when they

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were in London, and they took her to all sorts of distances and to all kinds of low neighborhoods, but she never faltered in her allegiance. Sometimes, of course, they went shopping in Bond Street, or held Court, or gave garden parties, which made it easier for her, but she never hesitated to follow them to the East End, to all kinds of queer places near the docks, or in Mile End Road, or wherever their duties took them.

Having money made these pleasures possible. Without independent means she could never have afforded all the bus fares and tube fares required. But of course there were many ceremonies that did not take a penny, being near at hand, just round the corner, so to speak, which is one advantage of living in Westminster, with Parliament and the Abbey a stone's throw away.

And most certainly she had a taste in dress. Because all these different spectacles required different sorts of clothes. Not that anyone in the crowds noticed her clothes especially — an elderly lady, well over sixty and painfully shabby, hardly attracts attention. But dress was due to the occasion, due to herself as spectator. Just as one is always honest about paying one's fare in the bus when the conductor has overlooked it — not that it matters to the omnibus company, but it matters very much indeed to one's self. So Miss Grey-Ashby had a variety of clothes suitable to different occasions, and each morning at breakfast she scanned the 'To-day's Arrangements' column in the *Times* — being able to take in the *Times* argues money in itself — to see what was demanded of her that day. Naturally one made a distinction between weddings and funerals, and prime ministers, and those funny little emirs and sultans who were perpetually coming over from Africa or Arabia to lay their troubles before the Minister

for Foreign Affairs, to say nothing of the King and Queen. If one views a procession from a sand box, which is certainly the best vantage point for an elderly lady but five foot high, one is in a conspicuous position and must dress accordingly. Miss Grey-Ashby had an amazing knowledge of the location of every sand box in London — those great iron boxes painted silver or green, which hold gravel to be scattered over the roads on slippery days.

Now this wardrobe of hers, while fairly extensive and suited to a nicety to every occasion, especially when varied by hats and gloves, was surprisingly shabby. Archaic, to say the least. Cut in a style reminiscent of the early days of the late Queen, but of excellent quality. Which shows the advantage of buying good quality in the first place, for, however styles may change, quality remains. And it is quality, after all, that counts. Miss Grey-Ashby took intense pride in the wearing value of these clothes of hers — none of your modern materials would have stood up so well under so many years of rain and strain. And what modern skirt would have allowed one to scramble to the top of a sand box so modestly?

For her Sovereigns a distinct, final touch was reserved. An elegance, a homage for them alone. This was a tortoise-shell comb, of the kind known as Spanish, some inches high and of corresponding breadth. When worn, it could be well covered by a hat, high in the crown and capacious, and capable of hiding this elegance from the public gaze. Thus protected while pushing her way through the crowds, squirming in and out, ducking below elbows, and elbowing herself when necessary, there was no fear that the precious comb would be broken. Or worse, stolen. Such a temptation to have whisked it off, valuable as it was. But the hat

made all safe. And once on a sand box, as the royal carriage drew near, the hat itself came off. A sheer mark of respect — one can't well curtsy from a sand box. And flaring from the highest rung of the comb, tied with a cunning that forced it to spring forth like a jack-in-the-box when released, was a glorious vast bow of cerise satin. No less. It had been acknowledged, time and again, by Their Majesties — once even from the great glass coach itself.

But apart from these ceremonies of life and death, provided for the cheering of little lives like Miss Grey-Ashby's, she had one more pleasure, equally keen — a love of animals. But none of your cats and dogs, mind. None of that. Her taste was for the exotic. But the exotic comes high — too high to gratify. Macaws, for example, run to guineas. One cannot pay a quarter's rent for a macaw, but one can go and look at them. One can look at chimpanzees for seventy guineas, or meerkats, which are cheap at five pounds. And, if one has asked the price of too many animals and cannot seemingly decide between a gorilla and a mon-goose, it is possible to get out of one's embarrassment by buying a few pennies' worth of bird seed. The purchase of bird seed provides a dignified escape from one's predicament. These strategic retreats are always exciting — finesse is a game in itself. And fortunately there are many animal shops in London, so that one need not visit the same one too often. But because of her taste for the exotic, and because of independent means which were not independent enough, — except for bird seed, — it so happened that for many years Miss Grey-Ashby remained pet-less. Which was a pity, because her garret was so eminently adapted for pets. No black cat on the hearth was a distinct lack. But she wanted something tropical, not a cat. Perhaps it

was as well, the high price of the tropical or exotic. It substituted perpetual planning and dreaming, and visits to remote parts of London, to Club Row on Sunday mornings, and to the great animal importers on London Docks. Once she had a nasty experience at that shop on the Docks, trying to choose between a small lion cub and a honey bear — deterred by the cost, yet trying not to give that impression. The man down there was very rude to her — the next time he saw a shabby little old lady asking for elephants he slammed the door in her face. But that was the sort of thing you might expect in the East End.

So, between processions and visits to animal shops, Miss Grey-Ashby led a very full life. Romance, and eternal hope — a good enough combination for anyone.

II

Like many of us in Westminster, Miss Grey-Ashby saved her threepenny bits. Like many people with a fixed income, she felt it possible to augment it by the discreet and occasional abstraction of certain small coins, which normally would have gone toward rent, or kindling wood, or some such necessity. But by bottling them in a clear glass bottle it was possible to make certain inroads on a fixed income without apparent loss. As weeks and months went by, as the coins in the bottle increased, she felt that without undue extravagance she might well spend the accumulation for a pet. A proper pet. Out of the ordinary, the kind she had always longed for.

It was one of those November days when the daylight gave out completely at three in the afternoon. A long stretch before tea time, a still longer one before supper. The clear glass bottle on the mantelpiece glowed in the firelight, and glowed still further when

she lit the lamp to dispel such gloom as the firelight could not conquer. One is at a frightfully loose end at three o'clock in the afternoon, with the curtains drawn and nothing special to do, and no one laying corner stones or arriving at Victoria — nothing but long hours ahead of one till it is time to go to bed. A waste of an afternoon, a waste of lamplight and firelight, and no little live thing about the hearth to afford a diversion. Miss Grey-Ashby shook the bottle, and the threepenny bits rattled delightfully. She poured them out and counted them. Twelve shillings, a large sum to have collected bit by bit without feeling it. Why not spend it now? Surely *something* could be had for twelve shillings. Surely it was useless to go on saving for something more sumptuous than twelve shillings would buy. Miss Grey-Ashby felt herself giving way. Here now were twelve shillings, and a foggy afternoon, and not many people would be abroad in such a fog — a bargain might happen after all.

She took her bottle, and put on a shabby blue raincoat, and creaked down the garret stairs. The garret, her own floor, was shut off from the rest of the house by a green paneled door, at the foot of the steps. After locking this door, she stood a moment to enjoy, as she always enjoyed, the beauty of the drawing-room floor. The wide hall and fine Adams stairway, one of the best in London. The paneling in the spacious hall was a perpetual joy. She might live in the garret, but it was the garret of a very magnificent old house. And the entrance, the wide stairway, the paneled walls, the noble proportions, were quite as much hers as the garret itself. The ground floor was equally distinguished. She stood her usual moment at the front door, looking up the great stairway of the handsomest house in Old Westminster.

Then out into the murky atmosphere, hurrying along the narrow street made bright by the flares from the open stalls, and by the gleaming lights of the shop windows shining out upon the road.

There was a delightful zoo in a certain West End shop. A cozy room, well heated for the sake of the monkeys, and quite a good place to come to on a raw, dark November afternoon. Miss Grey-Ashby wandered about before the various cages, scrutinizing the price tickets more carefully than the animals themselves. Finally a small owl caught her attention, a brown ball of fluff somewhat larger than a tennis ball, but not much. It stared at her unwinkingly, and the ticket mentioned that its price was ten and six. Well within her limit.

The shop assistant was polite. He said it was a desert owl, from Egypt. And exceedingly hardy — for a desert owl. Not many people cared for owls, which was why the price was so low — it was worth much more. Miss Grey-Ashby took it in her hands. It felt warm and amenable, and did not stir, liking, apparently, to be held. She placed it inside her coat — it remained immovable, very content. A perfect pet. All the earmarks of a perfect pet, including total resignation. So unusual for a bird. Miss Grey-Ashby decided upon it at once.

Now, as in most West End shops, you get a ticket and go off somewhere to the cash desk to pay. In this case the cash desk was removed some distance from the animal department, in an adjoining one, and Miss Grey-Ashby hastened off with her bottle of threepenny bits, the counting of which occasioned some delay. Finally, receipt in hand, she returned for the owl, but decided that she would first have a prolonged and satisfactory look round. She was entitled to it because of her

purchase, and there would be no importunate salesman at her elbow to bother her. And her look round was more than satisfying — the sight of the other animals and birds confirmed her opinion that none of them, whatever their price, was quite so delightful as the little object she had just bought. In due time, well pleased with herself, well pleased with the inferiority of all the other pets compared with hers, she went to the counter with her receipt, and picked up the large, brown-papered box in which the owl was comfortably packed. They were generous in these West End shops — kind to their animals. No stuffing them into miserably inadequate boxes, to be stifled and cramped. She made her way from the shop and boarded a bus. Delightful little creature she had got! She tilted the box slightly on end, just to feel it shuffling gently to the other — nice, roomy box. Plenty of air space, to say nothing of the little airholes punched in the brown paper. How delightful it would be to take the little creature out and sit with it under her coat, before the fire. She had never had an owl. Nor had she known anyone who had.

III

The wide entrance hall was heavy with fog when she opened the front door. She felt her way up the stairs, the rail in one hand, the owl box in the other. Soon she was in her garret, dim with fog, except for the flickering fire. She mended the fire before opening the box — the room should be as warm as possible for the little bird just come from the Egyptian deserts. What a contrast, London, to the hot deserts! She would make the place as warm as possible, to welcome the little guest.

She untied the string with care, though it took some time. The knots were well tied, and she could hear a

shuffling within, which added to her anticipation. Then, the paper removed, she gingerly raised one end of the lid, and instantly a large winged creature dashed forth and took to the air and the rafters, with whirls and screams. The next moment a second large bird flew out — they seemed rather smaller than peacocks — and instantly the room was in a turmoil. No meek owl, but two gigantic birds, of unknown species, were dashing and wheeling about the low-ceilinged room with wild, shrill screams of rage.

‘He’s given me the wrong box!’ cried Miss Grey-Ashby, making a lunge at a frightened thing the size of a vulture. It eluded her, all but a handful of feathers. The second whirred past her head. She ducked, but reached gamely up and seized its tail. The tail came out, but the flight continued. Miss Grey-Ashby seized the fender and screened in the fire. ‘They shan’t go up the chimney,’ she murmured, ‘and they shan’t break my windows, either,’ she cried to herself, snatching at another tail, which likewise pulled out. In a few moments the place was a pandemonium. Eagles, at least. Both whirling madly about, steering erratically without tails, parting with handfuls of feathers at each swoop. In the flickering firelight, between the fog and the feathers, Miss Grey-Ashby dashed after the huge objects that circled this way and that, stumbling and clutching wildly, without avail.

A knocking came from below, at the door at the bottom of the stairs. ‘What’s up?’ cried a voice.

‘Everything!’ shouted Miss Grey-Ashby. ‘Wait a moment — I’ll let you in.’

The tenant of the floor below entered the room. Miss Grey-Ashby darted wildly to and fro, only catching more feathers. ‘Help me catch them!’ she cried. ‘It’s an owl —’

'It's *not* an owl,' replied the tenant, ducking hastily.

'It's my owl,' cried Miss Grey-Ashby, 'that I bought myself half an hour ago — and this is what they gave me instead!' The lodger joined in the chase. Chairs were upset, pictures knocked off the walls, the clock fell from the mantelpiece with a crash.

'One sweet little owl,' panted Miss Grey-Ashby, 'and look at these — vampires!' she cried savagely.

'I wonder what they are?' exclaimed the lodger breathlessly, after a futile leap. 'Wild geese, I should think.'

The birds seemed to get bigger and bigger, but they were also growing balder and balder. The room was a snowstorm of feathers, — long ones, small ones, tail feathers, down, — almost suffocating.

'I've got one!' cried Miss Grey-Ashby in triumph.

'So've I!' cried the lodger. Each seized a panting, bald bird, almost totally devoid of plumage. 'Can't tell what they are, naked like this,' said Miss Grey-Ashby, getting her breath. 'Let's put them back in the box.'

'And that box!' she continued indignantly. 'I thought they were so humane in the shop, giving it a big box to itself like that — my sweet little owl.'

The great birds were shut up at last, and Miss Grey-Ashby and the lodger surveyed the wreck. Then Miss Grey-Ashby sprang up again.

'I'll have to hasten back with them,' she exclaimed. 'Someone's got my owl — my precious owl. Besides, these things might get out again any minute. Though they can't fly much now,' she concluded, 'having nothing to fly with.'

The lodger and Miss Grey-Ashby took the bus back to the shop in the West End.

'You gave me the wrong box!' began Miss Grey-Ashby, as she entered.

'I bought a very charming little owl a short time ago, for ten and six —'

The manager of the animal department was agitated. He was almost forgetting his manners toward a customer. But another customer had evidently been giving him a bad time of it too.

'And you took away, madam, by mistake,' began the manager, 'a pair of very valuable —'

'Valuable!' snorted Miss Grey-Ashby indignantly.

'— very rare —' continued the manager.

'Rare!' retorted Miss Grey-Ashby. 'Rare, indeed! A rare time I've had with them!'

'—worth twenty-five pounds,' went on the manager.

'I don't believe it!' snapped Miss Grey-Ashby.

'And the gentleman who had bought those valuable birds, madam,' went on the manager, 'got, instead, a desert owl, worth ten and six.'

'My precious little owl!' stormed Miss Grey-Ashby. 'It's a perfect outrage! Where is it now?'

The manager proffered a small box, about the size of a teacup. Miss Grey-Ashby seized it. 'It's an outrage, being so careless. Giving me, instead of an owl, those disgusting birds!'

'Those "disgusting birds," as you call them, madam,' continued the manager coldly, taking the large box, 'are worth — and had just been sold for — twenty-five pounds.'

The lodger whispered something to Miss Grey-Ashby and pulled her hurriedly out of the animal department.

'Quick!' she whispered. 'Quick! Run! Let's get out of the shop and lost in the crowd before he opens that box! Before he sues us for damages! The demons may have been worth twenty-five pounds once — but they're not now! There's not a feather left on them — we've ruined them!'

THE MOMENT

BY ALICE BROWN

LAST miracle of all the motes of time,
But now become my bride, my spirit's bliss,
Only to die in evanescent prime
Like love expiring upon a kiss!
Now while I have thee mine, I have the whole
This rounded earth has to her children lent,
The moon and sea and their pervasive soul
That is the breath of beauty's bodiment.

Go not! though thy dim crowding sisters throng
The sequence of inexorable days,
Daughters of bliss or pain, lament and song,
Pausing no more than thou for prayer or praise,
Still to my eyes let thy dear beauties be
The untroubled star in waveless memory.

A GIRL'S FRIENDSHIP WITH RUSKIN. II

NEW LETTERS FROM BRANTWOOD

EDITED BY LEONARD HUXLEY

I

I HAD now been a week under Kate's roof, and the day came when I was to see the Master in his own beloved home. That Monday morning was clouded by a note from Mrs. Severn telling me that owing to pressure of visitors at Brantwood she would be obliged to cut down my promised week to five days, and that I should return to the cottage on Thursday night. This was a very bitter pill, not swallowed without tears, but it had to be swallowed.

The carriage was to fetch me at five o'clock. The day was very wet and stormy, so I attired myself in the navy serge costume in which I had traveled. But when Kate came to my room to offer her services in packing she exclaimed in dismay at my choice.

'Oh, ma'am, are you not going to wear that beautiful peacock-blue afternoon dress?'

'Why, Kate, I am sure this is much more suitable for such a day! And I shall go straight to my room and change it before the Professor sees me.'

'Oh, no, ma'am, you won't be able to do that. The Professor will come out to welcome you, and he will take you straight into his study. And I know he would *so* like that dress.'

So at the last minute I had to allow her to unpack the dress she so much

admired, to satisfy her affectionate zeal.

Her prophecy proved quite correct. In spite of a heavy downpour, Mr. Ruskin came out bareheaded to help me from the carriage.

He led me by the hand into the drawing room, but said directly, 'No! — this is a dreary, nasty room. Come into my study.'

He led me into that most delightful of all rooms, put me into the most comfortable chair beside the fire, sat down himself, and looked at me for a minute without speaking.

Then he gently lifted his hand and said in his slow, sweet voice, 'What a lovely gown you have on, Jessie! What an exquisite shade of blue!'

So Kate's choice of my attire proved correct, and I felt grateful to her. I told him that I had put off my mourning for a brother-in-law because I felt sure he would not like it.

'I object to mourning on principle,' he answered. 'The very essence of it is that you mean to put it off some day to show that you are consoled. Whereas a really noble grief is never put away, but abides with you for life. At my father's death I wanted to put the servants into dark blue instead of black, but I had to give way to my mother's wishes and bear the horrid black.'

Once during this first fireside talk he caught me looking earnestly at his face.

'Well, Jessie?' he asked with an interrogative smile.

I tried to get out of answering, but he insisted on knowing my thoughts.

'I was only wondering why none of the photographs I have seen are the least bit like you,' I blurted out at last.

This pleased him greatly.

'I am so glad you think so, for I have always hoped they were not really like me, but people will say they are very good! And it is very humiliating! They always seem to me just caricatures of my face!' And he added plaintively, 'The sun seems to have a spite against me — and I'm sure I don't know why! I have always spoken very respectfully of him!'

I wish it were possible to convey any adequate idea of the exquisite voice which lent an unforgettable charm to even the lightest speech — so musical that its memory rings in my ears to-day, 'forty years on.'

Here I will give from my journal a little description of Brantwood as it was in those days.

It is a long, low, white house, facing the lake, and sheltered at the back by steep wooded hills. There is a narrow strip of sloping garden, and a little road between the house and the water's edge. It stands some little height above the lake, and behind it rises abruptly the rocky hill covered with trees and shrubs which gives the house its name — 'Brant' being Cumberland for 'steep.' In the wood there are many paths and flights of steps, and a little stream which comes tumbling down from the moor above. Over this stream the Master has built with his own hands an arched stone bridge, built without mortar, of which he is frankly proud. He showed it to me during our first walk in the wood. 'The only help I had in building it was a little assistance from Baxter in lifting some stones

too heavy for my unaided strength. And it will last for generations!' It was really a very pretty little bridge, planted with ferns and woodland plants in the crevices.

Near the house is a small level plot of grass which is sacred to the Master, and never invaded by gardening hands. Here he walks up and down in the sunshine when he wishes to be undisturbed, 'and to think out something particularly nice!'

Above this little wood there is a wide stretch of moorland whose bracken and heather offer a feast of rich color to the eye as one issues from the sombre woodland.

The wild strawberry grows freely in the wood and is a great favorite with the Master. He called my attention to one plant which had thrown its runners right across the path. 'So confiding of it. I do hope no one will be so cruel as to tread on it!'

In the square entrance hall of the house there hung some large and very fine cartoons by Burne-Jones. The drawing room gave me a great shock of surprise. We were then at the height of the 'aesthetic' craze — the 'greenery-gallery, Grosvenor Gallery' days, and I had pictured to myself an ultra-'artistic' room, all sage green, peacock blue, and old gold, with Morris papers and hangings, and so forth. In place of which I found a typical Early Victorian room, old-fashioned, but not antique — in fact, just such a room as might have been found in the house of any wealthy couple of the upper middle class, fifty years before. And that was exactly what it was, for nothing had been altered since the days of the elder Ruskins. Had they returned to life, they would have felt absolutely at home in that drawing room at Brantwood.

The chief additions they would have noticed were the wonderful Turners adorning the walls. These were all water colors, and were protected from injury by sunshine by light wooden frames across which was stretched dark blue glazed calico. All the drawings were framed to the same size, so that any frame would fit any picture. These coverings were removed at sundown, and in the Master's little bedroom, where many of the most exquisite hung, many candles were lighted when the room was prepared for the night, so that he might enjoy his treasures while dressing and

undressing. Visitors were at full liberty to uncover any of the drawing-room pictures if they wished to examine them, but the covers must be replaced immediately you had finished looking at any of them, under penalties too dreadful to be faced!

The study was the room which faithfully reflected the tastes and character of the Master. It was a perfectly delightful apartment, but without a shadow of straining after effect. A long, low room, made by throwing two rooms together — books everywhere, the walls lined with library shelves, stands for portfolios, pictures and drawings on every side, cabinets full of minerals, tiers of drawers filled with sketches and engravings, a few comfortable chairs, and last, though by no means least, a small octagonal table by the fireplace.

I should think no famous author ever did his literary work with so little paraphernalia as did Mr. Ruskin. This small table not only served as his writing desk, but also served for the frugal meals which he took alone in the study when not inclined for society. His breakfast was always laid on it and also his afternoon tea. There was not much to be removed in order to 'lay the cloth,' for a large sheet of blotting paper laid flat on the table and a pile of foolscap were, with a small inkstand, all that was needed when writing. There was not so much as a penwiper to be seen. One day I said that I should make him one. He replied with comic solemnity, 'Jessie — there is no penwiper to equal the left-hand coat tail!'

It was a genuine workroom, with a pleasant amount of tidy untidiness — books on chairs waiting to find their homes on the shelves, pictures leaning against the walls waiting till he should make up his mind where to hang them, and parcels of mineral specimens waiting to be disposed of in the cabinets.

Three large windows down one side, with deep window seats, gave perfect views over the lake and the hills.

It was in this charming study that most of the hours of my stay at Brantwood were passed.

The first evening, when bidding us good-night, the Master asked me

whether I liked to rise early and at what hour I generally came down. When I answered that in summer I came down about seven, Mrs. Severn exclaimed in dismay: —

'Oh, my dear lady, don't do anything so awful in this house, I pray you! You would n't find a place fit to sit down in before half past nine at the earliest!'

'Yes, Joanie,' said the Professor, 'she would! My study is always ready long before that. Would half past six be too early for you to be called? No? And do you like coffee? Yes? Then I shall send you a cup of coffee at that time, and you will find a good fire in my study whenever you are ready to come down.'

And, with a parting glance at one or two of the Turners, Mr. Ruskin left us. Mrs. Severn was quite dismayed at this arrangement.

'But this is contrary to all rules and regulations!' she exclaimed as soon as the door was closed. 'The study has always been sacred to the Master alone in the early morning! Nobody is ever allowed to be with him then.' But here Mr. Severn interfered on my behalf. 'Miss L. is the Professor's visitor, not yours, Joan! She shall do just what he wants.'

So, on my giving a solemn promise that I would neither talk myself nor let the Master do so, Mrs. Severn gave way gracefully.

I was down first next morning and found a housemaid busy arranging the bright fire.

'I have to be very careful, ma'am,' she explained, 'for the Master likes the room warm but the fire only just large enough to make it so. He says that getting the coal is such hard and dangerous work we must never waste a bit. Nothing makes him so vexed as to see a fire larger than is really needed.'

In a few minutes the Master came in, and after the morning greetings said, 'Now you will have to amuse yourself till breakfast time, Jessie, for I must be busy. Here are two things for you to look at — an illuminated thirteenth-century Missal, and *Woodstock*.'

We sat down by the fire, on either side of his little table. After examining the lovely Missal for some time, I took up the *Woodstock*, and to my surprise and delight I found it was Scott's original MS. The writing was beautifully clear and the corrections and interpolations very few. The Master broke silence for a minute to call my attention to a particular page — each page was dated.

'When he wrote that page Scott believed himself a wealthy man. When he wrote the following page next day he knew himself to be a ruined man. Can you find a trace of it in that clear, careful writing?'

And there was none. No more corrections than before — not a tremor in the script.

Each morning of my brief visit I was privileged in the same manner. Sometimes Mr. Ruskin would pass over to me the sheet of foolscap he had just finished writing and tell me to see if any correction was needed. Sometimes he would give me some proof reading to do, telling me to pay particular attention to the punctuation, as 'stops' always bothered him so.

At twelve o'clock he put away his writing and went out for a walk if it was fine, and, if not, to chop up firewood for the house.

The two young girls, Rosie and Peggy, and I were allowed to accompany him then, and also in his afternoon walk or boating on the lake.

More than one afternoon he took us all three to tea at the Waterhead

Hotel, the recently widowed proprietress of which was an old friend of his. 'I like her to have a nice big bill to send me at the quarter's end,' he explained one day. So we feasted gayly on buttered toast, raspberry jam, and real homemade cakes. None of the hotel visitors got a taste of the raspberry jam; the whole season's making was religiously put away for 'the Professor' and the visitors he brought.

I cannot remember now how the subject was brought up, but I recall an interesting conversation at one of the Waterhead teas. I think it was mainly addressed to Rosie, and it was about marriage.

'Remember this: there comes a time in every married life when one partner or the other is tempted to believe that some other person would have been a more congenial mate. There is only one course to pursue if two, or perhaps three, lives are not to be wrecked. You must resolutely turn your thoughts away from the idea. You must deliberately, and with the whole might of your soul, resolve to think only of the good points and the virtues of the mate you have chosen, and of the weak points in the character of the one you are tempted to prefer. It may be a hard struggle for a time, but in the end you will win your way to safe anchorage again. Never forget this, any of you.'

In one of our walks he stopped to gaze lovingly at a violet nestling in a bed of moss by the roadside.

'How marvelously one's capacity for assimilating beauty varies! There are days when a roadside violet holds more delight in its beauty than the soul can contain — and there are other days when the whole majesty of the Alps will not suffice to fill the craving for beauty in the human heart.'

One day he mentioned something

which Turner had said to him once. Peggy opened her eyes in astonishment. 'Did you know Turner?' she asked.

'I knew Turner, Peggy, my dear, as well as a young, foolish, conceited man *could* know an old, wise, and modest man.'

Sometimes the Master dined with the family and sometimes alone in his study. This was when he thought there would be too much noise and talking for him. But after dinner he always joined his guests and the Severns in the drawing room for an hour or two. If he felt so inclined he would offer to read to us. And then we had a treat indeed! I have never heard reading to approach his in beauty. The voice, naturally one of rare charm, was modulated and inflected in harmony with his subject with the skill of a great artist. I had the great good fortune to hear him on several evenings. He read us several chapters from Scott's *Monastery* for one thing, and I well remember how vainly he struggled with the letter *r* in the verses beginning 'Merrily swim we, the moon shines bright.' No effort could prevent its becoming 'mewwily,' but it only added a piquancy to the charm of that lovely voice.

Another night he read us the whole of the story of 'Hansli,' which he had translated for *Fors*. There were several interpolations of his own, and when we came to one of these Mrs. Severn, sitting on the hearthrug against her husband's knee, would whisper in a stage aside, 'Arthur! Arthur! Are you listening? This is a bit of Ruskin's own! And I do so love Ruskin, don't you?' The Master would shake his head at her with a loving smile. 'Joanie! Joanie! Will you *never* grow up?' But he had to stop reading until he had finished laughing every time.

II

So the five happy days flew by and the sad Thursday came when my room was needed for another guest, and I must return to Kate's little house. But the Master softened the parting by promising to come to tea with me the next day and by telling me I should often be summoned to Brantwood for a few hours with him.

Alas! the next day brought a disappointment, for a number of people called on him and detained him so late that he was unable to fulfill his promise of coming to tea with me.

One day the young barrister, Mr. W., and the other 'boy,' Dr. D., came to tea with me at Kate's and we had a gay time. Mr. W. took far more liberties with the Master than anyone else would dare to do. I remember the latter complaining to me one day that 'Aleck' had made him put three whole sheets in the fire that morning.

Mr. W. told me one day how he first gained the Master's affection, and it was a very delightful tale as he told it.

'I'm almost the only person who dares to contradict the Professor, or to find fault with him, and that is the real reason of his fondness for me. I always tell him *exactly* what I think without fear or favor. That was how I first won his notice. One day he was showing some Oxford men — myself among them — a drawing he had just made of an angel. They all went into raptures over it. When it came to me I only said, "What made you draw one wing so much better than the other?" It was the first thing that struck me, so I said it. And the Professor was delighted. "Because I was tired and lazy and impatient. I did the first wing as well as I possibly could and then did the other anyhow because I was in a hurry to finish it. But you

are the first person who has noticed it, or at least spoken of it.”

Early in the following week Mr. and Mrs. Severn left home to pay a visit to friends. And twice at least during that week I had the great pleasure of dining at Brantwood with the little party there assembled. A carriage was sent to fetch me and take me back at night. It was a long and hilly drive, but had it been four times as long the evenings would have more than repaid it. We were rather a small party — Rosie (the Sylphide of the letters) and I were the only ladies. Three of the Master's old Oxford pupils and present favorites, Mr. W., Dr. D., and Mr. C., were the others. I went in to dinner on the Master's arm each time; he took the head of the table and was the most genial and delightful host imaginable. He had not dined with us during my five days in the previous week, so I had not till then seen him act in that capacity.

I remember that on the first night the Master turned to his personal attendant, Baxter, and said, smiling at me: —

‘Now, Baxter, this is a festive occasion, you know. It is the first time this lady has dined with me, so I think you must give us a little champagne in her honor.’

He sipped one glass of the champagne with much apparent enjoyment, but put his hand peremptorily over his glass when Baxter attempted to refill it.

When the carriage was announced for me at eleven o'clock, Mr. Ruskin said, as he bade me good-night, ‘And if I send the carriage again for you to-morrow night, Jessie, do you think you would come again?’

At the next night's dinner the talk turned on the new æsthetic school and the Master said: —

‘I can't quite make out what is

meant by the term. If they mean that they are all followers of Burne-Jones, and mean to be led and taught by him, then they are on the right road and may get and do much good. But if they mean that they are each going to set up for Burne-Joneses themselves — and try and rival and outdo him — then it is all a' pernicious blunder.’

Mr. C., who was an intimate friend of Burne-Jones, here remarked to Mr. Ruskin that that great artist felt a little sore at the Master's failing to speak more openly and publicly as to the high honor he held him in.

‘But, my dear boy,’ exclaimed the Master, ‘Burne-Jones is much too far above me to want any aid from my words! I'm a mere dictionary maker, while he is a Heaven-sent poet! I have n't a spark of imagination in me, while he is nothing else. I can never see one iota beyond what is actually before my eyes. Whatever I can see, a telescope or a field glass could see. Nothing I ever wrote or painted would equal a square foot of one of Burne-Jones's pictures.’

‘Well, all I know is that he told me not a fortnight ago that he owed everything he was, or could do, to you.’

‘Oh, that's nonsense! I may have taught him a little years ago perhaps, but he has been beyond and above me for ages now, and I am only too thankful to get a chance of learning from him whenever I can. The only quarrel I have with Burne-Jones is that he likes girls with green-and-gray faces, and I like them with pink-and-white faces. And old gentlemen's faces, too, ought to be red, like a rosy-cheeked apple, not paper- or tallow-colored, like this!’ — smiling at Rosie and me, as he touched his own pale cheek.

We enjoyed more reading aloud on these evenings. Over some bits from

Hood's Life the Master laughed till he cried, and his reading made us do the same.

These delightful evenings marked the zenith of my happiness in those memorable three weeks at Coniston. They were not to be my last, however. The dear Master had already issued a royally gracious 'command' to return there at Christmas — 'for the whole of the Christmas holidays, remember, Jessie.'

But both Mr. Severn and Mr. W. had most kindly given me gentle warnings that all those who came into intimate relations with the Professor, since his sad illnesses, must prepare themselves for sudden inexplicable fluctuations in his favor toward them, and for startling rebuffs at times, and they had begged me not to take these things too much to heart when my turn should come.

The sequel proved the wisdom and kindness of their advice. The next letter from him, received at Kate's only two or three days after these perfect evenings, came on me like a clap of thunder out of a clear blue sky, and nearly broke my heart in spite of their friendly warnings. Of course the fact that the main accusation it contained was wholly without foundation ought to have told me that the overtasked brain was once more on the point of breaking down, and had I known him better I should have realized this and been less overcome with grief and shame.

I have hesitated long before transcribing this letter, but without it much that follows would be meaningless. So I have decided to give it, heavy as is the blow to my pride, and that after forty years!

The 'Frederic (Ulric)' mentioned in it was a German story of Swiss peasant life which he had asked me to translate for *Fors*.

BRANTWOOD,
Monday.

DEAR JESSIE,—

I send you the paper and the Fred-eric, and I hope you will have had some pleasure in the hills to-day. I was surprised to see, when you were here, how little you had really understood that I wanted you to come to SEE the hills and Brantwood and me — but not at all to talk! You had not, I found, the least idea how much as a rule I dislike talking — how necessary it is for me that my friends should be able to amuse themselves without me. Think — for instance — in going over the lake yesterday — when my proper state would have been merely to watch the thunder-clouds and the wide waters — and let my thoughts go where they chose — what a sudden crash into the brain it is to be asked such a question as 'whether I would tell children how much I believed the Bible!'

I tell you this that you may not think me unkind in not allowing you to come whenever you like. I never do that with *anybody* — and I'm sadly afraid that in general those who want most of me see least, because I find the sense of responsibility too heavy. You must be content to learn from my books, not from me.

But I *shall* be more accessible, much, at Christmas — for the summer is always — rightly — a time of rest for me — and it is more liable also to casual interruption.

Ever affectly yours

J. RUSKIN.

Now I had never asked him such a question about the Bible, either on the lake or anywhere else. Of that I was perfectly certain. The nearest approach to it was as follows:—

On the preceding day I had been fetched early to lunch at Brantwood, and I remembered that as I sat quietly

talking with the Master before lunch the conversation turned on the Bible, and I told him that the father of my two pupils had requested me not to enter with them on the question of Bible Inspiration. 'Let them read and study the Bible as they do any other book, without prejudice. I wish their minds left free from any bias on the matter, so that when they are of an age to use their own judgment they may do so untrammelled by any inculcated dogmas.'

Very likely I may have asked Mr. Ruskin how far he agreed with this attitude, but if I did so it was in a quiet Sunday-morning talk by the study fire, not in the middle of the lake!

He rowed me about for some time that afternoon in his own particular boat, the Lily of Brantwood, and the talk turned mainly on the difference in color between the Highland lochs and streams, with their cairngorm hues, and the colder gray slate color of the Cumberland waters.

And as to my resenting not being allowed to go to Brantwood except when summoned — well, I should just as soon have thought of resenting not being allowed to present myself at Buckingham Palace whenever I liked.

But I did not dare to attempt any denial or justification. I just wrote the humblest and most contrite letter of apology that I could compass, begging him to forgive my thoughtless chattering on the ground of the wild excitement and joy into which the wonderful visit had thrown me. I told him I knew I had not been myself all the time, but had felt as if I were living in Fairyland. Next day brought the reply, and the old signature told me that my apology had been accepted.

So I worked away diligently at the translation from the German with all my might. I sent him the first chapter

when ready, and his next note gave further proof of forgiveness.

BRANTWOOD, CONISTON,
Aug. 23rd, '81.

MY DEAR JESSIE, —

I knew quite well that you were not yourself — and allowed for *that*; only I wanted you, even out of yourself, to feel more distinctly the reasons which prevented *me* from being all that I could have been to you. I could easily have put you into heart and comfort by taking up anything with you seriously that interested us both — but the late summer is just the time of all the year when I am most languid — and wholly dependent on open air and play. When you come at Christmas I shall *D.V.* be actively busy with the hoarfrost and icicles, and you will share the interest and be at ease.

You shall come before it comes to good-bye — and then *I'll* come to say good-bye.

Meantime think only of your Carlyle and Ulric.

Ever your loving

J. R.

BRANTWOOD,
Aug. 24, 1881.

MY DEAR JESSIE, —

The Ulric seems excellently done — and the quantity — marvellous — you will find, to do it as well as you *can* do it — it must be slower!

If I order the carriage for you at Kate's at $\frac{1}{2}$ -past six, can you come and dine to-day, and hear some reading in the evening, and the carriage shall be put up here and take you home at $\frac{1}{2}$ -past ten?

Ever affectly yours

J. R.

The time of my departure from Coniston was now close at hand, for although Mr. Ruskin, in spite of my

chatterbox propensities, most kindly pressed me to remain at Kate's as long as possible, I had to be in London by a fixed date to attend the marriage of my only brother. I was to leave early on the Monday morning, and the Master had promised to come to tea with me on the last afternoon. He was, however, unavoidably detained, but a tiny note reached me about tea time.

BRANTWOOD,
Sunday, Aug. 28th, 1881.

DEAR JESSIE, —

I'm so very sorry I could n't come — but I can't do the twentieth part of the things I want to — Don't have tea for me — but if its fair I'll try to come after tea this afternoon — just for a little chat — I won't say good-bye — I'm sure we can talk by letter just as well as words,

ever affectly yours

J. R.

About six o'clock I saw him come up the garden path accompanied by Sylphide, whom he promptly sent to the kitchen to chat with Kate. He came into my little parlor and sat down by the fire — for the evenings were chilly, though it was August. He sat in the same low rocking-chair as on his memorable first visit, and leaned back, looking very tired.

And then for nearly an hour he talked as only he could talk — mainly about myself, my prospects, the conditions and conduct of my life, and all so kindly, tenderly, and sympathetically that the very words seem graven on my heart. I am thankful that I wrote down much of what he said in my journal that night, for I would not willingly forget any of it. Very strongly he impressed on me that the chief part of all true happiness for all noble people lay in their power of *giving*

sympathy, not in any sympathy they ever received themselves.

'For myself,' he went on, 'you know my life now, and you know that for me all possibility of personal joy is over forever. And yet I am able to find the truest and deepest happiness in seeing those around me happy. Just before I started to come here this afternoon I went to the Lodge to see Joan presiding over the nursery tea table. It is the baby's birthday, and Joanie and all of them looked so happy and peaceful and merry together that my heart was filled with the most exquisite pleasure in looking at them, and in knowing that to some extent they owed their happiness to me. Try to look at life in the same way. If you are denied great joys of your own, make joys for yourself by adding to the happiness of others. And then — you are still young — it is not likely that your life will always be what it is now. All sorts of possibilities lie before you. Have faith in the future. But make the present happy while waiting. I myself will do all in my power to give you happiness. I hope you will often be here with us again. And I shall send you whatever I write, and if you want books at any time you have only to write and tell me, and I will either lend or give them to you. Are there any you want now? Have you Wordsworth?'

I showed him a miniature copy in two volumes which I had brought with me. He examined it, and said it would do very nicely for me. As he gave it back, he took my hand and held it for a minute in a kind, fatherly way, while he talked on about books. Seeing how near I was to tears at the parting, he smiled. 'Whatever girls can find to like in a cross old man like me I can never understand!' Then he added more seriously, 'It certainly has been one of the greatest happinesses of my

life that so many good women have found in me something to like, and I hope I am as thankful for it as I ought to be.'

Trying to cheer me, he spoke several times about the promised Christmas visit, and how quickly the time would pass until I saw them all again. Almost his last words were 'Remember, Jessie, you are promised to me for the whole of the Christmas holidays! Don't go making any other arrangements!'

I tried to stammer out poor thanks for all his goodness to me, but he hurried off in the midst of my blundering attempt. At the door of the room he turned round to say, rather sadly:—

'I wish I could have given you more pleasure, my dear, but I am a poor old dry stick now! Good-bye!'

And he closed the door gently and went to seek Sylphide in the kitchen. A minute later I saw him walk down the path with her and all was over.

Soon afterward Kate Raven came into the room—to find me broken down in a storm of weeping which I could no longer repress.

'Oh, ma'am, what *is* the matter?' she exclaimed.

'I have said good-bye to the Master,' I gasped out between sobs, 'and I shall never see him again!'

'Oh, don't say that, ma'am! He's just been telling me that you will be with us again for Christmas!'

'No, Kate. He thinks so, but I know that I have heard him talk for the last time. Something tells me so, and I know that the warning is a true one.'

Nothing she could urge could shake the woeful premonition—a true one, as events proved.

Three days later I received the following letter:—

VOL. 139—NO. 1

BRANTWOOD, CONISTON,
Sept. 1, 1881.

MY DEAR LITTLE JESSIE, —

I feel every word you say about my kindness as in reality a reproach—for indeed I was very unkind to you—only I thought myself really treating you with more honour by showing you exactly what I was, and how you could—and how you could not help me—than if I had set myself to make you as happy as I could. You will not find that *any* sylph can make me forget you and I trust that your next visit will be every way pleasanter to you. Meantime I shall have little work to give you, because I am bound to take as little as I can for myself—but I am sure of your power and will—and shall send you many a proof when they are coming again here.

We all send you true and loving remembrances. Joan has a charming baby present to thank you for, but lets me do it to-day, for she's going to the sea with the children and has more to do than she is able for. Forgive the shortness of mine—it is not coldness—and believe me ever

gratefully and affectly yours
J. RUSKIN.

III

Alas! The brain excitement of which I had had a warning during my Brantwood visit returned in the course of the autumn, and for some long time after this letters were few and far between and not always pleasant to receive when they did come. I wrote seldom and very cautiously, but even so did not always escape sharp rebuke.

But I can honestly say that never for a single hour did the writer cease to be to me the honored Master, who had wrecked his own health in the lifelong struggle to warn and uplift his

countrymen — often in the face of bitter opposition and cruel ridicule. I treasured every word of kindness and strove to forget the rest, well knowing how foreign to his own sweet nature was such passing irritability.

The following came to me just a year after my visit to Brantwood.

DEAR JESSIE, —

You don't give me Mr. Lovejoy's address — so you must take charge of enclosed letter for him.

Is it really a year? How dreadful! I was only 62 then — and now I'm 63.

Ever your loving

J. R.

Mr. Lovejoy was a widely known Reading bookseller and librarian — an intimate friend of Miss Mitford's (author of *Our Village*). He was quite a 'character,' and one of his eccentricities took the form of refusing all payment for the loan from his circulating library of any books by Mr. Ruskin, of whom he was a devoted disciple. He said their value was so great that no money payment would be adequate. There were no cheap editions of Ruskin in those days, and many of the volumes were first editions, whose money value no one knew better than Mr. Lovejoy. But no matter — they were lent 'for love' just the same. I ventured to suggest to the Master that a few lines of acknowledgment from him would give his old disciple intense pleasure, and he immediately wrote him a charming letter. And the dear old man's joy and pride in its possession were delightful to witness.

During the course of this summer, against my better judgment, I was overpersuaded into accepting an offer of marriage from a man of my own age for whom I felt the highest respect and esteem, but not the same strong affection which he undoubtedly entertained

for me. He, however, urged so strongly that love would certainly follow the intimacy of an open engagement that I weakly yielded, but with the proviso that no blame should attach to me if, after some months of probation, I should withdraw from the engagement.

In writing to tell Mr. Ruskin of this arrangement I confessed that I was not 'in love' with my suitor, but was attracted by the prospect of a happy home with a good man who loved me sincerely and strongly, and whom I knew to be of high principles and sterling worth.

Three plans for our future life were laid before me, and the choice was to be left to me — either for him to continue his present employment of farming land in Yorkshire, or for him to take up a partnership in a cutlery firm in Sheffield, or for us to try our fortune in Australia or New Zealand. I asked the Master's advice in the matter, and here is his reply.

LUCCA,
13th Oct., '82.

MY DEAR JESSIE, —

I don't understand why you should have felt so guilty! — do you? I certainly never advised you to determine to be an old maid — and — so long as you did n't marry a bishop or a banker — what had you to fear in telling me about it.

I certainly anticipate great reforms in the matter of Dress, but I have not the least objection to the Sheffield — or any other — Yorkshire accent — and still less to the soupçon of brogue: and am on the whole only inclined to demur to the notion of 'polishing him up considerably' — the expression sounds to me more Sheffieldian than the subject of it. I am very glad, personally, that you marry into this family, for which I have great regard and respect:

and I am quite sure it is good for you to be married. — As for not caring enough for your husband, it's all nonsense. All women care a great deal too much for their husbands — unless they hate them! they always think there's nobody else in the world like them. But men, as a rule, take a much more modest and rational view of their wives.

I should think of the three alternatives of means proposed, the cutlery was clearly the right one, but I don't see why you should n't get your husband to realise my vision in 'Fors' of the Holy Tapster. I think that part of the old book commends itself to me, more when I'm travelling, than any other.

I'm just going to send a case of flasks of Italian wine to Brantwood (— *nominally* because the flasks are so picturesque!).

Anyhow don't go colonizing — I expect lots of work from you when you're 'settled,' in Sheffield. — It's quite a providential call to you, I think! I'm here just now on Sheffield business, you know, — not that I'm doing any — but anyhow I came to do it. — Write again as soon as you are minded to — Hotel de l'Univers here will be safe for a week after you get this.

With *sincere congratulations* to you both, I am, my dear Jessie,

Ever your affectionate

JOHN RUSKIN.

The few months' probation for which I had stipulated proved to us both that the engagement was a mistake, and just before Christmas it was broken off by mutual consent. The news did not displease the Master, as his next letter shows.

(LONDON, S.E.)

20th — no — *Shortest day*, '82.

MY DEAR JESSIE, —

I could not answer till to-day, and I am a little shy of answering now, for

I am not quite as sympathetic in the whole matter as you would like me to be, and on the whole am better pleased at its close than its opening. I did not think your letters were at all indicative of a mind prepared for marriage — nor — as far as I knew the G.'s, did I think the match suitable for you. My impression is that you may be much more useful and tranquilly happy, single, than in a marriage which left you much to wish for in your husband's ways or gifts. And you would probably at first bore him extremely with Fors Clavigera — and in the end — throw it out of the window — which I should feel sorry for.

I write however to-day only to wish you a quietly re-establishing and comforting Christmas, and to say that I am always your affectionate and grateful

JOHN RUSKIN.

I asked in one of my letters whether the Master would not allow that steam was legitimately used when applied to the steam roller, as it saved so much distress to horses by crushing the cruel and dangerous stones in the roads they had to use. This brought a very interesting and amusing reply.

HERNE HILL,
Sunday, 18th March, '83.

MY DEAR JESSIE, —

I have not been able to read your last letter till to-day, but carefully kept it to be read and answered.

Yes, all that you have learned — as to the truth of Romance, is extremely right and true itself — and never any more to be doubted about.

Yes, — it is entirely ridiculous and entirely Unchristian that libraries should be shut on Sunday. They had infinitely better shut their Sunday Schools — which imply Manner of Work I suppose — and of the unpleasantest!

No — the Steam-Roller is one of the

wrongest and harmfulest applications of Steam that ever was. Rolling, after breaking stone is precisely the work for Men who are fit for no other. All the Bond Street Loungers should be harnessed to the Roller in Bond Street — I'll undertake myself — in times of lounging — with Athletic Tourists who come to do the Hills to Time — to roll the roads of Coniston.

Yes — That is a quite natural consequence of Strikes. And a 'Liberal' Government means — Everlasting Striking. There never was, never will be — any other Law possible for labour than that which Carlyle and I have taught from the Beginning — *Just Wages. Compulsory Work.* If the Compulsion be of Honour and affection — it is well — If not, it must be, of lead or leather.

No — there's no new number of Our Fathers out, yet — but there will soon be two — probably three, if I keep well, which at present I have good hope of doing.

Ever affect. yours
J. R.

Another most serious and prolonged breakdown in health incapacitated Mr. Ruskin for all correspondence, and the only news I had of my friend and Master I owed to the kindness of Mrs. Severn. This break in the letters lasted from July 4, 1885, till September 27, 1887. Mr. Ruskin was then staying at Folkestone. I myself was on a visit to friends at Hythe, where my host was then mayor. One Sunday morning I was prevented from attending morning service at Hythe Church and learned afterward that I had thereby missed a chance of seeing my old friend once more. He had walked over to the service, and after its close was introduced to my host. They walked together some part of the road to Folkestone, and my name came up in the

course of conversation. So, knowing that things were so much better, I ventured to write a few lines of greeting and congratulation, but without entering on any personal matters. This brought a prompt though brief reply.

PARIS HOTEL, FOLKESTONE
27th Sept., '87.

MY DEAR JESSIE, —

I am only 'well' — and that in very qualified sense — on condition of never writing a word I can help to friend — (or against foe) — but I am glad to hear you are so well and happy — I suppose it was the Mayor of Hythe who spoke or wrote of me to you? I like his face — and if it was his daughter sate before me in church — I like her's and should think she must be a nice friend for you.

Tell me of your present surroundings and work — keeping your letters from flying or growing too high — your hand is a little too *sprawly* — for easy reading.

Ever affectly yrs
J. R.

Next and last letter.

FOLKESTONE,
3rd Oct., '87.

MY DEAR JESSIE, —

Your letter is beautifully written — give me the sequel of it at your leisure — but do not think of seeing me — I absolutely decline all *seeings* — and being without my own people only makes me more savage.

You have borne much — I hope happier life is before you — what life remains to *me* depends wholly on my being left at rest.

Ever faithfully yrs
J. RUSKIN.

In 1893 circumstances led to my taking up my residence on the Italian

Riviera, where I remained till 1914, only returning to England each year for the summer months. For years it was one of my greatest pleasures to send off to Brantwood at frequent intervals boxes of the choicest rosebuds and violets from my garden, and to hear from Mrs. Severn how much pleasure their arrival gave the Master. For his eightieth birthday I sent a large basket of fruit and flowers, and it gave me joy to hear from her that 'of all the costly and beautiful gifts he received nothing gave

him more pleasure than your beautiful basket of roses and oranges; he has a bunch of the roses still on his table, and they are still fresh.'

But even this slight link was suddenly snapped when a young girl staying with me, looking over the newly arrived English papers, remarked with an abruptness which told how little she knew what the tidings would mean to me, 'I see that Ruskin is dead.'

And the world was a poorer place to me from that day onward.

UNEASY BUSINESS

BY A. W. ARMSTRONG

I

FOLLOWING my resignation from Wall Street, I arrived at my new job on the morning of a great Company celebration, the first gathering of all local employees and executives, together with their families, in the something over forty years' history of the Mohawk Instrument Company. More than thirty thousand people had been admitted to the fairgrounds. It was a sparkling October day, and to watch the sturdy young workmen going through broad jumps, potato races, tugs of war, — all the sports of a typical field day, — the married workmen in their best and leading their children to one booth after another, where, free of charge, the children could float themselves in lemonade and pop and gorge themselves on 'wienies' and popcorn, must have been a satisfaction to the executives who had built up this organization. Forty years

without a strike, this company could honestly boast.

My new chief, Mr. McGill, was being congratulated on every side on the huge success he had pulled off in the Company's first big affair of the sort. A newcomer, he was the Company's first manager of industrial relations, and was reputed to be a brilliant man who could get things done.

Since I had been informed by Mr. McGill that he liked to have his staff on hand promptly at eight in the morning, it was with almost as much nervousness as I had suffered on my first day in Wall Street that I hurried along toward the high building that housed the executive offices. The hilarity I had witnessed on the previous Saturday had hardly prepared me for the austere atmosphere in which I found myself on entering the spacious vestibule.

From correspondence with Mr. McGill prior to my coming I had gathered that I was to be his first assistant. His own field was assumed to cover labor relations, not only at the executive offices and at the manufacturing plants in the city, but at the Company's offices or plants all over the country. First of all, I was to establish a modern employment department such as I had built up at the International Investment Corporation in Wall Street. Each of the manufacturing plants had its own employment department, but, although some fourteen hundred people worked at the executive offices, thus far the 'hiring and firing' had been done in the old way — each department head finding his own help, with little coöperation between departments.

The higher executives to whom I was introduced met me with a heartiness that was in marked contrast to the aloof attitude I had encountered in Wall Street. Another contrast struck me. In Wall Street things moved at a furious tempo. Here, in spite of the whirl of machinery and the enormous volume of business, there was a leisurely atmosphere. In the executive offices I had already observed a good deal of aimless sauntering around and some unconcealed loafing. No one I could see anywhere was hurrying except my own chief. The new manager of industrial relations was dawning on the Company, I suspected, as an amusing but rather terrifying example of Western 'push.' I was all the more surprised, since I had been chosen by this energetic man as his first assistant, to find myself consigned at the start to almost complete inactivity.

Each morning the letters were brought in to me from my chief's desk — a high stack, but rapidly dispatched, as it was hardly necessary to do more than classify them and hand them to a

typist. There was no mention of my doing anything else, though my chief himself continued to fly hither and yon, busy keeping tab on the many enterprises he had instituted in the course of a year.

I employed my leisure in looking over files, studying the Company's past history and present structure, and cultivating acquaintance with the porter sweeping outside my door, the boy who filled my inkwell, the electrician who came to change the bulbs, the carpenter putting up walls to another cell. News spread that I was not a formidable person, and very soon visitors of all sorts were dropping in.

One day I had a visit from a quiet elderly gentleman with no pretensions of dress or manner, but his call, I learned later, had created a stir. He was Mr. Coleman, the president. He said he hoped I was going to like my new home — both the Company and the city. My thoughts darted back to Wall Street. This was a better start! I wondered, however, what Mr. Coleman — vastly wealthy but likewise thrifty — would think if he knew of the waste in bringing me from New York to do what any fifteen-dollar-a-week clerk in his organization could have done quite as well.

I tried to curb my growing impatience, and at last cornered my chief. 'Mr. McGill, I must have an understanding. Why should I have left New York —'

'Oh, now, be patient,' he interrupted; adding in an undertone, 'Industrial relations work is on trial. We have to go very, very slowly.'

'But was n't it understood —' I began, to be cut short with, almost in a whisper, 'The sales department is unwilling that you should have anything to do with employment. There's to be a meeting this afternoon.'

He came in with an air of elation

next morning to tell me the result of the meeting. The sales manager had said some caustic things, but had been overruled by other executives present, and I was to start at once interviewing applicants.

I began with the idea of very gradually taking over prerogatives that had formerly belonged to others. But the job I had planned to pace slowly paced itself. The comptroller, with many departments under his general charge, immediately saw the advantages of an employment department at the executive offices. He gave me his support from the start. Lesser executives followed his lead. In no time at all I was as busy as I had ever been in my most rushing days in Wall Street.

It was during these first months that the cashier blustered into my office one day and, without preface, shouted: 'Say, did n't you know we had an agreement with — and —' (mentioning two other large concerns in the city) 'not to take their help, and they're not to take any of ours?'

I nodded. I had heard rumors of this gentlemen's agreement.

'Well, what did you mean, then,' he asked excitedly, 'by sending that girl up for the paymaster's job?'

'She seemed just the type the paymaster's looking for.'

'Where's her application?' The cashier began tearing through the papers on my desk. 'See where she's working?' He pointed to the sheet in his hand.

'Yes, but she's going to leave, whether we take her or not. Notice what she's getting! Says she's wanted for a long time to find something else, but has her mother. Did n't dare look around.'

'Look around!' the cashier echoed scornfully. 'That's it! They're all shopping around.'

'Why should n't they, if their own

company won't recognize they've got to have more to be even as well off as they were a year or so ago?'

The cashier looked at me a moment without speaking, and then burst into a laugh. 'Gee, you sound like the *Labor Herald!*'

'You read it?'

'Read what? The *Labor Herald!* Say, you're joking, ain't you?'

'I find some valuable suggestions in the labor press.'

The cashier leaned over my desk. His voice dropped to a confidential pitch. 'You'd better not let 'em find out upstairs that you're reading those Bolshevik papers!'

'Some of us had better find out what they're saying, had n't we? We ought at least to know their state of mind if we're to cope with "Bolsheviki."'

'Might be something in that,' the cashier admitted, with a shrewd look, as if the idea had occurred to him for the first time. 'But watch your step!' he counseled, a twinkle in his eye.

If the question of more production was in the very air, no less was 'Bolshevism.' Every discussion in business hours drifted toward it, and at dinner tables where I met socially some of the executives of the Mohawk Company, besides other business leaders, and lawyers, judges, and doctors of the city, conversation invariably centred on this latest bugaboo.

An organization that apparently, in the main, during the four decades of its history had treated its workers with consideration might reasonably have been expected to escape the current hysteria, but the Mohawk Company fell in line, circulating a fevered 'Letter from the President,' in which employees were warned of 'the poison that had gained a foothold in the community,' and exhorted 'to crush its vile head.'

In spite of ominous signs that attention to 'the human factor in industry'

was still far from being a need acknowledged by industry itself, and though the sales department remained on its dignity, refusing me recognition, yet my work of employing and conferring grew with unbelievable rapidity. Immersed in my work, I saw Mr. McGill only occasionally. Did I only imagine that his 'Hello' was not so cheery as formerly, his color less brilliant, and that he looked tired? When I asked him if he was well, he answered with all his old vigor, 'Oh, yes — never ill!'

Mr. McGill's programme for increased safety and for better medical supervision was apparently meeting with hearty response. Furthermore, there had never before been such activity in athletics. And his 'foremen's meetings' were so popular that tickets of admission to them were fought over.

Everything the new manager of industrial relations had started was, in Company language, going with a bang. But I caught unflattering innuendoes whenever his name was mentioned. The salary he was drawing, higher than that of executives who had been with the Company for years, had leaked out. It seemed to rankle. Was Mr. McGill conscious that regard for him was not growing?

II

But I had little time to dwell on these things. Complaints were growing louder and more widespread. Office workers, and many hundreds of others at the executive offices whose work was manual, were anxious and irritable from having to go into debt to provide themselves and their families with even the bare necessities. They were keenly resentful that wages at the executive offices were not only lower than elsewhere for the same grade of work and workers, but considerably lower than

elsewhere in their own company. There had been little effort to have wages keep pace with the cost of living, and no effort at all to standardize wages, which at the executive offices often varied by a number of dollars a week for identically the same work on opposite sides of the same wall.

The employees' resentment was in no wise soothed by knowledge of the Mohawk Company's enormous profits. Each extra dividend declared added fuel. Department heads were besieged by demands for more money. They ignored so far as possible the round robins that were being circulated, lest they should be called on to fire the signers; their departments were already undermanned.

When I asked the harassed department heads why they did not try to have the wages in their departments equitably adjusted, I received the invariable answer that it was of no use. From time immemorial the cashier had been entrusted with the sole responsibility of deciding wages at the executive offices, and department heads had so many times been roughly 'turned down' when they presented a list of increases to him that they were unwilling to risk it again.

In strictly office departments, even more workers were leaving. More than one of the higher executives complained in my presence that help was not what it used to be when workers took what they got, glad to get it. The modern tendency to ask for more wages they looked on as an impertinence, as disloyalty to the Company.

I was considering what course to pursue when a caller one noon decided me. Recognizing him as an employee that had left the packing department about two weeks before to take a job with another company, and remembering that Mr. Peacock, the head of the department, had told me, 'I'd rather

lost twenty men than Jack Dowling,' I insisted that Mr. Dowling should sit down.

'How are you getting along in your new place?' I inquired.

'Well, I'll tell you,' he started. 'I hated like sin to leave. There ain't another boss in the Mohawk Company equal to Eddy Peacock. I think something of that man, I'll tell the world! He's been like a father to me. All the fellers think the same, or there would n't be a gol-darned man left in the department.'

I waited for my caller, twisting about, to dispose his long legs more comfortably.

'Well, I'll tell you,' he started over again. 'Peacock ain't to blame. He knows his men are n't getting enough, but he dass n't ask for more. You see, Mr. Peacock was a kid, like me, when he come here. He's just "Eddy" to 'em upstairs. They kid him along and don't pay no attention to what he says. That's the way I've doped it out. And you see, Mr. Peacock's like myself: he ain't got much education. But if there's a man in the U. S. A. knows the packing game better'n Eddy, I wish somebody'd show him to me. He sends the goods out of this company right, *you bet!*

'Say!' he continued, leaning his arms, with their frayed shirt cuffs, on my desk, and suddenly looking at me with an earnest, almost wistful gaze, 'I hope I ain't fresh, but do you suppose *you* could do something for the fellers? I would n't 'a' asked while I was working here myself, but I ain't got nothing to lose now — or to gain, comes to that. I'm out. And maybe —' He paused, to add breathlessly, 'I'll tell you the truth. There's men in there,' nodding toward the packing department, 'men with families, good workers too, ain't getting what they ought to eat. There's some society or other takes their kids

to the country in the summer and feeds 'em up. I want to get married sometime, — I've got a girl, — but good night, I ain't going to let the town buy milk for my kids 'cause their dad can't! And — would you believe it? — there's a lot of the fellers in there buys everything they've got on secondhand. I ain't come to wearin' secondhand shirts yet!' he wound up, with fine young scorn. 'That's why I left, before I got there.'

After closing time I was closeted with Mr. McGill. He looked downright distressed when I repeated to him part of young Dowling's talk. But when I suggested that there should be a wage survey, to prove by statistics that adjustments needed to be made, and that the industrial relations department should propose the survey, Mr. McGill jumped up and began walking back and forth.

'We can't touch the wages! We can't touch the wages!' he cried, in an agitated but subdued voice.

'If industrial relations work has nothing to do with wages,' I said finally, 'then, Mr. McGill, we have different conceptions of the term.'

'Oh, I grant you, I grant you,' he replied, 'wages stand in the very vestibule of industrial relations. But we dare n't touch them! The department's not strong enough yet.'

'The situation won't wait till the department grows a beard,' I said. 'If hundreds of men walk out now, in the busy season, and we have n't lifted a hand — well, it would be the death of an industrial relations department in this company if *I* were its president!'

'But the executives don't look at it that way.'

'Who's going to bring them to if *we* don't?' I hazarded. 'And what department is going to probe and right such matters as wages if ours does n't?'

I left, feeling I had said, in the heat

of the moment, too much — a feeling confirmed when Mr. McGill found it inconvenient to confer with me through several days that followed. There were but two courses for me to take: to make another effort to arouse Mr. McGill, and, failing, to resign, or to go to the general manager, perhaps to the president.

I had about concluded that to resign was the better course when Mr. McGill met me in the hall and, with the most jubilant expression I had seen on his face for weeks, announced: —

‘A wage survey starts to-morrow. I’m putting three men on it. We’ll have the data ready in short order.’

The survey finished, department heads were asked to confer with me. My lengthiest sessions were with Mr. Peacock. Nearly two hundred of his men were entitled to more pay, but as Mr. Peacock went over their names he would fall from time to time into a state bordering on panic.

‘They’ll never pass it — that long list!’ he would exclaim. ‘I have n’t the nerve, really I have n’t, to send it up.’

He would add a few more names and then go all to pieces again, recalling the many times the cashier had ‘knocked him over the head.’ Twenty-five years of this had done its work on one of the most sensitive and compassionate natures ever encased in a rough-and-ready form. One of his foremen had told me that Mr. Peacock had nothing himself because he had gone down into his own pocket too often for doctor and hospital and undertaker bills for his men.

It was on the very eve of presenting the lists that Mr. Burlington, the general manager, telephoned that he would like to see me. I found Mr. Sweet, a vice president, in close consultation with him.

‘I’ve been wondering,’ said the general manager, in his thoughtful way,

‘whether this proposed wage increase is really necessary.’

I glanced at Mr. Sweet, who was examining a carved-ivory paper knife.

‘You saw the report, Mr. Burlington,’ I said. ‘With rents what they are, and the present cost of coal and food, it’s not possible for some of the men to —’

‘What have *we* got to do with that?’ interposed Mr. Sweet, tossing the paper knife on the desk. ‘The employees would be all right if they were let alone.’

I looked directly at him. ‘Has anyone been stirring them up?’

‘It’s been our policy,’ he resumed, after a silence, ‘to keep wages confidential.’

‘But can you keep them confidential, when James Jones is getting seven dollars a week less than his brother, doing the same thing in the same company?’

Apparently I had been summoned in the forlorn hope that the inevitable might be averted. I heard nothing further, but continued to be anxious till the committee had actually come together.

The general manager presided. Mr. Ball, the burly sales manager, growled that there was n’t a man or girl in his department earning his or her pay as it was, and registered a blanket objection to any and all increases. The comptroller tried to talk down the sales manager. He believed in paying people, and then getting work out of them. Less loafing, fewer people, and more pay for the few, summed up his position. A third member of the committee expressed himself as inclined — if not warmly, at least inclined — to the side of the employees.

At this juncture, Vice President Sweet slid into the room and took the place made for him at the right hand of the general manager. My heart sank.

He was not a member of the committee, but had come, only too plainly, for the purpose of bolstering up the general manager against his tendency to give the workers their due.

The reading of the lists began. Vice President Sweet proved to have an uncanny memory for even the most obscure workers. For each name that was read he had an anecdote that made the employee in question appear either a knave or a fool.

But the fifth member of the committee, hitherto silent, now had something to say. He knew even more about the employees personally than did Mr. Sweet — knew good of them, as well as bad; and every story that Mr. Sweet told he capped with a better, until the whole committee rocked, even the general manager wiping his eyes.

The fifth member knew more about wages, past and present, inside the Company and out, than all the rest of the committee put together. He fought for the increases with such force, coupled with such fun, that more than a thousand went rollicking through, marked with the general manager's almost unconsciously penciled O. K.

The astonishing fifth member was the cashier. The most reviled man in the organization, and he knew it. The man who for a quarter of a century had systematically opposed every penny's addition to the pay roll. The man who had done the job expected of him in the only way he knew how to do it, and according to the general procedure of his time; but who was withal so shrewd that he saw, before many others, a turn in the tide, and of so robust a kindliness that even years of tyrannous practice had not completely dulled it. The responsibility of his ungrateful office having now been handed on to a committee, he rebounded with characteristic vigor.

III

It was reassuring to see Mr. McGill driving at things with all the exuberant energy he had displayed when I first joined his staff. In the late winter he arranged a foremen's meeting that he planned to have the largest and best he had ever attempted. He persuaded Mr. Coleman, the president, to give a brief talk, preceding the speaker of the evening, who was coming, as usual, from out of town.

Higher executives, as well as foremen, opened their eyes when broiled live lobster and celery replaced the customary roast veal and mashed potatoes of such occasions, and I caught a whisper that the manager of industrial relations knew how to spend the Company's money. But everyone praised it as a 'wonderful spread' before settling down to the hush that preceded the president's remarks. Many of the foremen had never seen the president before.

Unaccustomed to speaking, and very pale, the president addressed the gathering as his 'fellow employees.' His quietly spoken words sent a visible thrill through the great crowd of middle-aged foremen leaning forward to listen, with an almost yearning expression, to the first speech their president had ever made them. Tears clouded the eyes of many when in ending he spoke of his age, of the fact that he would not always be with them, but would trust them to carry on.

Thus moulded into a receptive mood, they gave the visiting speaker of the evening the closest attention. It was, I thought, a good speech — not strikingly original, a bit over the foremen's heads, perhaps, but calculated to provoke thought in the higher executives present. I felt slightly disturbed when the speaker referred not only to the 'living wage' but to the 'family

wage,' and when he pleaded for more effort on the part of industry to satisfy man's instincts. It would never have occurred to me, however, that there was anything revolutionary in the address, and I was delighted to hear many executives, with whom I talked as we left the hall, commend it. After all, they were more open-minded than I had credited them with being.

Next day rumors were afloat that the president had been displeased. He believed, and perhaps rightly, that under modern conditions, with the subdivision of labor into the minute parts required by quantity production, you could not satisfy a man's instincts in industry. If he was to satisfy them, the president held, he must do so after working hours. The president considered it a grave mistake to have a 'talk to foremen' along lines that might lead to fruitless agitation.

Lesser executives were quick to trim their sails, and men who had spoken of the speech as 'splendid' were now vying with each other in abuse of both speech and speaker.

Mr. McGill stopped at my office long enough to admit that the president had been displeased, but he added, with a cheerfulness apparently forced, that he thought it would 'all blow over.'

Less than a week later he asked if I would come to his office after closing time. This was not an unusual request and his manner was not unusual when he made it, so I was entirely unprepared for what he had to tell.

A meeting had been called, the day before, of plant managers, directors, all the high executives. The president had sat at the head of the table, and Mr. McGill had heard each one of the executives present say what he thought of the value of the industrial relations department, which had now had a year's trial. There was no reference at all, as I remember Mr. McGill's story,

to the recent talk to the foremen. Someone mentioned the lobsters.

'I'll never forget old Sweet's face!' said Mr. McGill. 'He sat during the whole meeting with a sly smile on his face — did n't look me once in the eyes.'

It was the one hint of resentment in Mr. McGill's recital. He had proved unacceptable to the executives of the Mohawk Company, and he admitted their right to tell him so. I had never seen the manager of industrial relations more a man than in his account of his dismissal. A mention, without dwelling on it, of his wife, his children, and the home he had bought, was the only intimation that he was cut to the quick.

'I never knew where I stood with them,' he ended, a little wearily. 'It's a relief to have it all over.'

IV

From the first of the year men in some of the plants had been working only part time. By summer it was apparent that, instead of a revival of business, there had been further decline. Talk of a wage cut now became general. Report of a flat cut, the same per cent throughout the Company, was being circulated.

The five factories had set their wage rates, as they did everything else, quite independently of each other. There had been the least possible effort — if, indeed, any at all — toward standardization. At the executive offices, only recently had wages been brought near the figures for like work elsewhere, though even now they were not up to them. In general, wages had received only such attention from the management as was forced upon it from time to time.

Not a word had been said to the manager of industrial relations or to myself — not a word, that is, by the executives. The employees talked of

nothing else. I kept waiting for a summons to the president's office or to the general manager's office. Surely nothing affected the welfare of employees more vitally than a wage cut.

I was still waiting when one day Mr. Jewel, my new chief and Mr. McGill's successor, came into my office, carefully closing behind him the door I always left open. Mr. Jewel was not an outsider. He had been promoted from within the organization.

'I wonder if you've heard,' he said with a serious look, drawing a chair close to the desk. 'The cut's been decided on.'

'Decided!'

He nodded. 'Fifteen per cent.'

'Without a word to us about it! How *can* they do such a thing?'

Mr. Jewel agreed that the cut decided upon would be thoroughly inequitable. 'But it's decided,' he said. 'I have it from reliable sources.'

'It's not announced yet!' My excitement was growing every minute. 'We must go to the president, or to the plant managers!'

'They have n't asked our advice,' Mr. Jewel reproved me. 'Yes, it's bad, but there's nothing to be done. The managers have decided and they'll hardly reconsider.'

'Why should n't they reconsider?' I persisted, to Mr. Jewel's discomfort. 'What are managers, anyway? Are n't they just human — and fallible?'

Mr. Jewel looked a trifle shocked.

'They don't expect us to interfere with wages,' he said, with an air of finality. My thoughts flew back to his predecessor, who had said the same thing.

'*They* may not expect it, but we should! How can we ever look a worker in the face again if we let this thing go through?'

Had the managers ignored us deliberately? On reflection, I realized that

management's habit of arbitrary decisions in regard to workers was an old growth, deep-rooted. In matters of this sort it functioned almost automatically.

In any event, I had better go to the president. The president was the most reasonable man in the Company, the least ruled by his emotions. In the way of this action stood my aversion to going over the head of a superior. The longer I worked in the business world, the more I respected organization. I decided on the middle course of discussing the matter with another high executive, a scientist, and, according to the nature of scientists, liberally inclined, though not to a point where business profits would suffer from philosophic considerations. I frankly stated to him what seemed to me the absurdity of a company maintaining an industrial relations department if the department was to be disregarded whenever an industrial relations crisis arose.

This scholarly and agreeable gentleman was one of the few executives in the Company on an easy footing with the president, respecting without fearing the shy but compelling genius at whose least word so many men trembled, often men of no mean attainments themselves. Within a few hours a special meeting was called. The manager of industrial relations and I were invited to be present.

The wage cut eventually decided on was as high as twenty per cent for certain classes of labor, but it exempted entirely certain other classes, and averaged, instead of fifteen, as originally proposed, about nine per cent.

Winter was coming on. In every factory men sat dumbly before their machines waiting for the foreman's tap on the shoulder. 'Sorry, Bill, but it hits you this time!'

At Mohawk Works No. 1, nearly

two thousand men were laid off one noon, with only a few hours' formal notice. The manager, 'Big Bob' Welsh, who looked like a gorilla, the most beloved man in the Company, — or, for the matter of that, in the city, — had been seen standing at a window in his office with the tears streaming down his face as he watched the laid-off men file out.

All the previous winter his men had worked half time. The many months of half time had largely exhausted their savings. Things were getting acute. Some factories in town had resorted to putting two men on the same job, working alternate weeks. Even among the Company plants Mohawk Park had adopted this expedient in preference to laying off men entirely. Strangely, inexplicably, at Mohawk Works No. 1, under Bob Welsh, the most sensitive to human suffering of all the plant managers, it had not been attempted.

One case of distress after another in families of the Mohawk Works' laid-off men was discovered. Finally I asked the general manager why Mohawk Works had not tried, as other factories were doing, to distribute such work as it had among more of its men.

'Mr. Welsh thinks it would n't work at his plant,' Mr. Burlington told me.

'Would n't work?' I repeated. 'Why not?'

'I did n't ask him.'

Taught by many sessions with busy executives, I knew better than to come unprepared, and I quickly produced my evidence. Jobs of the same type as those at Mohawk Works were being satisfactorily split and shared at numerous other up-State factories.

The general manager looked thoughtful. 'I hardly see how it can be suggested to Mr. Welsh,' he said, with characteristic delicacy of feeling, 'if he has n't seen it himself.'

'It would n't be appropriate for *me* to point it out to him, but I should think it would be a perfectly proper suggestion to come from — from the seats of the mighty!'

Mr. Burlington's nobly moulded features relaxed in a slight smile. Although always reluctant to exert pressure, he informed me a few days later that Mr. Welsh had been prevailed on to put the matter up to a division of his works to see whether the five hundred men still working there would share their jobs with five hundred laid-off men. The workmen should decide for themselves.

I awaited their decision with mixed hope and fear. At Mohawk Works, employee representation was in force. Only Bob Welsh, with his twinkling eyes, inimitable nasal drawl, and irresistible stories, could have achieved employee representation in face of the united disapproval of all the other upper executives. The Mohawk Works employees had not been permitted to pass on such major matters as the recent wage cut and lay-offs, but for several years past they had decided many internal affairs. How would the Company's sole experiment in allowing employees a voice in things stand the terrible test that was now to be put upon it? Would men who had been out of work much of the year before vote to put themselves still deeper in the hole in order to let the other fellows come up a little nearer the surface?

It was Bob Welsh himself who came over to tell me. He was a frequent visitor, always poking in his head when he passed my door and saying in a mysterious whisper, '*You still here? Thought you'd been given the sack before this!*'

Mr. Welsh's huge apelike figure filled the doorway now. He came slowly toward my desk, — his broad shoulders habitually a little stooped, his long

arms dangling, — looking right at me, but not saying a word. His eyes were swimming as he came near, his face working, as he said in a hoarse, halting voice: —

‘Five hundred — *every man jack of them* — voted to give up half their jobs! You think employee representation has hurt my boys much? Hey? How about it?’

V

I think I had never before realized till that winter the high cost of being sick, the high cost of being born, and the still higher cost of dying. It was doctor, hospital, undertaker bills that had wiped out the men’s surplus in nearly every case and left them little or nothing to go on when one of the ever-recurring periods of unemployment, which their fathers had known before them, struck them again.

Our Company employment offices were no longer crowded. The first stage of unemployment had passed. The second stage — apathy — had succeeded. There *were* no jobs.

And if a job did turn up here or there the Mohawk Company’s laid-off men had a slim chance, they soon found, to get it. The very stability of the industry, relatively speaking, its great prestige, worked against its men. As soon as an employer learned they were Mohawk men he would say, ‘Nothing doing! About the time we got you broken in, they’d call you back.’

It was at this juncture that a thoughtful, and captivating, Englishman made a visit to the United States. He talked before various organizations on his personal effort to meet the problem of unemployment by a plan he had put into operation in his own factory. He talked in a way that made universities listen, the Academy of Political and Social Science take notice,

and even some American manufacturers warm up.

A few of the Mohawk Company’s executives had chanced to hear Mr. Rowntree. I thought about it a good deal, and at last one day asked the president if he would appoint a committee to study the problem of unemployment as it affected his own company, the committee to make any recommendations its study might suggest.

The committee met almost weekly, sometimes more than once a week, for the greater part of a year. It included a brilliant young statistician, the Company’s ranking industrial engineer, an expert accountant, and three production managers. Four of its nine members were deeply interested in the subject from the start, another speedily became so, and two more were open to argument. The chairman remained from beginning to end good-naturedly vague as to what was going on.

The member whose attitude mattered most was one of the Company’s higher executives. Able but unassuming, Mr. Staub revealed himself at the very first meeting. ‘I never thought,’ he said, quite simply, ‘that we had any responsibility whatsoever toward men we laid off.’

An idea such as Wolman’s, — that industry which depends upon the workers to keep it alive should take care of them when they are unemployed, — or Rowntree’s, — that if, in order to function efficiently, industry retains a reserve of workers to meet its varying demands, it should make provision for the maintenance of the reserve when it cannot be absorbed, — struck Mr. Staub with the shock of complete novelty.

It was not long, however, before the committee was working as a unit under the conviction that, if the Mohawk Company had to pay for its own

unemployment, it would take pains to reduce the evil to a minimum, with Mr. Staub not only concurring in this view but offering invaluable suggestions for the unemployment benefit plan which began to take shape.

Practically everything that had been printed on the subject of unemployment was studied and discussed. The Company's own habits were scrutinized. Was it accustomed to planning so as to avoid the necessity of taking on hundreds of men to-day, only to turn them off to-morrow?

The committee tried to keep its proceedings confidential. But no group gathering regularly over so long a stretch of time could fail to arouse curiosity. What it was occupied with leaked out. It trickled outside the Company, to our astonishment as far west as the Pacific coast. From industries all over the country came letters of inquiry.

There were many encouraging signs. The plant managers kept inquiring in regard to the committee's progress. The president was apparently not much interested one way or the other. But, judging from the past, if his plant managers registered their approval of an unemployment benefit plan, he was agreeable to having one. To offset what might have been regarded as the president's indifference, I had never seen the general manager so unmistakably favorable to any proposal of the sort. It appealed both to Mr. Burlington's reason and to his conscience.

It seemed as if the plan in all its detail would never be ready. Spring approached. The unemployment situation, if not materially better in the Company, was generally slightly improved. The committee frankly recognized the fact that the plan had less chance of adoption with every day that the unemployment situation grew better. We harried the clerks to give

us their figures. The chairman, to the other members' consternation, ran off for a holiday. He was pelted with telegrams to return or to authorize his signature, that there might be no further delay. At last a day was appointed for the plant managers to consider the plan. The committee had requested that I should be present at the meeting.

The plan was not intended to afford any relief to the existing situation, and would not become operative till a year after its adoption. It was proposed that a fund should be built up adequate for disbursements in the next period of depression, estimated, if prophecy could be based on industrial history, to come in 1928. Whether it came in 1928 or not, it would recur within an appreciable period.

Copies of the plan were sent to the plant managers in advance of the conference. We expected some, though not insuperable, opposition. I was not, myself, altogether sure of the general manager. We counted, however, on Bob Welsh, the workman's friend.

As fate would have it, during the time the managers were allowed in which to familiarize themselves with the plan before meeting to vote on it, the Chamber of Commerce issued a promised 'Survey.' Offering it as an exhaustive and dispassionate study of unemployment, the Chamber warned its four thousand members against any and all 'panaceas.' The effects of the British dole were dwelt on at length as a horrible, if far from apposite, example. It became plain, among other things, that a movement was on foot to forestall any such bill as had been introduced in the legislatures of Massachusetts and Wisconsin, and to render anathema the very term 'unemployment insurance.'

A startling whisper now began to go around. Mr. Welsh was working

hand in glove with that powerful organization known as the Associated Industries.

The afternoon before the conference, Mr. Welsh telephoned to ask if I would come to his office. He sat humped over his desk with the committee's report before him. 'Sit down,' he said, and I took the chair by his side.

'Sounds,' he said, still reading, and talking out of the corner of his mouth, 'as if it had been written for a woman's club.'

I winced, and my heart began to beat fast, but I answered in the bantering manner in which Mr. Welsh and I had always conversed together, 'I suppose that's your flattering way of intimating that *I* composed the document.'

'Bears your earmarks.'

'Now, Mr. Welsh, abuse is not argument. I plead guilty to being a woman, and to belonging to a few women's organizations — none, however, so far as I know, that maintain a lobby at —.'

'What do you mean by that?' he caught me up, scowling, with a sharp look from under his shaggy eyebrows.

'Come! When was the Associated Industries, Mr. Welsh, ever on the side of —?'

He stopped me again, this time with a short laugh, not altogether pleasant. 'Oh, here!' Then, more in his accustomed tone, he asked, 'You know O'Shea?' — a well-known lobbyist. 'You'd like Mike.'

'I don't doubt it,' I said. 'Some of the most delightful men of my acquaintance are thoroughgoing rascals.'

By this time Mr. Welsh was in fairly good humor and we could get down to discussion. My hopes were reviving a little, when he suddenly picked up the report and, waving it in the air, said, 'This thing's Socialism!'

'Socialism!' I laughed outright, in

spite of myself. 'What do you find in it that is socialistic?'

He read mockingly from the first paragraph: —

'Fear of unemployment and the sense of injustice associated with this fear in the mind of the worker are two of the most potent causes of labor unrest.'

'You call that Socialism?' I asked.

'Oh, it's the whole thing,' he said impatiently, 'the tone of it.'

'Socialism! That's just what it is n't. It's Capitalism. It's an effort to tinker up the old machine, so there'll be no danger of its breaking down.'

'Pure Socialism!' Mr. Welsh reiterated unreasoningly. No other word, unless it might be its recent rival, 'Bolshevism,' was so devastating. With this word Mr. Welsh could destroy, I realized, all the work of the unemployment committee.

We talked till the light of the early spring afternoon had faded and Mr. Welsh's secretary had covered her typewriter and reached for her hat. I said all that I knew how to say, but it was talking against a wall.

I had jested with Mr. Welsh many times in the past, but I did not even attempt to smile as I stood with my back to his office door.

'God Almighty, Mr. Welsh, intended you and Mr. Burlington, with your great gifts, to be leaders, not followers — great liberal leaders!'

Mr. Welsh answered me with a prolonged stare.

Next morning I had hardly glanced at the first batch of mail before Mr. Welsh walked in.

'You kept me awake last night,' he said.

'I'm honored. I'd hardly dared hope I had made so much impression.'

'You kept me awake — thinking,' he repeated, and with the word 'thinking' again my hope revived.

'Still friends?' he asked, coming closer.

I nodded.

'We're friends?' he asked again.

'Never better,' I assured him, but I knew now, from his insistence, that only a miracle could save the plan.

VI

The meeting held surprises. Mr. Welsh sat perfectly glum while members of the committee answered questions put to them. The general manager, as chairman of the conference, delivered a sort of charge to the jury, prior to the vote, which must be unanimous if the plan was to be adopted, clearly manifesting his own desire that a favorable verdict be brought in. There was a minute's silence. Then he turned, as if in duty bound, to the manager of Mohawk Works.

'What do you think of it, Welsh? You have n't said.'

There was another minute of silence.

'Damned drivell!' came from Mr. Welsh, half under his breath, followed by the word I had waited for in dread, 'Socialism!' — then by another parrot phrase, a little louder and equally distasteful to the average manufacturer, 'Paternalism!'

Everybody was straining to hear now.

'You'll soon get the workman so you'll have to feed him pap out of a spoon. It's folderol! Help him through periods of unemployment, the way this

thing proposes, and you deprive him of all motive to save.'

'All?' I had held myself in check up to this time. 'All motive, Mr. Welsh? What about owning his own home, educating his children, sickness, old age, death? The workman's not embarrassed, if you'll permit me to disagree with you, sir, by any scarcity of objects to save for.'

'Bravo!' called out the manager of Mohawk Park, down at the end of the table.

It came to me that, if I should picture to these executives just one of the scenes my eyes had rested on during the two winters their men had been out of work, they could not fail to respond. What were these men around the table? The most thoughtful and indulgent of husbands, the kindest, most tender of fathers. Why not tap this well? But would it be playing the game? My momentary struggle came to an abrupt end with the sound of Mr. Welsh's voice, his old familiar nasal drawl, with all its humorous inflections. He was telling a story — apropos, side-splitting, deadly. The only chance was a better story. But if there was any-one living who could tell a better, I had never heard him.

The conference broke up, left the room in little groups of two or three, talking together lightly, as if nothing had been at stake. There was only one thing for me to do — to demonstrate that if business had taught me nothing else it had taught me to be a tolerably good loser.

'THE SCENTED YEAR DRAWS TO ITS CLOSE'

Outstanding Events of the World: Armistice Day, 1925—Armistice Day, 1926

BY HENRY W. BUNN

I

THE appointment of the Morrow Air Board was the most statesmanlike act of the present Administration. That board submitted its report in December 1925. Its recommendations, based on exhaustive investigation by disinterested experts of first ability, furnished out a fairly complete guide for Congress in legislating for the needs of army, navy, and commercial aviation. I make no doubt that the future historian will find that its aviation legislation (following, in a general way, recommendations of the Board) was the most important achievement of the late session. Commercial aviation has not yet found its stride, but it will ere long; suddenly, amazingly. Aviation will soon be in the very forefront of the nation's activities.

I am of those who believe that we should consult, not justice merely, but even 'enlightened self-interest,' by total cancellation of the war debts; but the debt agreements (except the British, of which no generous American can think without disgust) probably represent as near an approximation to ideal justice as may be hoped for under present conditions in this our world of so fantastic a political and economic structure. Of the important agreements, only that with France remains to be consummated. Really, it's quite absurd. The French, so often 'stung'

that they are morbidly suspicious, hold out for explicit statement of certain considerations implicit in the general terms of the agreement as signed but not ratified, and we stiffly refuse to indulge them; with consequences sufficiently sad for France. Now would the British act that way? Certainly not. At Downing Street, whatever they lack, they possess humor, magnanimity, the grand style. At Washington they are innocent of all three. Otherwise, with inward chuckle and a grand and gracious air, they'd give France her 'safeguarding' clauses; Olympus rocking with 'sweet laughter.' There's no more humor in Washington than there was in old Jerusalem. There's a Boeotian quality in the air. For example: a typical Washingtonian statement presents us as 'the Good Samaritan in civilization.' No doubt, no doubt. But why say so? Why not enjoy our own virtue in silent bliss, 'ourself our own delight,' as Shelley would say? Why render ourselves obnoxious to the Comic Spirit? The British accepted the above statement, but with the trifling substitution of 'Shylock' for 'Good Samaritan.'

It is by no means certain, but it is probable, that we shall ultimately find ourselves on the World Court; though a further ferocious logomachy threatens in that connection. 'Tis to be

hoped the closure rule will be applied, as in the original debate on the resolution of adhesion. Indeed, there are few persons in the world whose views on any subject cannot be fully expressed well within an hour; and this applies peculiarly to some of the Senatorial opponents of our adhesion to the Court. The human intellect never appeared to worse advantage than in their attack on the resolution, which did to death a strong case. It is sweet to reflect that, if we do join the Court, we shall be quite adequately protected against League taint, and, indeed, against any other danger. 'Safe' is the word, down by the Potomac.

The Congress devoted the better part of its energies in the long session to the agrarian problem. All that labor, only to bring forth a silly little mouse, the Coöperative Marketing Act. I am, I shall confess, nonplussed. Anyway, it was a nice, genuine little mouse; not the hideous abortion so many of us feared. It is at least reassuring that Congress, despite its desperate embarrassment in view of the coming elections, did muster the courage to reject vicious (using the word in the technical sense) proposals. I will even concede that the gentlemen on Capitol Hill discussed the great problem with as much sincerity, as little selfishness, as is possible to gentlemen who face elections, each and every profoundly convinced that the prime interest of the State is not salutary legislation but that he should be returned to his seat. So much conceded, yet it has to be admitted that little light was struck out by the clash of oratorical weapons.

The problem remains, presumably not to be seriously dealt with in the short session. A solution must be found. The Coöperative Marketing Act is excellent, but the relief called for is far beyond its scope. It is quite evident that the farmers, the

indispensable, the supremely important element of the community, are at a disadvantage in comparison with other elements of the population; and this through defects of the economic structure. It's up to Congress to find a solution that shall at once harmonize with genuine economic principles and remove the farmer's disabilities. Sir, did I hear you, in course of defending the nefarious Haugen bill, pish at my citation of 'the law of supply and demand'? Did I hear you wickedly assert that the very idea of a tariff runs counter to the free operation of that law? Oh, sir, let's change the subject.

No doubt the late elections would have been fought out on the good old tariff issue but for intrusion of the prohibition issue. Wholly apart from what may be said for or against prohibition, it is a cold fact that the intrusion of that issue has utterly confused American politics; has made it quite impossible to obtain a clean-cut decision on other issues; has done away the natural dichotomy between Jeffersonians and Hamiltonians. And one can see no end to this chaos.

Oh! yes, one can. J. B. S. Haldane, in his astounding little book entitled *Dædalus*, assures us that within 120 years a completely satisfactory diet will be produced by synthetic chemistry; sugar and starch, for example, from cellulose, the proteins from coal and atmospheric nitrogen. 'This will mean that agriculture will become a luxury and that mankind will be completely urbanized.' In 120 years no agrarian problem, and, if you please, no prohibition issue. When all are urbans, prohibition will die of innocuous desuetude. Moreover, time, we have learned, is only a shadow of the fifth dimension. Presto! we're in A.D. 2046, and everybody jolly.

Next to the failure to enact adequate legislation (or, perhaps, modify or

abolish existing legislation) in aid of the farmer (for which sin I have absolved the Congress), the most serious sins of omission in the late session were two. One is in the highest degree disgraceful; namely, the failure of the House to reapportion the House seats to accord with the 1920 census. The letter of paragraph 3, section 2, Article I, of the Constitution will not have been violated if reapportionment is made at any time prior to the end of 1930; but it is clearly the intention of that paragraph that lack of correspondence between the populations of the several states and their voting strength respectively in the House and the Electoral College should be corrected as soon as possible after completion of each census, and in postponing reapportionment the House has impudently flouted the spirit of one of the most important provisions of the Constitution. No language of reprobation is adequate to characterize the action of the House in that connection.

The other great omission was the failure to ratify the Turkish Treaty. The Treaty would put us on the same footing as Allied nationals in Turkey — the usual footing of aliens in a country recognized as civilized and fully sovereign. We may, of course, have our mental reservations on the question of Turkish civility; but one can't do business with the Turk except on the basis of such recognition, and surely we want to do business with him. Indeed, candor must allow the Turk the right to question the perfection of our civility; the which, as a matter of fact, he does.

We handsomely maintain our position as the criminal nation par excellence. It is pleasant to note that a National Crime Commission, directed by terrific bigwigs, is making a sweeping survey of crime in this country. It is proper to assume that those

gentlemen regard their function as that of art critics and historians, who would discover the origins, trace the development, and set forth the beauty and majesty of our national art. One pants to know what share of the credit for the magnificent development of recent years they will assign to the movies.

Automobile accidents in the past twelvemonth were more numerous by six per cent than those of the previous twelvemonth, happily supplementing Malthusian arrangements by ridding us of the aged and unfit and weeding out the unalert children. Our annual automobile bill now tops fourteen billions.

The two most striking achievements of the twelvemonth by Americans were the discovery by Dr. B. S. Hopkins, Professor of Inorganic Chemistry at the University of Illinois, of a new chemical element to which he has given the name 'illinium,' and Commander Byrd's flight to the Pole. Illinium is the first chemical element to be discovered by an American, and Dr. Hopkins's exploit came in good time for our national self-esteem, as there now remain but two elements in Moseley's series of atomic species yet to be discovered. Not impossibly the discovery will in the end bring to the University of Illinois a glory equal to that bestowed by Red Grange.

Commander Byrd was, to be sure, greatly favored by Fortune, but no man has better deserved that lady's favors. There was no flukiness about his performance, which was based on the most elaborate scientific study and experiment. Science, plus a stout heart, plus good luck; result, immortal fame.

The most lamentable and discouraging episode of the twelvemonth was the demonstration upon the occasion of the laying-out in state of Valentino, the movie actor. But one's disgust

should be tempered by reflection, how brief is the interval since man transcended the pack.

The day that Valentino (a capable artist in his way) died, there died a really great man, Charles Eliot; one of those men who indicate the possibilities of the race. Will those possibilities ever be approximately realized? Only by the right sort of education; the sort of education Dr. Eliot did as much as any American has done to promote. 'Quick about it,' friends!

II

I'm afraid we shall have to say that in regard of the coal-mining problem Mr. Baldwin has just muddled along. One may not deny him impartiality, good will, magnanimity; but one does not discover in his conduct of that business the required imagination, large address, masterfulness.

Apparently Mr. Baldwin has failed to recognize that the coal-mining industry is the central industry to which all other British industries refer themselves; that it is a transcendently national interest to which private interests should be postponed; and that in dealing therewith, though nationalization is not the answer, the principle of *laissez faire* should go by the board. Reverence for the principle of property should not be carried to the fanatical degree of allowing Economic Bourbonism — whereof the majority of the coal owners are the outstanding champions — to ruin the country.

The coal-mining industry was in the doleful dumps; was, as a whole, being conducted at a loss. The coal export trade was dwindling, dwindling. A Royal Coal Commission of thoroughly competent experts was appointed to investigate and recommend. Their report supplied all necessary directions for cure of the sick industry, involving

drastic economic surgery and physic. Had the main recommendations of the report been implemented at once by vigorous legislation, compulsory at least as to organization, along with discreetly generous financial aid, by way of subsidy over a reasonable period followed by a loan, it is possible that there would have been no strike and fairly certain that a strike would not have lasted long. But economic statesmanship was lacking to the Government, and the chiefs of miners and owners have fiercely contested for the superiority in stupidity and intransigence; in which contest the owners have won by a hair. As I write, it seems probable that the strike will soon end in complete victory for the owners. But, belike, a Pyrrhic victory, my masters! I note astonishing Laborite successes in recent municipal elections. Meantime the industry, not having received the treatment prescribed, continues sick.

But no doubt, the strike over, the coal-mining industry will muddle on, *more Britannico*, sullenly and slowly reforming itself as, willy-nilly, it must do to carry on in face of the fact that the foreign market for British coal will never again be what it was; will, indeed, in all probability, practically fade away — done to death by oil, white coal, and larger and cheaper output by competitors. And the industries so hard hit by the strike — iron and steel worst of all; almost, indeed, to the point of complete cessation of output — will pick up and recover a degree of prosperity, even in face of the keener competition threatened by reason of the new West European Steel Trust.

How much greater, however, would be that prosperity were cheap coal available! But it will be! Again Heaven has shown peculiar kindness to Britain. Rich new seams have been discovered in Robin Hood's country.

The Bourbons of the old Mining Association, deaf to the incursions of reason, blind to the Spirit of the Age, selfish and arrogant, must heed this Nature's handwriting on the wall. Humorous Nature has solved the problem, the while the Conservatives, by weakly yielding to the Economic Bourbons, by subordinating the interests of the commonweal to a grotesque conception of the principle of property, have muffed a magnificent opportunity; whence the very strong likelihood that, unless they redeem themselves by salutary belated legislation, they will be constrained to yield the power to a much-chastened Labor. For one happy result of the strike year is the recovery of control in the trades-unions and in political Labor by the moderate leaders. Should the British people become convinced that their leadership is securely established, another Labor Government would be on the cards. It is deserving of remark that from the younger members of the Conservative Party a note of revolt against Economic Bourbonism, clear and formidable, is heard.

So one great lesson of the strike year is that Economic Bourbonism is not the ticket. I have dwelt on that lesson at such length because it has not received sufficient attention. Obviously, another great lesson is that extreme radicalism is equally not the ticket. The two lessons combined, the grand truth, declared by Philosophy since its Ionian dawn, emerges, that in generous compromise, which looks before and after and is thoroughly informed by the Spirit of the Age, lies the true solution of all great problems. The ignominious fate of the General Strike demonstrated that extreme radicalism is ‘no go’ in Britain. It opened the eyes of organized Labor to the fact that the middle classes, hitherto regarded by them as incapable of effective coöperation, as

‘submerged,’ so to speak, are really the great power in the nation; courageous, resourceful, dead-set for constitutional as against revolutionary action. Incidentally, the General Strike exhibited the general temper of the nation in a most pleasing, a most reassuring, light; so sportsmanlike, so humorous, so good-natured. Really, you see the makings of a new ‘Merrie England,’ once the present discontents are past. That popular fallacy, the General Strike, has been exploded; that Grand Sham has been relegated to the Limbo of the Fatuous; that absurd, though horrific, Djinni has been put back in his bottle.

But to return for a moment to Economic Bourbonism. Speaking generally, that great bane of Britain is being fast eliminated from the industrial structure; the which fact increases our astonishment at the excess of tenderness shown by the Government for the coal owners. The first effect from conning the reports of the Board of Trade is of consternation at the falling-off of foreign trade shown; but analysis substitutes amazement that, all considerations weighed, the showing should not be a vast deal worse. The explanation is that ‘silently, invisibly,’ British industry is adapting itself to a quite new face of the world. Probably the heavy industries will never quite recover their old position; but other industries are growing up answerable to fire-new opportunities, new markets, especially those provided by imperial development. Most significantly, the automotive industry has of late taken great strides, though still only a lusty infant. Why? It is developing to meet the growing requirements of the outlying parts of the Empire.

So, then, in this so dismal strike year the coup de grâce has been given to extreme radicalism and Economic Bourbonism, and thereby the ground has been cleared for a phase of

prosperity for Britain and the Empire compared with which the Victorian period will seem pelting and drab. Let me list what my prophetic vision presents to me as the chief elements of the development which is to have so glorious a result.

1. Reorganization of the coal industry so as to put it on a handsomely self-supporting basis and so as to provide, through low-temperature carbonization of crude coal (or kindred process), for the necessities of the realm in respect of fuel oil, motor spirit, lubricating oils, Diesel engine oil, gas and sulphate of ammonia, the 70 per cent residue after distillation being a smokeless fuel of calorific value equal to that of the best raw coal and capable of far more economical use.

2. General reorganization and reconstruction of industries and transport on the basis of electricity and oil, provision being made for distribution of electric power cheaply throughout the realm.

3. Adaptation to British industry and trade of what is best (and only what is best) in American methods, whereof the British have been making an intensive and very intelligent study; a new psychology to be induced by stimulation from the contacts with America.

4. The relations between Capital and Labor to be immensely improved; another leaf out of our American book.

5. Institution of a thorough general anti-waste programme.

6. Elimination of smoke and grime, through use of smokeless fuel, whence a neater, sweeter Britain and happiest physiological, psychological, and aesthetic results.

7. An immense development of the sparsely populated territory of the Empire (which totals ten million square miles, a very large part immensely rich in sources of wealth, agricultural and

mineral, waiting to be tapped), chiefly through use on the grand scale of roadless motor vehicles, all-tracked or half-tracked. The problem of imperial development is mainly one of transportation, and here is the solution. The possibilities thus opened up stagger the imagination.

No, no — Leo Britannicus has had many hard knocks in recent years, but the reports that he is in a mortal decline are greatly exaggerative. No, he's tough and hale and 'a good enough man.' If we gaze low, the prospect seems bleak. But up eyes!

... Look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastward hill.

As I write, the Imperial Conference of Premiers, which opened in London on October 19, is about to close. As our information of its proceedings is meagre, the more delicate discussions being secret, I may be excused for brevity in dealing with a business so important. The considerations that enter into the grand problem of imperial federation are about equally economic and political. I doubt we shall find that the conferees have given a clear answer to the question: Is the Empire to be henceforth a self-sufficing, closely interdependent federation, or not? Before that question can be answered, the following subsidiary question must be cleanly answered: How is the demand of the Dominions for extension of operation of the principle of Imperial Preference to be acquiesced in without fatally prejudicing the foreign trade of the British realm? I venture the opinion that we shall find that the conferees have soft-pedaled on the main issues of the constitutional relations of the Empire and imperial economic policy. These issues relate themselves intimately to the project of European federation (to include all the non-Soviet States of Continental Europe) and to the coming

International Economic Conference under League auspices. Would realization of 'Pan-Europe' promote solidarity of the British Empire and aloofness of Britain from Continental Europe? Or would the effects be quite the opposite? It is significant that the conferees devoted perhaps their main attention to imperial aeronautical development. It may be that hereafter as hitherto, though in a new sense, the Empire is to be held together mostly by aerial bonds.

Exigencies of space forbid my discouraging, as I should like to do, of intra-imperial developments and foreign policy. Britain has remarkably solidified her position in the Near and Middle East, and her relations with Egypt, thanks to the firm wisdom of Lord Lloyd, have been considerably improved. Apparently, also, the situation in India is developing happily both from the standpoint of the British Raj and from that of the Indian people. Especially notable is the Canadian wave of prosperity. No praise could be excessive for the magnanimity of the British Government and Parliament in procuring a settlement of the Irish boundary question by forgiving the Free State's considerable share of the debt of the United Kingdom and of war pensions.

III

After painful study of the matter, I find it improper greatly to blame the French (Government, Parliament — least of all, of course, the great body of the nation) for the unfortunate fiscal developments from the outbreak of the war until the demonstration of the failure of the Ruhr experiment. I do not blame them for their long subjection to the illusion that the greater part of the costs of the war and of reconstruction would be recovered from Germany. Man is preëminently a gullible animal, and, especially where Patria or Helen is

concerned, believes (your hard-headed Poincaré being no exception) what he passionately wishes to believe. *Le fantôme des Réparations!* It may not be doubted that the phantom was honestly believed to be the real Helen until, with the failure of the Ruhr experiment, eyes were unsealed. With eyes on the lovely phantom, France was treading the primrose path of the borrower toward the bonfire of the franc. Yet, in a manner of speaking, the illusion was a blessing. Under its spell the worst of the ruin in the devastated area was repaired. Had disenchantment come quickly, that work might have lagged disastrously.

Up to that point of the unsealing of the eyes, then, the French authorities were more to be pitied than censured. But the behavior of Parliament thence, until the supercrisis of July this year, deserves censure more than sympathy. The eyes unsealed, the necessary programme of rehabilitation was clearly indicated; to include (a) a supereffort of retrenchment and reorganization; (b) genuine balancing of the budget, without the slightest *souçon* of camouflage, however cruelly burdensome might be the additional taxation involved; (c) debt agreements with Britain and the United States, preconditioning stabilization of the franc, as opening the door to foreign credits and loans without which stabilization could not be consummated; (d) finally, revalorization of the franc at a low par, knelling *ad Avernum* the hopes of the rentiers. Instant action was called for.

But two and one half years went by and you noted, not, on the whole, progress toward realization of the indicated programme; rather, on the whole, regression. And the reasons? Some, to be sure, of honorable import, but the chief, sans doubt, selfish, vicious politics; all the vices of the French political system (not less numerous or vicious

than those of our own) in full flourish and clamant assertion. Not even the magnificent efforts of Briand could avail to disembroil the confusion worse confounded. Meantime, the franc went slithering, slithering down. Early in July last it had fallen to 1.94 cents on New York exchange and looked in posture to take the final irrecoverable plunge. But at this point the conviction suddenly established itself in the minds of all except the international Communists and the scatterbrained Socialists (that is, the Socialists proper, the so-called Unified Socialists) that only by a common effort under the ablest direction, only by postponement of Party to Patria, could the Republic be saved. As to the ablest direction, there could not be two minds: Poincaré was the man.

Having formed an exceedingly brilliant cabinet of all the talents, and fairly representative of the entire Parliament except the extremists of Right and Left, Poincaré vigorously resumed the task begun by him more than two years before, for the which beginning he was sent up Salt Creek — namely, the task of realizing the programme above outlined. He perceived the first and main desideratum to be restoration of self-confidence. He has gone very far to restore it; whereof sure evidences are steady renewal of National Defense bonds and return of expatriated capital. The condition of the Treasury and that of the Bank of France have been very greatly improved; the franc has appreciated to the equivalent of 3.30 cents; again you see favorable foreign trade balances; a sinking fund for amortization of the internal debt has been established on a sound basis; revenue has risen correspondingly to expectations from the new tax legislation promptly enacted at Poincaré's instance (increasing the total of taxation by 25 per cent), so that the budget

is now genuinely balanced; Poincaré has cut to the bone by way of retrenchments.

Yet it is probably true that the limit has nearly, if not quite, been reached of improvement possible under his programme of pure self-help. Those best qualified to speak are fairly agreed that the next step — namely, definite stabilization of the franc — waits upon ratification of the debt agreements, at any rate that with the United States.

As I write, the French Parliament is about to reassemble. To ratify or not to ratify! I eschew prophecy, but speculate gloomily on the probable effects of refusal to ratify.

Ratification, stabilization, revalorization — the indicated sequence; revalorization at too low a figure to allow of much comfort to the rentiers. Alas! ye rentiers, for that by your misfortune that beautiful thing, the French civilization, suffers shrewd tort. Your hope of recovery of the franc to pre-war par or anything like: purest illusion, like *le fantôme des Réparations*! No doubt much will be done, in the not distant future, toward correcting the monstrous injustice of the present world financial structure; but too late for your relief. Meantime, ye're shent.

IV

The great events of the year for Germany were the signing of the Locarno pacts in London, the admission of Germany to the League of Nations and to membership on the League Council, and the formal announcement by Stresemann that the People's Party, the party of the great industrialists headed by him, had renounced the cause of monarchy and was now irrevocably committed to support of the Republic and the Weimar Constitution. The important implication of Stresemann's announcement is that

the Reichstag now has an overwhelming majority friendly to the Republic; and presumably there is a corresponding popular majority. The Nationalists are out of the Government; and I am inclined to think that the time is not far distant when they will be as inconsiderable, both as to number and as to influence, as the French Monarchists. At last one should be justified in confidently asserting that the Republic is securely established.

Of course Germany's entrance into the League was epochal. She thereby well-nigh recovered full status as a member of the society of nations and as a Great Power. Not quite; certain servitudes and disabilities still obtain. Much depends on how she goes about to have these removed. She will be narrowly watched.

It is not to show lack of magnanimity, it is to show just plain common sense, to ask the questions: Is Germany actuated by a genuine strong desire to coöperate with other nations toward peaceful settlement of issues, or does she propose cynically to use the League and to repudiate it should it prove insufficiently amenable? Has the Hohenzollern taint been purged out? With just the faintest lingering shadow of doubt, I would answer those questions favorably to German honor and candor. There seems to me a fairly conclusive body of evidence that the majority of the German people regard latter-day Hohenzollernism with aversion and are yearning back to the Germany of Lessing, Schiller, and Goethe. If it be so, the world is indeed to be felicitated upon Germany's entrance into the League; that faint whiff as of an African in the woodpile is an olfactory illusion.

The coming year will be Beethoven Year, the one-hundredth year since the death of Germany's most puissant genius, of him who is joined with

Shakespeare in a 'couplement of proud compare,' whose soul is concentual with the Ninth Sphere. Why can't Europe be reconciled to the strains of the Ninth Symphony? Through the medium of those strains there may be a free intercourse of souls across frontiers, past all barriers of race, tradition, and prejudice. Did someone suggest a total suspension of Jazz throughout Beethoven Year? Oh, blessed thought!

That question of war guilt! That reiteration of the claim of German innocence in respect of the origin of the war! This writer is profoundly convinced of the guilt of the German war lords, but why not forget it? Why not leave the matter to the quidnuncs and pundits of a generation hence? Or, better yet, let's say it all began when Cain slew Abel, and let it go at that. Let the Germans, to 'save face,' call their reparations payments contributions to equalize the burden of the costs of a war whereof the grand result is to be the eternal friendship of the French and German nations and a United States of Europe. Cease, you Germans, to harp on that discordant string, to the prejudice of the Thoiry programme.

V

Perhaps the most important developments in the world during the past twelvemonth were the acceleration of the movement toward a Franco-German economic accord and the acceleration of the larger movement toward leveling of the economic barriers throughout the European peninsula (plus Scandinavia). Consummation of a comprehensive Franco-German economic entente would inevitably be accompanied or followed by a cordial political understanding between the two nations, and a politico-economic federation of Europe — United States of Europe — would

be the logical sequel of a general leveling of economic barriers. The two movements dovetail. Realization of the larger plan must presuppose a close Franco-German accord; while on the other hand it may plausibly be contended that a completely invulnerable Franco-German entente would not be possible outside a general European federation.

The smaller movement was 'featured' in the course of the twelve-month by the provisional Franco-German commercial agreement of August, by the formation of the West European Iron and Steel Trust, by sundry conversations looking to combinations of other French and German interests similar to the steel cartel, and by the famous trout luncheon at Thoiry (of a politico-economic bouquet). The larger movement was 'featured' by the first Pan-European Congress, held at Vienna in October under the inspiration and direction of Count Coudenhove-Kalergi, whose book, *Pan-Europe* (which everyone should read), is the manifesto of the movement; and by a 'plea' signed by international bankers of note and captains of commerce and industry and a similar document issued by the International Chamber of Commerce at Paris, urging general leveling of European economic barriers.

Perhaps the Count exaggerates (though I do not think so) the military danger to a Balkanized Europe from a recovered and imperialistic Russia. Be that as it may, continuance (and, by the same token, exacerbation) of the intestine economic strife would alone suffice to wreck European civilization. It is difficult to answer the arguments that the strife may only be ended by federation and that only by federation may Europe hold her own in the industrial and commercial competition with those great federations,

the United States of America and the British Commonwealth of Nations. Note, please, that the concept 'Pan-Europe' excludes the British Isles and Russia, but includes the colonies of the Pan-European States; by which inclusion such a federation should be practically self-sufficing as to food-stuffs and raw materials.

You say the conception is Utopian? It is not. To be sure, man is such a ninny that it will probably not be realized. But it is not Utopian; it is, in fact, under cold consideration by statesmen, bankers, and captains of industry and trade. The French Government was officially represented at the First Pan-European Congress. The President of the Reichstag and the President of the Reichsbank are ardent champions of the Pan-European idea. These be grand matters, whereof I might only touch the fringe.

Realization of Pan-Europe would go far, very far, toward ending war on this planet; and of course only a prime scoundrel could wish otherwise. Yet for the passing of war as chivalrously waged wistful regrets will persist, *pace* the Pacifists.

I had a dream the other night as follows:—

Behold a highway flanked with cypresses and aspens, and a sign with an arrow and the inscription 'To Lethe.'

But who are these, this gallant mounted company? Slowly they pass, with downcast mien, while

In the white aspens sad winds sing.

Hector and Achilles, Æneas and Turnus, Lancelot and Tristram, Si Peh and T'ai Tsung, Roland and Oliver, Richard Cœur de Lion and Saladin, the Black Prince and Bayard, Percy and Douglas, Sidney and Garcilaso de la Vega: all the noblest heroes of war and tournament. Once Sir Lancelot broke out with a 'Tirra lirra,' but his

voice suddenly died in his throat. They are gone the road to Lethe. As the cavalcade passes from view, a glimpse of the Spirit of Locarno wistfully smiling and waving adieu.

VI

Though by royal decree the Military Directorate was abolished last December and civilian government of sorts (in what you might call an Hispano-Pickwickian sense) restored in Spain, Primo de Rivera has remained at the head of affairs; his subordinates in the Government (mostly military men, if you please) being drawn from the new party, the Patriotic Union, organized by him to carry forward under 'a restored régime of constitutional normality' the programme of the Military Directorate.

The programme is an admirable one, but in the expression quoted one scents that rich, woody odor made familiar to us by American party platforms; the odor, namely, of bunkum. For there was n't any 'régime of constitutional normality' to restore; the old constitutional system being a preposterous sham. However, bunkum waived, it would seem that the Marqués proposes to bestow upon the Spanish people a measure of representation in the form of a 'National Assembly.' The precise character of the proposed body has not been disclosed, but apparently a leaf has been taken out of Mussolini's book, and the representation is to be on the basis of 'occupational interests.' Oh, no! the Italian text has not been slavishly copied — the new body will be quite Hispanic; just as Spanish Gongorism, though deriving its inspiration from Italian Marinism, was yet emphatically of the *Cosas de España*.

For the rest, the Marqués has probably made all the progress possible

toward realization of his programme in face of multitudinous obstructions; of which, not Catalonian separatism, nor insubordination and hugger-mugger intrigue in the services, nor clerical obscurantism, nor this nor that, but the deservedly famous Spanish inertia, is the chief. Something he has done and much more has been definitely planned in respect of irrigation; the same as to education. He is now addressing himself to the grand task of fiscal reform; next to reform of the services, the chief desideratum for Spain. He must proceed warily as to both; softly, most softly, as to the latter, as results from his initial efforts have demonstrated. Many will have it that his hold of power is most precarious. I opine, to the contrary, that his seat is firm enough. Wish, however, may be father to the thought; for I consider Spain happy in his leadership. Call him Dictator, if you like. But there are dictators *and* dictators. Most of them, to be sure, pests, as we have had sufficient occasion within the last decennium to note; but now and then, in the course of the rolling centuries, a good one, answerable to the temporary need of his country. Such an one, it seems to me, is Primo de Rivera; cool, sensible, magnanimous, and (most precious of qualities in a dictator) humorous. Though pointed toward efficiency, he lacks fanaticism in that sense. Like Confucius, but unlike B. Mussolini, he 'is not desirous to have things done quickly, lest they be not done thoroughly'; he is a Confucian man.

The foreign policy of Primo de Rivera is pacific and nonimperialistic, but he has conceived for Spain a far more splendid rôle than her old imperial one; namely, that of leadership of what might be called an Hispanic Spiritual Commonwealth. It was in that imagined capacity that Spain

held out for a permanent seat on the League Council. But ah! the pathos of it! It would seem that the twenty daughters do not respond with any show of enthusiasm to the mother's call. You may say that the mother was not of old a good mother and so deserves the rebuff. True, perhaps, but nevertheless infinitely pathetic.

VII

Had Mussolini allowed a reasonable measure of autonomy to his experiment of a modern adaptation of Guild Socialism, the world in general (if not, perhaps, Italy) would consider itself in his debt. But by subjecting it to the most rigid autocratic control he has completely vitiated it.

It is quite evident that Mussolini has completely lost his head; that he no longer has any sense of limitations. There is scarce another instance in the modern history of civilized nations of such assumption of autocratic power as Mussolini's; so great or so swift. A main lesson of that history is that any great departure to Right or Left is followed by a reaction; the greater and swifter the departure, the swifter and more violent the reaction. If Fascismo does not quickly regress toward the Centre, it will come to grief.

To be sure, the economic achievement of Fascismo (that is, of Mussolini, for the Duce's assertion that he and Fascismo are one and the same is quite simply accurate) is considerable; but it is largely due to supereffort, supersacrifices, responsive to high incitement and not to be indefinitely maintained. The new efficiency must needs lapse when the excessive effort falters, when the limit of sacrifice is reached. You must not drive a people too hard; you must respect human limitations. Except, perhaps, for a brief period of a war *à outrance*, it is not proper to subject

a people to unnatural incitements. In both respects Mussolini has egregiously offended; and I do not hesitate to prophesy that he and the politico-economic system he has constructed will pay the penalty. It is a great pity. It behoved that the old constitution be scrapped; that the old parliamentary system, a travesty of British parliamentarism, go into the discard. But only on condition that there should be forthcoming to replace it a far better system, at once corresponding to the peculiar genius of the Italian people and establishing on a firmer and more genuine basis the popular rights and liberties. Instead, Mussolini has produced a system of which the outstanding feature, which completely overshadows all others, is autocracy.

To be sure, a great part of mankind seem to be edified and pleased by Mussolini's relegation of 'rights' to Lethe's wharf and substitution of 'duties' therefor, and by his elegant funerary discourse on 'the corpse of Liberty'; and they will tell you that Mussolini has given the Italians a system corresponding to their genius, as proved by their enthusiastic acceptance of it. The answer is that the Italian people are ensorcelled.

But though this ensorcellment is no doubt the most extraordinary instance of the sort in history, it is by no means novel. Germany, great, competent, intellectual Germany, afforded a similar instance the other day; we in America are now affording an instance not too dissimilar. There is nothing peculiarly discreditable in the Italian condition; men are what humorous Nature has made them, though perhaps she was in an especially whimsical mood when she created the Italian complex. Anyway, the doings of the Italians during the past year (particularly at this time of writing, the eve of Armistice Day) are out of all cess.

But what is the very head and front of Mussolini's offending? It is the character of the incitements by which he holds the Italian people up to the mark, keeps 'em on the move, maintains their dander. The chief note of his policy during the past year has been the arousing of a 'colonial consciousness.' And to what, pray, is this colonial consciousness to direct itself? Not to any great degree, certainly, to the present colonial possessions of Italy. Those colonies could not by utmost effort of reclamation and development be made to accommodate more than a small part of the Italian surplus of population. Whose *tuum*, your Excellency, dost thou propose to convert into *meum*? Tunis, say, or Nice, or Abyssinia, or Anatolia, or Syria; belike every region o'er which the Roman legions thundered, the Roman eagles screamed?

Ah! forget it, forget it, good Benito! Thanks to William of Doorn, your fashion of thought is outmoded. 'Trade follows the flag' is 'old hat.' Keep on aspiring till the cows come home, but the Roman Empire is not going to be revived. In certain respects it's a glorious, but in others a hideous, memory. You must reconcile yourself to the idea that, as the Italian population increases, thousands upon thousands of emigrant Italians will in steady succession identify themselves with their adoptive countries and be politically lost to Italy. Remember William of Doorn! Remember William of Doorn! Seeing that you have failed to pierce the irony of the great Italian, substitute for *The Prince*, as your constant guide, the Four Books of the Confucian Canon. Cultivate the Happy Mean. Hold thy wild horses, sweet chuck, lest worse befall!

But of course there are other aspects of Mussolini. You might say that but for that notable man Europe might be altogether under the spell of the spirit

of Locarno. That would be a pity; some day there would be a terrible reaction, as from every extreme. Europe hath need of all three: Realpolitik, the Spirit of Locarno, and the Comic Spirit. Mussolini may be counted on to supply whatever may be needed of Realpolitik.

After previous attempts on his life Mussolini, to his great credit, displayed a share of the Cæsarean clemency; but apparently the last attempt has hardened his heart and bewildered his head. One may scarcely blame the Duce; three hair's-breadth escapes within six months! Under such circumstances even a Cæsar's equanimity might suffer a shade of impairment. But 'ware dictators when the fear of assassination has sensibly wrought upon their nerves, when magnanimity has given place to vindictiveness!

VIII

I regret that I must forbear discourse of a myriad other matters which have contributed to make the past twelve-month in 'this courtly and splendid world' (as the great Sir Thomas called it) a more than usually interesting one; as:—

Of Portugal and her coups, and how little the latter signify.

Of Austria and Hungary, and of how the Hungarian Counterfeit Plot created a stench that pervaded the planet and called for a cosmic fumigation.

Of Greece. General Kondylis's gem of a coup and the fall of 'Passionate Pangy.'

Of Russia, or Eurasia; and that, because of the meagreness and vagueness of reports from that great quarter, my silence should be esteemed golden.

Of Turkey. How she has completely reorganized her judicial system on a Western basis, taking over the Swiss Civil Code in toto and large parts of

the Italian Penal Code and the German Commercial Code. Of how Turks did riot, fight, and die in resistance to the order from Angora that hats replace fezzes; and that men have died for worse causes. What joy to the shades of Swift and Carlyle!—the crowning joke of the matter being that the fez is of Greek origin.

Of Persia. Her new monarch, Riza Shah Pehlevi, and how one could wish to have witnessed his coronation, the greatest show of the year.

Of China. The chaoticity of the political chaos; and of how day by day and in every way the Chinese mess grows more messy and China never ceases to outgo herself in incredible fantasticalities and *chinoiseries* to make the fabulist gasp.

Of derring do; for the year has known sporting adventures of the first rank. In particular (for I already have noticed Byrd's great exploit), of the flight of the Norge; how her gallant company were the first of mankind to supervolate the top o' the world from Europe to Alaska, to gaze on the Pole of Inaccessibility, to pass completely over the 'unexplored region.' They were the first that ever burst over that silent sea. But, a saddening thought! When the last great secret of earth's superficies has been unveiled (the polar regions fully explored, Everest topped), must there be an end to grand adventure? No, no — Nature cannot, having given us such 'aspiring minds,' cannot be so cruel. On to the Moon's Sphere, on to the region of the planet Hercules!

JINX OR JEOPARDY?

BY CLIFFORD ALBION TINKER

I

DISPATCHES from Guantánamo Bay, late in October, giving the details of a gun explosion on the U. S. Scout Cruiser Trenton, the second accident of the kind on that ship in two years, both resulting in fatalities, brought in review the subject of accidents in the Navy, of which, since the World War, there has been a long and decidedly harrowing list. It is not surprising that the nation at large is distressed and much concerned because of these disasters. The public is asking whether the accidents in question are preventable or are to be endured as a necessary evil, and if it may not be true

that 'our ships and personnel are being jeopardized by official inefficiency, bureaucratic stupidity, and, perhaps, political expediency.'

Including the loss of the Shenandoah, but excluding other accidents in the Naval Air Service and the post-war mine-sweeping operations of 1919 in the North Sea, the Navy has sustained forty-six major accidents since World War demobilization. Sixteen of these have been destroyer accidents, nineteen have been submarine accidents; the others include turret and gun explosions, the disappearance of a naval tug enroute to the Far East, damage to two

cruisers, and the shore-station disaster at Lake Denmark Magazine. Two hundred and fifty-nine lives were lost in these accidents; forty-three when the tug Conestoga vanished, one hundred and thirty-five by the explosions and fires, twenty-eight by destroyer losses, thirty-nine by submarine collisions and sinkings, and fourteen when the Shenandoah broke up and crashed.

In the Naval Air Service since the World War, including flight training, the hazards of experimental flying, the dangers of intricate evolutions involved in squadron flying in day and night manoeuvres, the development of catapult launching, and the new science of taking off and landing on plunging and rolling carrier decks, accidents have resulted in one hundred and seventy-seven fatalities.

As a matter of justice to all concerned, it should be remembered that naval aviation is an extrahazardous service; no other activity in the entire Navy is quite comparable with it from the standpoint of potential and actual danger to personnel. It has been computed from records in the Navy Department that officer deaths in the air service are as forty-nine to one compared with those of officers in general service, submarine duty included. It is obvious that by its peculiar status aviation should have separate treatment at greater length than can be accommodated in this discussion; suffice to say that improvements in planes and engines and added facilities for control and navigation are making the service less hazardous as time goes on. Recent statistics, covering the period from 1919 to the present, show that fatalities in relation to hours in the air and to miles flown are decreasing in constantly diminishing ratios.

Through personal contact one recognizes that in connection with these disasters there is a certain amount

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of naïve resignation if not vicarious professional martyrdom among naval officers. One is not aware that the Navy as a whole feels that it is on the defensive. Honest, constructive criticism is apparently welcomed as a stimulating goad to progress and achievement. But the silent, dogged application on the part of its personnel, to the outsider a seeming indifference to critical opinion, bewilders the public and leads to the conclusion that 'there's something in this naval woodpile besides wood.'

Perhaps one of the chief glories of this nation is the ability of its people to face fact and fight it, to grasp unpleasant truth and wring from it the essence of ultimate success. This being granted, let us test the somewhat brutal facts surrounding these naval tragedies, to determine, if possible, remedies for their minimization if not for their final eradication.

Because they are most familiar to the public, let us select these disasters: the Honda accident, when seven destroyers rammed the rocky shore of California, with the loss of the vessels and twenty-two lives; the turret explosion on the battleship Mississippi, resulting in the deaths of forty-eight men; the wrecking of the rigid airship Shenandoah in a storm over the Ohio Valley, at a cost of fourteen lives; the sinking of the submarine S-51 by the steamship City of Rome, with a toll of thirty-four lives; and the explosion and fire at Lake Denmark, which snuffed out twenty-two lives and destroyed forty millions in property.

II

Trite but true is the statement that ships alone do not constitute navies. Ships are merely tools; the character of its personnel is the index of a navy's efficiency. I am aware that 'efficiency' is a relative word, like 'power' or 'size,'

and that the unremitting efforts of skilled and loyal men may be most seriously handicapped by insufficient appropriations for matériel maintenance, by high administrative incompetence, and by outside political influence; but personnel characterized by high morale will go far to offset other handicaps. Consequently our first consideration is the present morale status of our Navy.

When the destroyers went ashore on Honda Point, the lives of eight hundred men were in jeopardy. The heroism of these men, caught between grinding rock and relentless pounding wave, saved all but twenty-two. When the powder charge exploded in the Mississippi's turret, killing nearly all the men in it, the men in the powder-handling room remained at their posts, closed the doors to the magazines to keep out the flames, and made every effort to extinguish the burning powder grains falling into the room. One man in the turret reached up his dying hand and pulled the lever operating the sprinkler device, an act which prevented the burning of several hundred pounds of powder that, once ignited, would have sent the ship to the bottom and her twelve hundred men into eternity.

Facing destruction, Commander Lansdowne, from the control car of the Shenandoah, in quiet conversational tones gave his orders for the management of the doomed ship; and, after the car had broken away and the ship had split into storm-tossed sections, the men in those sections calmly manoeuvred them to earth. Most of the loss of life in this accident occurred when the control car fell, breaking the ship to pieces as it tore loose. Again, the opening of the hull of the S-51 after her recovery from the bottom of Block Island Channel revealed that her officers and men died at their posts, with hands on control levers and radio

keys; while the men killed at Lake Denmark were all hurrying *toward* the points of greatest danger.

It is not too much to say that the conduct of these men points to the fact that the morale of the United States Navy may well serve as an inspiration to the country's manhood. Such high morale is not gained by accident, nor is it maintained without constant vigilance; even allowing for outside influences, its worst enemies are probably within the service itself.

An example is the case of the admiral who, without warning or explanation to the loyal men affected, so coaxed and cajoled a newly appointed Secretary, intent on a policy of 'economy,' that that functionary disenrolled thousands of naval reserves and put out of commission an organization which, through years of hard and patriotic work, had grown to worth-while efficiency and had proved to be one of the mainstays of the war-expanded Navy. Although the Secretary made what belated amends he could, this admiral has never been called to account; indeed, his act has been officially excused on the mere plea of economic necessity. The pen stroke that disenrolled these men, on whom had been spent millions in training, could have been better employed in transferring them to Class VI in the Reserve, a class volunteering to serve without retainer pay. Efforts on the part of sympathetic and able officers through several trying years have partly repaired the damage, and a new Naval Reserve is gradually rising upon the ruins of the old.

Such deeds place almost unbearable burdens on loyalty. What derogatory effect they may have on general morale, and what indirect contribution to accidents they may make, are difficult to determine, but it is plainly evident that they are pernicious handicaps to administrative success.

III

Instant obedience, fortitude, courage, heroic devotion, the outstanding attributes of morale, cannot in themselves always stop or forestall disaster; to such characteristics must be added knowledge, skill, aptitude, and experience. This suggests an appraisal of the professional fitness of the officers and the techno-mechanical skill of the enlisted force now manning the Navy.

From the time that men enter the Naval Academy at Annapolis until they leave the service, life is one round of competition. Academic standards at Annapolis are established by the mental capacity of the leader in each class and subject. This system forces out of the Academy the majority of each entering class. Once graduated, the young officer is subjected to the competition of his fellows, a competition increasing in keenness as the years go by and he approaches the charmed circle of 'high rank.' Few may enter that circle, for a ship needs but one commander at a time, the fleet but one commander-in-chief at a time; the staff cannot absorb many 'brass hats,' and there is no royal road or short cut to the admiral's bridge. Of an average class at graduation, numbering some two hundred and eighty ensigns, only one per cent will reach the grade of rear admiral, only four per cent that of captain.

Laggards drop by the wayside; physical disabilities bring retirement. The mere navigator, with his colleague the sailing master, has been sunk without trace, for now that specialization, demanded by mechanical developments put to maritime use, has arrived, naval officers must needs become engineers and technicians of the highest attainments. Success in these channels is evidenced not only by the fact that the foremost industrial leaders of the country are constantly turning to the

Navy for their chief executives, but also by the fact that most of the industries contributing to the public wealth and welfare have been greatly aided by developments in the fleet and at the Navy's yards and plants, where naval officers have solved electrical, mechanical, and metallurgical problems incident to the service but adaptable to civil industry.

Except in actual battle, there can be no greater test of the tactical knowledge, both theoretical and practical, of the officer personnel than during the evolutions of the fleet in the vast and complicated yearly war games at sea. To watch the majestic weaving columns of turreted dreadnoughts, the wide flanking rushes of the cruisers, the crisscross dashes of lance-prowed destroyers, the mysterious appearance and disappearance of crash-diving submarines, the wary steaming of the train, and the spectacular stunts of darting aircraft high aloft, leads to but one conclusion, that naval officers are particularly competent tacticians.

Perhaps the strategical knowledge of our naval officers lies outside an inquiry into the causes of naval accidents. Strategy is that phase of an officer's professional quest having to do with war plans, matters of guarded secrecy, to disclose which is akin to, if not actually, treason.

I have been unable to find a more striking peace-time recognition of superior tactical and strategical competence than that accorded to our naval leaders at the Washington Conference of 1921-1922, a recognition broadly patent in the haste with which the invited Powers accepted the Hughes proposal to limit the number and tonnage of American capital ships to a ratio within their own industrial and economic reach; a recognition which, at Geneva last summer, was further accentuated by the refusal of those same Powers to

reduce their strength in cruisers and submarines to a ratio parity with our voluntarily reduced strength.

As for administrative experience and ability in the fleet, that is the foundation upon which the naval officer builds his whole professional career. Our officers have to give daily exhibitions of their qualifications in that field, for they have between eighty and eighty-five thousand boys from the wheat fields and asphalt to educate and train, indoctrinate, and eventually turn back to civil life equipped to win success in industrial pursuits and to take their places in the community councils of the nation. That naval officers are eminently successful in these tasks is, of course, partly due to the excellent quality of the enlisted personnel recruited for the service.

In this latter connection I recall a conversation with Admiral Sir Reginald Bacon, R. N., the one-time commander of the famous Dover Patrol controlling the troop movement between the British Isles and the Continent during the World War. Observing our enlisted men detailed to ships, aircraft, and shore stations as units in the Patrol, Admiral Bacon asked me how long we could keep sending him such remarkably competent sailors. I assured him that the standard would not be lowered, and that the men were representative of the entire American Navy.

'Well,' he declared, 'in all my naval experience I have never seen anything like your enlisted men. Their courage is undoubted, but it is their skill in mechanical lines that impresses me. No task is too difficult or complicated for them to solve; their knowledge is astonishing, but their ingenuity and resourcefulness are amazing. In these qualities they outshine the British sailor. It must be due to the fact that British lads enter the navy because

they have to, — there's nothing for them ashore, — while your lads desert the factories because they want to, because they love the sea. In this respect you officers are lucky chaps.'

There is much truth in what Admiral Bacon said. Our men willingly accept discipline, cheerfully attack hard work, and require little urging from the officers. They know that discipline and hard work win trophies in gunnery and engineering, the goals of a year's incessant training, and they know that teamwork with their officers as well as among themselves is the prime factor in 'playing the game.' The survivors, officers and men, of such an exacting régime prove their professional fitness by the mere fact of survival.

But perfection is not a human attribute, and naval officers are human. There are some who do not measure up to the standard that the service has set for itself. These men are generally 'passed over' by the promotion selection boards and are then retired for age in grade. Some few, because of past meritorious service, are given berths within their rated qualifications until they are automatically retired for age. Happily, officers within these categories are becoming rare birds, and, through a careful appraisal of each individual by the detailing authorities, these men are relegated to perfunctory duties of pure routine, having little to do with operations afloat. Thus these officers cannot be made the scapegoats in fixing responsibility for naval accidents. Strange as it may appear, such disasters are almost invariably found in the wake of officers who previous to the accident have had unblemished records and brilliant reputations.

IV

Hence it may be taken as almost axiomatic that accidents in our Navy,

aside from minor mishaps resulting in scratched paint, a bent rail stanchion now and then, a few skinned shins and smashed thumbs, are traceable to abnormalities, either of judgment or of policy, or else come under the somewhat indefinite classification, 'acts of God.'

Abnormalities of judgment constitute one infrequent cause of serious accidents. An example is that of the officer who, as a result of the constant professional grind, develops a mental quirk, generally unconsciously, in one direction or another until some day he astounds his associates by committing an error in judgment that, coldly analyzed, appears to be nothing less than the act of a downright blockhead. Fortunately these victims of a relentless competitive system are few, and so numerous are the checks and balances against individual judgment in the Navy that their errors have seldom caused serious damage. The single instance in recent years where abnormal zeal in one direction led to erratic judgment of a costly character is furnished by the man who piled the destroyers on the rocks at Honda Point.

Though quite unforgivable, this accident is understandable. There was a heavy fog that day; certain radio compass bearings given the navigator did not check with his dead-reckoning position, and unusual ocean currents prevailed. These conditions called for pronounced caution; but the commanding officer, whose zeal for punctuality in carrying out orders had become a fetish, and who had been directed to bring his division to anchor with the fleet at a specified hour, threw caution overboard, cracked on speed, and led his ships to destruction on the rocks. He and his navigator were heavily punished, although he gallantly assumed all the blame; but punishment does not hide the fact that here is a potential cause of disaster directly

chargeable to personnel faults, which, while it may be more closely controlled, can never be wholly eradicated, because it is a human frailty common to men in all walks of life.

Coming under the classification, 'acts of God,' are those accidents which may be ascribed to the hazards of the sea, where the natural phenomena of wind and wave in combination outweigh all that men may do and that the stoutest ship may stand. There are times when Nature, speaking through the typhoon, the hurricane, the tidal wave, and even the prolonged gale, is not to be denied. Naval vessels, although generally more fully manned and under better discipline than commercial ships, thus having a better fighting chance than the liner or freighter, are not immune from maritime disaster. The baffling and mysterious disappearance of the collier *Cyclops* in the Caribbean Sea and that of the tug *Conestoga* in the broad Pacific are cases in point.

Another abnormality responsible for too frequent naval accidents is the marine road hog, the 'hit and run' mariner, the merchant-ship commander who laughs at the international rules of the road and sideswipes or rams anything and everything afloat in his erratic path. In this category comes the S-51 tragedy. We have a submarine on the surface, observing the rules of the road as it proceeds on its way, its course and progress visible for miles by the aid of its brightly burning running lights. The *City of Rome*, eastward bound, bears down on the submarine. But there is no cause for alarm; the rules of the road take care of such situations. Under those rules the S-51 has the right of way; she holds her course. But right of way and rules of the road are somehow quite neglected, and the heavy stem of the *City of Rome* sends the S-51 and her law-abiding

crew to the bottom. When raised, the wreck of the S-51 proved, by the position of her rudder and steering gear, that her helmsman kept a legal course until it was realized that the City of Rome would ram; then he shifted his helm to escape, but too late to avoid the crash.

Once in a while the tables are turned — it is the road hog that gets rammed and the naval ship that does the ramming. But the cause of this type of accident, in the majority of cases, can be traced to the neglect or ignorance of the rules of the road of some party or parties outside of and not an agency within the service. The Navy is not always blameless, but this kind of accident points to a serious situation demanding harsh corrective measures, at least something more harsh than a few months' license suspension, the penalty usually meted out to offending merchant officers.

V

We have bared some of the relatively infrequent causes of naval accidents. Undoubtedly the most frequent cause of such accidents, directly and indirectly, is the present abnormal administrative policy.

None more clearly than naval officers themselves understand the fact that the Navy does not exist for itself alone. It is an agency of the Federal Government, fed or starved by the Congress, moved at the beck and call of the State Department, shackled by the treaty-making authorities, subject to the political whims of the party in power, and exploited by the press. Naval administrative policy does not originate within the Navy itself. The policy of the times has for its very essence the political slogan, 'Economy in governmental expenditures.' The chief agency for enforcing this 'economy' policy is the Bureau of

the Budget; but so potent has the slogan become that it has been adopted by the Congress, which, despite its claims of liberality toward the Navy, and to the discomfort and chagrin of a truly sympathetic and well-informed Naval Affairs Committee in each Chamber, not only refuses appropriations to bring the fleet up to the strength provided for by the Washington Conference treaty ratio and to provide sufficient personnel to man and operate what ships we have, but further refuses to appropriate the funds necessary to keep in repair the undermanned ships that the Navy Department is directed to keep in commission. To require the Navy Department to accomplish the tasks for which the Navy is maintained with the meagre sums appropriated is demanding that the Department make bricks without clay.

For example, take the appropriation for matériel maintenance. Before the Washington Conference left us with a treaty-bound Navy, a number of new ships were built each year to replace obsolete, obsolescent, or worn-out craft. This policy served to maintain an average age in vessels; thus an average yearly expenditure for repairs could be readily controlled. But since the Conference there have been few replacements through shipbuilding, the average age of craft is constantly increasing, and the necessity for repairs is growing by leaps and bounds.

This state of affairs is well known, yet when the Navy's budget is under consideration by the Administration, the Bureau of the Budget, and the Naval Affairs Committees of the Congress, the first declaration on the part of those authorities is that there shall be no increase in appropriations beyond those of the previous fiscal year. This fixation of appropriation does not take into account the increasing deteriora-

tion of ships, so that where, in the fiscal year of 1925, needed repairs to motive machinery and its adjuncts were two and a half million dollars in excess of available funds, for the year 1926 the excess was nearly five millions and for 1927 will reach about seven millions. Nor can money be spent and a deficiency appropriation be asked for; instead, the work accumulates and the repairs are not made.

The Navy Department bureaus allocate the funds available to the various navy yards to be apportioned among the ships scheduled for repair and overhaul as far as the amount will go toward keeping the ships seaworthy and safeguarding the lives of their crews. Almost superhuman efforts on the part of the personnel make up for many deficiencies, but no ship in the Navy, with the possible exception of some of the ten new light cruisers, is actually in complete repair and ready for war. If war were forced upon us, so many ships would have to be rushed to the yards for refitting and reconditioning, at a time when the yards would be needed to arm and condition merchant auxiliaries, that congestion would reach the stage of actual calamity. The ships in commission are seaworthy—witness the overseas mission of the fleet to Australasia a year ago, and the annual grand manoeuvres. Seaworthiness and battle condition, however, are two separate and distinct things; a ship may be seaworthy without a single gun on board.

Ships that are never in quite complete repair, that always have some patched-up equipment, are more liable to accident than even naval officers themselves are wont to admit. Disaster may result from seemingly trifling causes—a stripped screw thread, a short circuit in a steering device, a worn-out boiler. Under such conditions only the most minute and constant

attention and vigilance spell safety, and even the personnel cannot tell at what moment some vital but over-patched apparatus may fall to pieces.

Notwithstanding the abnormally dangerous conditions imposed by this policy, the Navy Department must carry on. Ships must be moved in fogs, in storms, in dangerous waters at night, and in complex tactical formations in time of peace if they are to be so moved in time of war. And if guns and torpedo tubes are to be effective in battle, target practice during peace must be a constant activity. Nor can aircraft be utilized to advantage in battle unless they have been made to fly in peace-time evolutions under conditions similar to those of war.

The more prolonged and intensive these battle drills are made, the greater the risks to ships and personnel, and it is not too much to say that the hazards are compounded out of all reason by the abnormal financial policy now visited upon the service, for its blanket-ing limitations practically wipe out the factor of safety in operations gained by tempering tactical boldness with caution.

This statement is not conjectural on my part. To make up for deficiencies due to reduced personnel, the lack of submarines for fleet duty, and a shortage of scouting and screening cruisers, and yet weld the fleet into a fighting unit trained for battle, despite its general condition of inadequate repair, it has been found necessary to put in force an operating schedule which has no respite other than the short intervals when favored ships are docked for overhaul. Speed and yet more speed in gun practice, ever-increasing use of submarines submerged in the midst of dashing squadrons, closer and closer ranges in night attacks by destroyers, faster and faster aircraft for shot-

spotting in night battle practice — these are the activities which make up the inescapable abnormal operating schedule, a schedule responsible for serious accidents, such as the turret explosion on the Mississippi and the gun-house explosions on the Trenton, and promoting the possibility of submarine collisions, destroyer collisions, and aircraft crashes. Behind that schedule is the 'economy' policy, the real responsible factor in naval disasters, the continuance of which is the surest if not the quickest means of sweeping our Navy off the seas — or under them.

Under this régime, responsible for dangerous shore-station improvisation and neglect, we find the old magazine at Lake Denmark, built many years ago, greatly enlarged and expanded to meet the demands of the World War, overstocked with explosives, and right in the track of electrical storms drifting westerly from the lower Hudson Valley — a huge mark inviting what it got when lightning struck it. Although accustomed to living over floating powder mines aboard ship, the naval authorities realized that there was an added danger at this enormous cache of explosives and took what steps the circumstances permitted to reduce the hazard. The proper step, the building of other magazines in less exposed locations, was never taken. What representations were made to the appropriating authorities in this connection I do not know, but when it is impossible to secure funds to keep the fleet in repair it is a forlorn hope to expect the Congress to build new magazines, no matter how great the need.

Five years before the Shenandoah accident, four years before that ship and the Los Angeles were placed in commission, and in anticipation of those events, Commander Lansdowne and I, on duty together, reported the need of

additional weather-reporting facilities in the area between the Alleghenies and the Mississippi and south of the Great Lakes. The Weather Bureau went before the proper Congressional committee with a request for forty thousand dollars to supplement the existing service. This request was repeated each year without success. The same policy which, in the face of the fact that the Navy was acquiring two rigid airships, had refused the funds to extract helium gas for more than one would not permit the installation of this vital aid.

There being no facilities for reporting sudden local storms, Commander Lansdowne timed his trip to avoid the season when such storms are most prevalent. The fateful voyage of the Shenandoah may be likened to that of the Titanic, the latter ship starting her tragic voyage before facilities for reporting the location of icebergs had been established. The Titanic dashed to her doom against an uncharted iceberg. The Shenandoah went to her destruction in the grasp of an unreported windstorm. It required the loss of the Titanic and the sacrifice of many lives to bring international iceberg patrols to the aid of ocean navigation. It required the loss of the Shenandoah and fourteen of her crew to break down the barriers of 'economy' and assure the establishment of twenty-one weather-reporting stations in the area where the disaster took place.

VI

Before suggesting a remedy for this situation, it is necessary to trace the policy behind it to the source of ultimate responsibility. The press has repeatedly placed this responsibility, first, upon the Secretary of the Navy, secondly, upon the editorially christened 'bureaucrats' in high administrative position in the Navy Department. Not even the reckless sensationalism

with which these indictments were broadcast to the four winds could add to their ridiculousness. General Herbert M. Lord, the man at the head of the Bureau of the Budget, has more to say about how many ships shall be kept in commission, how many enlisted men may be retained to man them, how much shall be spent on matériel alterations and how much for maintenance, than Secretary Wilbur and his entire council of bureau chiefs. As far as the Navy is concerned, General Lord is a dictator.

But the genial and efficient Director of the Bureau of the Budget is not a usurper; he is a dictator by appointment, and as an appointee he carries out, perhaps too faithfully, the commands and admonitions of the appointing power, the Administration. Thus it is the Administration, supported by the Congress, that must be held responsible for the policy of the day, and therefore responsible for the disasters that such a policy promotes. The cock-and-bull theory that the people, the voters, are ultimately responsible for the acts of an elective Government fails miserably in this case, for the people have not hitherto been in command of the facts.

Nor is it proposed by the Administration that the facts shall be broadly known. When certain naval officers undertook to inform the public of conditions in the Navy, through the medium of press releases, the White House 'Spokesman' declared that the releases were nothing less than 'propaganda' from 'big navy' advocates intent on raiding the Treasury, and that further 'propaganda' from such a source

would not be tolerated. And the public has been subjected to the confusing platitudes of the 'Spokesman,' who juggles with the phrases, 'limiting armaments as a means of reducing taxation and preventing wars,' 'an eye single to the defense needs of the United States,' if the number of ships 'falls below the treaty ratio the country is not to be concerned,' and so on, until the whole issue is befogged beyond intelligent comprehension.

To what further lengths this political naval policy will be carried in the name of 'economy' is hard to foretell, and whether or not enlightened public opinion, alive to the actual needs of the Navy and aware of the pernicious effects of the policy, will force its moderation or abandonment is just as difficult to foresee; but it is not difficult to observe in the collective group mind sponsoring this fetish an abnormal mental tangency, no less apparent and infinitely more destructive than that of the tragic figure at Honda Point.

Obviously the remedy for the nasty situation lies in the hands of the public. The voters may well demand that the Navy — and all the agencies of the national defense — be removed from politics; that appropriations be made to maintain a Navy in accordance with the 5-5-3-1.67 treaty ratios; that adequate repairs and replacements be made and complete modernization be effected to safeguard the personnel; and that in the future the policy of fleet maintenance be placed on a financial basis that will forever make it impossible for political expediency to 'save' money at the expense of life and limb.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

IN THE LEE OF THE WOODS

THERE are winter days when you can see frost particles shining in the sun. This fairy snow never seems to reach the ground, yet is always on its way thither; and sometimes you must look sharp to see it, even though the air is filled with its shining.

On a windy clear day you can find this fairy snow in the lee of the woods, but hardly elsewhere. If the woods chance to be evergreen, so much the better; look across the low-rising sun and you will see the silver particles dancing against the green boughs and black trunks.

A power saw stands beside the wood-house door — an ancient tool, veteran of many a battle with the knots and fibres of what until yesterday were trees. When the gasoline engine is running, the whole assembly rocks on its base like an old man; but, like a staunch old man, it keeps going somehow. *Phut-phut!* We're off. Five of us — four men and the antiquated engine of destruction, and the greatest of these is the engine. It will do more work in a day than twenty men could do by hand — an obedient, palsied slave, *phut-phutting* its life away, oblivious of heat or cold or frost particles glinting in the sun.

Pacemaker, too! All our dispositions of man power are made for the purpose of keeping the saw supplied with wood; all our nicely adjusted coöperative movements are timed to accord with those of the saw. Two of us pass wood to the sawyer, who owns the saw and to whose ears every bark of the motor and every squeal of the steel speaks a message. He places our offerings on a

platform, tilts it; the teeth begin to bite, sawdust flies. Meantime the fourth man, standing across the platform, has placed his mittened hands firmly upon the other end of the stick, and when the cut is complete he whisks the sawn end away and into the shed, there to season under cover until wanted.

In time we acquire a nice technique, each going through his part of the task without lost motion, each being where he is supposed to be at every stage. The spirit of the group, the will to common labor, takes hold of us. Though we say nothing whatever about it, or about anything else, the conviction grows that we are a grand gang of wood sawyers, and that we could hold our own with any outfit in the country.

Sooner or later the top sawyer is sure to lift a detaining hand. We stop in our tracks, fumbling in our pockets for pipes and tobacco. Not a bad thing that machines occasionally have to be fed water, oil, and fuel; otherwise their human assistants would likewise have to be made of iron in order to stand the gaff.

'Great day for outdoor work,' I observe.

'It is, you know,' answers one of the men promptly and decisively. That is a colloquialism I have noticed nowhere outside of our bit of country. Say the most obvious thing to one of our neighbors, and the odds are you will receive in reply that complete and dignified rejoinder: 'It is, you know.' There is no taint of smartness about the phrase — just matter-of-fact decisiveness. I cannot imagine a light, vain people using such a phrase habitually.

Before starting the motor on its

second run, a debate ensues as to whether the saw should be moved. Question of bringing the wood to the saw or the saw to the wood. Decided by the top sawyer; it appears that he was merely sounding out the common sense of the gang by raising the question, and in no sense abrogating his authority as gang boss. He canvassed the delegation and then did as he pleased. The good old democratic way. As paymaster I might have had my way; but long ago I discovered that whosoever crosses a craftsman loses, and that he who enters a new country should watch his step.

There is a song of the saw for someone to write; it has a different note with each kind of wood — now rising to an angry snarl, now whining abjectly, now singing triumphantly. A native versed in such matters will recognize these notes as far as sound carries, and say, 'Taylor's working on ash this morning,' while yet it requires an effort for a dense-eared immigrant like myself to hear the faint whirr of a distant saw.

Always the top sawyer keeps an eye on the safety of his staff. We carters are not permitted to down our logs helter-skelter, because many a good man has gone to his death during sawing by tripping and falling upon the whirling teeth. So the two of us stand there at rest, the dead weight of the wood sagging our shoulders, until the platform is clear for our burden. I have often thought a painter might make something of us thus, with the snow-lighted forest for a background, the sun dancing on our revolving wheel, and the men poised in the unconsciously noble attitudes of toil. From time to time, too, we scatter fresh sawdust over the snow, the better to keep our heavily shod feet from slipping. A painter who caught that blend of warm brown and cold white accurately would have something to show for his pains.

Toward evening, the wind still

holding from the west, we rake the trash of our operations together, and start a little bonfire of chips, branches, and sliced ends. Our working space must be clear for the morrow. The others troop off at dusk to their homes and chores; I stay to tend the fire. Prompt Venus glimmers into sight even before true dark sets in; but there is an early full moon these nights, and the green beauty of the planet fades before the dazzle of Earth's satellite. This is the best of all ways to end a day — on a log beside a fire under the stars. As the moon tops Whitbeck's pines, I kick snow over the glowing embers and set out for the house, in my body a growing languor and in my mind a raging curiosity over what we shall have for supper.

WHAT KIND OF A BORE ARE YOU?

SOME months ago I read a little essay entitled 'What Kind of a Snob Are You?' which assumed that among the fifty-seven varieties of that genus each person would inevitably find his own particular niche. I am tempted to present a companion piece, in which another four-lettered bugbear looms as an even more obnoxious social pest. For I think I am not underrating human nature in believing that most of us would dislike more to be branded with the word 'bore' than with the label 'snob' — and this in spite of the fact that while a bore *may* be a thoroughly admirable person, a snob must always carry a taint of something rather contemptible.

It is difficult to define accurately that 'society offender,' as Ko-Ko calls him in his incisive little song, whose name appears in the 'little list' of those who 'never will be missed,' and whose manifestations are so varied. There is the Bore Rampant, and there is the Bore Couchant. The bore who talks too much, too loud, and too insistently,

who fixes you with his glittering eye and will not let your attention wander, who comes too often and stays too long, who talks about himself, or — if it is a woman — about her children or her diseases. This, in a general way, is the Bore Rampant. The Bore Couchant is a heavy, sluggish creature, devoid of imagination or tact, a social drone, who refuses to play his part in the game we all tacitly take part in when we mingle with our fellows.

An endeavor to enumerate the qualities that go to make up a bore is as difficult as to define charm. Both elude analysis, and what makes the matter still more confusing is the fact that one man's charmer may be another man's bore. But it is a thought not without comfort that, whereas each of us has probably been dubbed a bore by some charming person, it is equally probable that we have also been considered charming by certain bores. I shall set an example of truthfulness and confess to a trait by no means admirable: I should prefer to be called a liar, a hypocrite, a fool, or a knave rather than a bore. I should much prefer to be stupid than boring — and there is a distinction between the two. I should rather be detained at Ellis Island for moral turpitude than marooned in isolated virtue in a crowded drawing room, wearing the badge of social leprosy involved in the word 'bore.'

I have tried, for my own guidance, to tabulate a few general rules to avoid catching a disease that is, alas, contagious. The first essential is to talk too little rather than too much. Second, avoid detail. A sketch may be crude, inaccurate, and badly executed, but it is *not* boring. Cromwell's 'wart and all' theory should never be applied in conversation, in which the quality of selection is of its very essence. Third, if you *must* tell a story — and please don't do so if you can help it — *never*

imitate the mannerisms or intonations of the people you are describing. I issue this prohibition thus definitely knowing that the real mimic, the artist among raconteurs, cannot be prevented from practising his talent by any dogmatic directions of mine, and thank goodness that it is so. But most of us, when we practise the tempting art of mimicry, are more boring than convincing. Fourth, *look* interested, and, if possible, *be* interested in what other people say. Do not let your eyes or your attention wander. A good listener is never a bore. We cannot all handle foils with skill, but we can all toss back the conversational ball when it is thrown at us, and it should be tossed back lightly — not hurled in the face of our opponent, who should be regarded as a partner in the social game rather than as an antagonist.

Of course all these headings may be summed up under the one essential quality — a sense of proportion. For those who like positive and affirmative rules, I append the following recipe for making

A BORE'S HEAD

Take a mass of unleavened egotism. Chop a cupful of trite conversational chestnuts into small pieces, shells and all. Add a quart of dry facts, from which the juice of humor has been extracted, and a cupful of dates, stuffed with statistics. Stir in — very slowly — a pint of personal anecdote from which all imagination has been strained.

Flavor with the essence of complete indifference to anybody's taste but your own.

Pour into a mould stamped with your own image, and turn on to a platter garnished with plenty of thyme.

This dish has frequently appeared at social functions of the Rich and Great.

I have given you the rules — it is for you to avoid following them.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

THE advertising psychology of the newspapers is a peculiar thing. They will mutilate a news story to avoid a specific mention of advertised goods and on the same page present millions in publicity to another industry. The distinction between news and publicity is one which editors face daily, but which few or none can decide. Remember the space given to the Dodge stock, Valentino, and the Prize Fight and see what **Earnest Elmo Calkins**, a pioneer in advertising, has to say. ¶In the next war there will be no civilians; women and children and doughboys, let us educate them now so that they will know poison gas and high explosives when they meet them. **A Progressive Militarist** displays the full courage of his conviction. ¶In reading **Carl Christian Jensen's** account of his American marriage, remember that he was a twenty-year-old Dane, working as an electrician's apprentice, educating himself in English and science at night school, and earning and living on six dollars a week. **Rudolph Fisher**, one of the younger Negro writers, graduated with honors from Brown University and is now practising as an X-ray specialist in New York City. ¶President of St. Stephen's College, Annandale-on-Hudson, **Bernard Iddings Bell** stands us up against our ancestors and literally shames us into high thinking.

* * *

Amory Hare is a poet of whom we and Philadelphians have had occasions to be proud. ¶Adventuring through **I. A. Richards's** dizzy paper, we paused to catch our breath and wonder why it is so few Americans follow this sport at home. **Lord Dunsany**, the eighteenth baron of that title, is almost equally devoted to play-writing, prose, and the hunt. **John Barker Waite** gave up an experienced practice in order to become professor of law at the University of Michigan. In a series of articles of which this is the third, Professor

Waite has sought to divide the blame among those who are responsible for the present failure of our law enforcement. ¶Author and professor of psychology at Bryn Mawr, **James H. Leuba** spent last summer in Holland attending the International Congress of Psychology. ¶In her more serious moments **Ellen N. La Motte** is an authority on the opium problem. Her present narrative was written in old Westminster, not far from the Abbey. ¶True to tradition, **Alice Brown**, poet and novelist, follows the seasons from Beacon Hill to Newburyport and return. ¶The Ruskin letters, the first installment of which we printed in the *Atlantic* for December, were originally written to Miss Jessie Leete, an English teacher whose death occurred shortly before this correspondence was delivered to **Mr. Leonard Huxley**. We are very glad to print these delightful letters in connection with the *Cornhill Magazine*. ¶As an employment manager on Wall Street and 'Up-State,' **Anne W. Armstrong** came into contact with business policies admirable and otherwise. Her earlier experiences on Wall Street appeared in the *Atlantic* for August 1925.

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While on active service in the army, and, more recently, in journalism, **Henry W. Bunn** has for many years made an intensive study of European politics. ¶Although at the present he has no connection with the Navy Department, **Clifford Albion Tinker's** thirty years' naval and military experience must emphasize his downright opinions.

* * *

The Reverend Mr. Swisher's paper, 'The Passing of the Prophet,' has evoked this striking description of modern prophecy:

GENEVA, N. Y.

DEAR MR. SWISHER, —

I realize that I shall be only one of many who will arise in passionate defense of prophets after

reading your article in the November *Atlantic*. Still I feel that your collection of testimonials will be incomplete if I do not add my small contribution.

Would it surprise you if I were to tell you that within the last eighty-two years three men have given evidence of their prophethood in connection with one religious movement? The first man, the Forerunner, was shot at a public execution; the second man, the Prophet, was incarcerated for life in a pestilential prison; when the third man, the appointed interpreter of the teachings, was released from the prison after forty-two years of confinement, he traveled through the cities of Europe and the United States founding groups of followers recruited from every race. Each of these prophets has written numerous books expounding the tenets of this belief, which have been translated into many tongues. It is estimated that this religion has had three million adherents.

I myself and my family belong to one of the many groups of American believers. Were you to look in on one of our biweekly meetings in which we study the teachings of our Prophet, you would make the acquaintance of two scientists from a State Agricultural Station an Italian and his wife born Roman Catholics, a farmer (my husband) who began life as a college instructor in geology, a doctor and his wife, the registrar from the local college, and two one-time high-school teachers of whom I am one. About half of us had no religious belief up to the time we came in contact with these teachings, the others were ardent Christians; now we believe in Buddha, Confucius, Moses, Christ, and Mohammed, and One Other who has taught the underlying verity back of all religion.

Will you allow me to answer a few of the questions so vividly put forth in your article?

1. The world needs a prophet since it is no longer influenced by the spirit of Christ. Because this is so, self-love has become a more prevalent motive than the love of God.

2. It needs a spiritual leader who will furnish inspiration sufficient to carry into effect his teachings; who will give explicit directions as to what should be done; his message should be universal, with a view to uniting the peoples of the world.

3. History shows that the world in general will not recognize him when he comes. Fortunately the influence of a prophet does not die with him on the cross. The Idea which he brings lives after him and exercises a subtle influence upon the life of the world.

4. What is a prophet anyhow? A prophet is an inspired teacher and leader who introduces a new spiritual cycle. He reiterates the universal and eternal teachings of the earlier prophets and

reorganizes the world to fit the exigencies of the day in which he manifests. Christ, when accused by the theological sticklers of his day of being anti-Moses, said, 'I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil.' He set aside the obsolete part of Moses' teachings, but renewed the eternal Truth which has to do with man's spiritual growth.

A word about the mechanics of present-day prophethood. What are the means by which the shepherd may collect his sheep? It is more systematized than in the old days. First the Forerunner announced the coming of the Prophet and collected a nucleus of prepared believers. At the appointed time the Prophet declared himself, increasing his followers by thousands and promulgating certain principles. He was exiled and imprisoned; but, unhampered by these obstacles, during his long life there he wrote over a hundred books, in which he detailed the spiritual and practical arrangements for the world for another cycle of time. When he died he appointed his son to be the Centre of the Covenant and to be the Interpreter and Promulgator of his Message. This man in turn, who himself manifested the characteristics of a world teacher, arranged in his will for a succession of Guardians to protect the purity of the original teaching and to carry on the complicated executive work of the system. The affairs of the movement are handled in each of the different countries by a committee of nine outstanding men, and the world is becoming honeycombed by local groups who by representative government are united with the central plan of action. This religious system, although still in its infancy, has an organized corps of workers many thousand strong who are striving through their lives and teaching to spread the tenets of their belief throughout the world.

DORIS H. MCKAY

* * *

A father of Amazons.

NEW YORK CITY

DEAR EDITOR, —

Claiming the privilege of a regular subscriber, dear to the heart of every publisher, I am venturing to suggest to you a symposium that would interest thousands of your readers, on the 'Repair and Upkeep of Athletic Daughters.'

How are we parents to adjust ourselves to the new type of offspring growing up in our homes? Stimulated by gymnasium instructors and coaches in preparatory schools and colleges, these daughters of ours are becoming so large and strong, physically, that they have grown beyond the capacity of the furniture of our ancestors. The antique beds and chairs that served our pioneering forbears are not only too frail to accommodate these daughters, but the beds are too short

and the chairs too low and narrow, and they splinter, crack, and collapse and must be replaced by larger and more strongly made furniture. We have several antique beds that have been in the family for generations that these modern athletes can use only by lying across diagonally.

The other day I noticed that the shelves of a bookcase in the room of a thirteen-year-old daughter had fallen to the top of the books below, and upon examination I found that the child, wishing to move the bookcase, had taken hold of one side and split the back panel its entire length, and had pulled the side entirely away from the case.

Yesterday I paid for two pairs of shin guards for my daughters, and I tried to visualize my mother or my grandmother, or even my great-grandmother wearing such decorations, and yet they were all stalwart women of the pioneer type. Hardly a day passes but some daughter comes home with a sprained ankle or a wrenched arm, and must go through the long list of specialists for repairs. (Splints, bandages, and an occasional plaster cast are often in evidence after a well-fought hockey or basketball game.) There should be some provision made in the Federal Income Tax Law, permitting parents to write off depreciation on damaged children.

We have rather a frail French governess to whom the children are devoted, but the love taps she receives from these well-intentioned youngsters have shattered her health. An affectionate thump on the shoulder is apt to send her reeling.

These athletic activities necessitate clothing so nearly resembling masculine attire that my pipe remains about the only article I possess that our daughters do not appropriate. My neckties, collars, pajamas, golf stockings, and riding togs are all drawn on when occasion requires.

I have often wondered if the Venus de Milo was not a faithful portrait of the remains of some athletic Greek girl returning from an inter-collegiate match with the cheers of victory ringing in her ears.

W. S. P.

* * *

The healing power of light.

NEW YORK CITY

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I have just put down the September *Atlantic* with a sigh of deep satisfaction and understanding, as I finished Jane Steger's paper entitled 'Some Notes on Light.' Because it was connected with one of the two most poignant memories of my life it had not occurred to me that I should ever feel drawn to write about it — but an impelling force is guiding my hand and

these words must be written whether I will or no.

When I realized that the crisis had come in the desperate illness of one whose life was dearer to me than my own, I felt as if I had been training all my life to meet it. I was told by the doctors that the ensuing three hours would be the turning point; that absolute silence was necessary, and that it would be best for everyone to leave the room except the nurse. My reply was, 'Ever since C—— was a little child, when facing difficult things, she always said, "Mother, think for me." This is her greatest need and I must stay.' There was immediate acquiescence on the part of the two doctors.

I sat down, away from the bed, behind a screen placed there to secure protection to the patient. I had no definite thought in my mind, but my whole being concentrated on the one I loved.

As I sat thus, hearing only the more and more difficult breathing, I gradually became aware of forces; powerful forces, generating around us in the room.

I soon became aware of currents, or, to be more exact, of wide waves of white light flowing in from the eastern windows. I felt these waves being augmented from the hills surrounding the valley and rising to the house which stood upon one of the ridges. I knew the light to be flowing in and around and over the bed.

Again and again, continuously as the hours passed, I felt myself able to direct the light, as one would a powerful electric current or a searchlight, up and down the body of the patient, pausing to concentrate with overwhelming force upon the lungs, which were the seat of the infection.

Slowly, slowly but surely, as I sat passively with eyes closed, I seemed to see the white light shaping a marked space over the bed, which increased and pushed back inch by inch a heavy blackness. As time passed, the white space grew larger and more aggressive, and gradually spread and spread until there were only fringes of blackness at the outer edges of the room. Then they too were gone and all the room seemed clear and light in spite of the shaded windows.

I rose after my four-hour vigil, left the room, and walked across the wide hall as if on air. Far from being fatigued, I felt a sense of rejuvenation and well-being. I had not been aware of the nurse. I felt no desire to ask about the temperature or any of the physical conditions. I knew that all was well.

I can prove nothing. The doctors rightly and naturally felt that their judgment and skill, the coöperation of the faithful and efficient nurses, the wonderful constitution of the patient herself, accounted for the turning of the scales. I cannot but agree that all this counted greatly, but I still believe that something beyond all this

counted more. I cannot explain. I can only write down faithfully as it happened this most vivid experience of my life.

In varying and lesser degrees, before, I have felt myself the channel of this marvelous healing force. Once twenty years ago, when I sat many hours at the bedside of my dear father and felt dimly that my fervent hope helped to draw him back from the threshold. Again, some years ago, when for eighteen hours I did not leave a beloved one, a strong bond woven by destiny between us, as well as a sense of light, seemed to hold him to life against powerful but unavailing forces.

To the few who may have had the patience to read this far, and have decided that I am a visionary or a lunatic who ought to be restrained, I would like to say that I run two homes for my husband, who seems to approve of my stewardship; I paint and sing and generally enjoy life with him and our child and family and friends; and I also earn a salary in a vital and splendid business.

* * *

C. W. P.

Good tools, and no one will use them.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I have read 'Home-making and Careers' by Louis I. Dublin, published in your September issue. He says, 'Such evidence as we have concerning early marriage does not indicate any real hazard, but rather real gain for all concerned. . . . Those teachers who would marry should be encouraged to do so and should by this fact not forfeit their position or standing in the community.' This and more of like nature that Mr. Dublin says is nothing but a fine ideal to lead astray the unwary. For, as beautiful as the idea is in theory, so wretchedly abominable is it in practice! Oh! am only I unfortunate?

After teaching one year, I married and now have a four-year-old daughter. My husband is a mechanical engineer whose income is \$2500. After deducting a reasonable amount for necessary life insurance — what father dares to remain uninsured? — and paying a cruelly disproportionate amount for shelter even in a mediocre locality, barely enough remains for food and such clothing as cannot be remodeled out of the time-honored trousseau. As for a margin to be devoted to cultural pursuits, there is none — that for people whose standards of living have been moulded by a college education! Where, pray, where is the real gain in this early marriage?

In order to ensure ourselves and our daughter some latitude for the enjoyment of music, art, and travel, I have for two years been trying to get back to teaching. Invariably I have met with the same reply: 'In the face of tens of applicants for this position, we can easily secure

someone with more experience, also someone who can give her whole attention to teaching.' Why, pray, why should teachers be encouraged to marry early, if to marry at all?

What matters it if their hearts are breaking with yearning and longing for the fine things in life? All that matters is that college women marry and rear a half-dozen imaginative children to the glory of the race. As for marrying and teaching too, society as we find it makes that generally impossible. What of the new teachers that yearly arrive upon the scene in proportionally larger numbers?

A. R. B.

* * *

These postscripts to the discussion of divorce, initiated by Bishop Fiske, must conclude a debate which, through the responsive interest of our readers, we could indefinitely prolong.

NEW YORK CITY

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

In his article entitled 'Marriage — Temporary or Permanent?' in your September issue, Bishop Charles Fiske says: 'In six states a girl of twelve may marry, with the parents' consent; in one state she may do so without such consent.'

May I call your attention to the fact that the conditions are more than twice as remarkable as Bishop Fiske has reported? There are at present thirteen states which allow the marriage of a girl of twelve years, either by statute or by virtue of the fact that the common law ages remain in those states unchanged. The thirteen are: Colorado, Florida, Idaho, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maine, Maryland, Mississippi, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Tennessee, and Virginia. Until this year New York was also in this class.

The general legal doctrine is that the marriage of a person of the age of consent is valid regardless of parental consent, though in a few cases annulment may be granted for the absence thereof. It is even probable that in some states the marriage of a child of seven years, the old ecclesiastical law age for absolute nullity, would be valid until annulled at the suit of one of the parties.

GEOFFREY MAY

Observations of an Old Maid

Evidently unhappy marriages are not confined to the present age. The Dean of St. Patrick's wrote, back in the seventeenth century: —

'The reason why so few marriages are happy is because young ladies spend their time in making nets, not in making cages.'

A cage might be useful at times, but give me a good, strong net!

M. E.